

Mulciber in Troiam.

pro Troia fuit at Apollo.

HOMER Prince of Poets:

Translated according
ing to the Greeke,
in
twelve Books of
his Iliads.

By
Geo: Chapman

Qui Nil molitur.
Incepte

Achilles

Hector.

At London printed for Samuel Macham. Wm. Hole sculp.





TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN.

HENRY; Thrice Roiall Inheritor

to th'vnited Kingdomes of Great

BRITANNIE, &c.

SInce perfect happiness, by Princes sought,
Is not with birth, borne, nor exchequers bought ;
Nor followes in great Traines ; nor is possest
With any outward State ; but makes him blest
That gouernes inward ; and beholdeth theare,
All his affections stand about him bare ;
That by his power can send to Towre, and death,
All traitrous passions ; marshalling, beneath
His iustice, his meere will ; and in his minde
Houlds such a scepter, as can keepe confinde
His whole lites actions in the royll bounds
Of Vertue and Religion ; and their grounds
Takes-in, to fowe his honors, his delights,
And compleat empire ; you should learn these rights
(Great Prince of men) by princely presidents ;
Which here, in all kindes, my true zeale presents
To furnish your youths groundworke, & first State ;
And let you see, one Godlike man create
All sorts of worthiest men ; to be contriu'd
In your worth onely ; giuing him reuiu'd,
For whose life, Alexander would haue giuen
One of his kingdomes : who (as sent from heauen,
And thinking well, that so diuine a creature
Would neuer more enrich the race of Nature)

Kept

The Epistle Dedicatore.

Kept as his Crowne his works ; and thought them still
His Angels ; in all power, to rule his will ;
And would affirme that *Homers* poesie
Did more aduance his Asian vi&orie,
Then all his Armies. O ! tis wondrous much
(Though nothing priske) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written soule, to vertue moues .
Nor haue we soules to purpose, if their loues
Of fitting obiects be not so inflam'd :
How much then, were this kingdomes maine soule maim'd
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That moue in humane soules ? All Realmes but yours,
Are honord with him; and hold blest that State
That haue his workes to read and contemplate :
In which, Humanitic to her height is raisde ;
Which a'l the world(yet,none enough) hath prayfde.
Seas, earth, and heauen, he did in verse comprise ,
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalise
Their king *Apollo* ; being so farre from catise
Of, Princes light thoughts, that their grauest lawes
May finde stiffe to be fashioned by his lines ;
Through all the pompe of kingdomes still he shines ,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your Lutes, and Violls, and more loftily
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* sung ;
To Drummes and Trumpets set his Angels tongue :
And with the princely sport of Haukes you vse,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse :
And see how like the Phoenix she renues
Her age, and starrie feathers in your sunne ;
Thousands of y'eares attending ; euerie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that haue bin
Subuerted in them; lawes, religions, all

Offerd

The Epistle Dedicatore.

Offerd to Change, and greedie Funerall;
Yet still your *Homer* lasting, living, raigning;
And proues, how firme Truth builds in Poets faining.

A Princes statue, or in Marble caru'd,
Or steele, or gould, and shrinde (to be preseru'd)
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;
Time into lowest ruines may depresse:
But, drawne with all his vertues in learn'd verse,
Fame shal resound them on Obliusions herse,
Till Graues gaspe with her blasts, and dead men rise:
No gould can follow, where true Poesie flies.

Then let not this Diuinitie in earth
(Deare Prince) be sleighted, as she were the birth
Of idle Fancie; since she workes so hie:
Nor let her poore disposer (Learning) lye
Still Bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't;
In men (with them) is Gods bright Image ras't.
For, as the Sunne, and Moone, are figures giuen
Of his refulgent Deitie in Heauen:
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poesie,
In earth presenthis fierie Maiestie.
Nor are Kings like him, since their Diademes
Thunder, and lighten, and proiect braue beames;
But since they his cleare vertues emulate;
In Truth and Iustice, Imaging his State;
In Bountie, and Humanitie since they shine;
Then which, is nothing (like him) more diuine:
Not Fire, not Light; the Sunnes admired course;
The Rise, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force
In vs, and all this Cope beneath the Skie;
Nor great Existence, tearm'd his Treasurie:
Since not, for being greatest, he is Blest;
But being Iust, and in all vertues Best.

What sets his Iustice, and in his Truth, best forth

A

(Best)

The Epistle Dedicatore.

(Best Prince) then vse best; which is Poesies worth.
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt
With gratioues vertue, giue more sure effect
To her persuasions, pleasures, reall worth,
Then all th'inferior subiects she sets forth;
Since there, she shines at full; hath birth, wealth, state,
Power, fortune, honor, fit to eleuate
Her heauenly merits; and so fitte they are
Since shée was made for them, and they for her:
So, Truth, with Poesie grac't, is fairer farre,
More proper, mouing, chaste, and regulare,
Then when she runnes away with vntruss't Prose;
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose
Her vertuous treasure, and is Queene of Graces;
In Poesie decking her with choicest Phrases,
Figures and numbers; when loose Prose puts on
Plaine letter-habits; makes her trot, vpon
Dull earthly busynesse (she being meere diuine);
Holds her to homely Cates, and harsh hedge-wine,
That should drinke Poesies Nectar; euerie way
One made for other, as the Sunne and Day,
Princes and vertues. And, as in a spring,
The plyant water, mov'd with any thing
Let fall into into it, puts her motion out
In perfect circles, that moue round about
The gentle fountaine, one another raysing:
So Truth, and Poesie worke; so Poesie blazing,
All subiects falne in her exhaustless fount,
Works most exactly; makes a true account
Of all things to her high discharges giuen,
Till all be circulate and round as heauen.
And lastly, great Prince, marke and pardon me;
As in a flourishing, and ripe fruite Tree,
Nature hath made the barke to sauе the Bole;

The

The Epistle Dedicatore.

The Boile, the tappe ; the tappe, to decke the whole
With leaues and branches ; they, to beare and shielde
The vsetull fruit ; the fruit it selfe to yeeld
Guard to the cornell, and for that all those
(Since out of that againe, the whole Tree growes) :
So, in our Tree of man, whose neruie Roote
Springs in his top ; from thence euен to his foote,
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,
All ioynde in one to serue his Queene of Artes :
In which, doth Poesie, like the cornell lye
Obscurde ; though her Promethean facultie
Can create men, and make euен death to liue :
For which, she should liue honord; kings should giue
Comfort and helpe to her, that she might still
Hould vp their spirits in vertue ; make the will,
That gouernes in them, to the power conform'd ;
The power to iustice ; that the scandals, stormd
Against the poore Dame ; cleard by your fayre Grace,
Your Grace may shine the clearer . Her lowe place,
Not showing her, the highest leaues obscure.
Who raise her, raise themselues : and he sits sure,
Whom her wingd hand aduanceth ; since on it
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) sit.
All whose poore seede, like violets in their beddes,
Now growe with bosome-hung, and hidden heads :
For whom I must speake (though their Fate conuinces
Me, worst of Poets) to you, best of Princes.

By him, that most ingenuously wisheth your Highnesse,
all the Vertues, and Royalties, eternisde by your
Diuine Homer ;

Geo. Chapman.

100 C.R.



To the Reader.

East with foule hands you touch these holy Rites;
And with preindicacie too prophane,
Passe Homer, in your other Poets sleights;
VVash here; In this Porch to his nimerous Phane,
Hearre auncient Oracles speake, and tell you whom
You haue to censure. First then Silius heare,
VVho thrice was Consull in renowned Rome;
VVho'se verse (saies Martiall) nothing shall out-weare.
Silius Italicus. Lib. 13.

HE, in Elysium, hauing cast his eye
Upon the figure of a Youth, whose hayr
With purple Ribands braided curiously,
Hung on his shoulders wondrous bright and faire;
Said, Virgine? What is he whose heauenly face
Shines past al others, as the Morne the Night;
Whom many maruailing soules, from place to place,
Pursue, and haunt, with sounds of such delight?
Whose countenance (wer't not in the Stygian shade)
Would make me, questionless, belieue he were
A verie God. The learned Virgine made
This answere; If thou shouldest beleue it here,
Thou shouldest not erre: he well deserv'd to be
Esteemde a God; nor held his so-much brest
A little presence of the Deitic:
His verse comprisde earth, seas, starres, soules at rest;
In song, the Muses he did equalise;
In honor, *Phabus*: he was onely soule;
Saw al things sphered in Nature, without eyes,
And raisde your *Troy* vp to the starrie Pole.
Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghosts,
Saide, O if Fates would giue this Poet leaue,
To sing the acts done by the Romane Hoasts;
How much beyond, would future times receiuē

To the Reader.

The same facts, made by any other knowne?
O blest *AEacides*! to haue the grace
That out of such a mouth, thou shouldest be showne
To wondring Nations, as enricht the race,
Of all times future, with what he did knowe:
Thy vertue, with his verse, shall ever growe.
Now heare an Angell sing our Poets Fame;
Whom Fate for his diuine song, gaue that name.

Angelus Politianus, in Nutricia.

More living, then in old *Demodocus*,
Fame glories to wax young in Homers verse.
And as when bright *Hyperion* holdes vs
His goulden Torch, wee see the starres disperse,
And euerie way flye heauen; the pallid Moone
Euen almost vanishing before his sight:
So with the dafeling beames of *Homers Sunne*,
All other ancient Poets lose their light.
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his staire,
Singing the Godlike Acts of honord men;
And equalling the actuall rage of warre,
With onely the diuine straines of his penne;
He stood amaz'd, and freely did confessle
Himselfe was equall'd in *Maonides*.

Next, heare the grane and learned Plinie vse
Hiscensure of our sacred Poets Muse.

Plin. Nat. hist. lib. 7. Cap. 29.

Turnd into vers; that no Profe may come neere *Homer*.

Whom shall we choose the glorie of all wits,
Held through so many sorts of discipline,
And such varietie of workes, and spirits;
But Grecian *Homer*? like whom none did shine,
For forme of worke and matter. And because
Our proud doome of him may stand iustified
By noblest iudgements, and receive applause
In spight of enuie, and illiterate pride;
Great *Macedon*, amongst his matchless spoiles,
Tooke from rich *Persia* (on his Fortunes cast)
A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)
Formd all of gould, with wealthy stones enchaet;

He

To the Reader.

He tooke the oyles out; and his neerest friends
Askt, in what better guard it might be vsde?
All giuing their conceipts, to seuerall ends;
He answerd; His affections rather chusde
An vse quite opposite to all their kindes:
And Homer's booke should with that guard be serv'd;
That the most precious worke of all mens mindes,
In the most precious place, might be preserv'd.
The Fount of wit was Homer; Learnings Syre,
And gaue Antiquitie, her liuing fire.

Idem.lib.17.
Cap.5.
Idem.lib.25.
Cap.3.

V Olumes of like praise, I could heape on this,
Of men more auncient, and more leardn then these:
But since true Vertue; enough louely is
With her owne beauties; all the suffrages
Of others I omitte; and would more faine
That Homer, for himselfe, should be belov'd,
Who euerie sort of loue-worth did containe.
Which how I have in my conuersion prov'd,
I must confess, I hardly dare referre
To reading iudgements; since, so generally,
Custoyme hath made euenth'ablest Agents erre
In these translations; all so much apply
Their paines and cunnings, word for word to render
Their patient Authors; when they may as well,
Make fish with foule, Camels with Whales engender;
Or their tonges speech, in other mouths compell.
For, euен as different a Production
Asks Greeke and English; since as they in sounds,
And letters, shunne one forme, and vnison;
So haue their sense, and elegancie bounds
In their distinguisht natures, and require
Onely a iudgement to make both consent,
In sense and elocution; and aspire
As well to reach the spirit that was spent
In his example; as with arte to pietse
His Grammar, and etymologie of words.
But, as great Clerks can write no English verse;
Because (alas! great Clerks) English affords

Of Translation;
and the naturall
difference of Di-
alects necessarily
to be obserued
in it.

Ironick.

To the Reader.

(Say they) no height, nor copie; a rude tongue,
(Since tis their Native): but in Greek or Latine
Their witts are rare; for thence true Poesie sprung:
Though them (Truth knowes) they haue but skil to chat-in,
Compar'd with that they might say in their owne;
Since thither the others full soule cannot make
The ample transmigration to be shoune
In Nature-louing Poesie: So the brake
That those Translators sticke in, that affect
Their word-for-word traductions (where they lose
The free grace of their naturall Dialect
And shame their Authors, with a forced Glose,
I laugh to see; and yet as much abhorre
More licence from the words, then may expresse
Their full compression, and make cleare the Author.
From whose truth, if you thinke my feet digresse,
Because I vse needful Periphrases;
Reade *Valla*, *Hesus*, that in Latine Prose,
And Verse convert him; read the *Messines*,
That into Tuscan turns him; and the *Glose*
Graue Salel makes in french, as he translates:
Which (for th' aforesaide reasons) all must doo;
And see that my conuersion much abates
The licence they take, and more showes him too:
Whose right, not all those great leard men haue done
(In some maine parts) that were his Commentars:
But (as the illustration of the sunne
Should be attempted by the erring starres)
They faid to search his deepe, and treacherous hart.
The cause was, since they wanted the fit key
Of Nature, in their down-right strength of Art;
With Poesie, to open Poesie.
Which in my Poem of the mysteries
Revealde in *Homer*, I will clearely proue.
Till whose neere birth, suspend your Calumnies,
And farre-wide imputations of selfe loue.
Tis further from me, then the worst that reads;
Professing me the worst of all that wright:
Yet what, in following one, that brauely leads,
The worst may shewe, let this proofe hold the light.

But

The necessary
neerenesse of
translation to
the example.

The power of
nature, above
Art in Poesie.

To the Reader.

But grant it cleere : yet hath Detraction got
My blinde side, in the forme, my verse puts on ;
Much like a dung-hill Mastife, that dares not
Assault the man he barks at; but the stone
He throwes at him, takes in his eager Iawes,
And spoyles his teeth because they cannot spoyle.
The long verse hath by proose receiu'd applause
Beyond each other number: and the foile,
That squint-eyd Enui takes, is censor'd plaine.
For this long Poeme asks this length of verse ;
Which I my selfe ingenuoufly maintaine
Too long, our shorter Authors to reherse.
And for our tongue, that still is so empayrde
By trauailing linguists ; I can proue it cleere,
That no tongue hath the Muses vterrance heyrde
For verse, and that sweet Musique to the eare
Strooke out of time, so naturally as this ;
Our Monosyllables, so kindly fall
And meete, opposde in rime, as they did kisse :
French and Italian, most immetricall ;
Their many syllables, in harsh Collision,
Fall as they brake their necks ; their bastard Rimes
Saluting as they iustl'd in transition,
And set our teeth on edge ; nor tunes, nor times
Kept in their falls . And me thinkes, their long words
Shewe in short verse, as in a narrow place ,
Two opposites should meet, with two-hand swords ;
Vnieldily, without or vse or grace.
Thus hauing rid the rubs, and strow'd these flowers
In our thrice sacred Homers English way ;
What rests to make him, yet more worthy yours ?
To cite more prayse of him, were meere delay
To your glad searches, for what those men found,
That gaue his praise, past all, so high a place :
Whose vertues were so many, and so crounde,
By all consents, Diuine ; that not to grace,
Or adde encrease to them, the world doth neede
Another Homer ; but eu'en to rehearse
And number them : they did so much excede,
Me thought him not a man ; but that his verfe

Our English
Language, above
all others, for
Rhythmicall Po-
esie.

Some

To the Reader.

Some meere celestiall nature did adorne,
And all may well conclude, it could not be,
That for the place where any man was borne,
So long, and mortally, could disagree
So many Nations, as for Homer striu'd,
Vnlesse his spurre in them had beene diuine.
Then ende their strife, and loue him (thus reuiu'd)
As borne in England: see him ouer-shine
All other-Countrie Poets; and trust this,
That whose-soeuer Muse dares vse her wing
When his Mule flies, she will be trus't by his,
And shewe as if Bernacle shoule spring
Beneath an Eagle. In none since was seene
A soule so full of heauen as earth, in him.
O! if our Moderne Poesie had beeне
As louely as the Ladie he did lymne,
What batbarous worldling groueling after gaine,
Could vse her louely parts, with such rude hate,
As now she suffers vnder eueries waine?
Since then tis nought but her abuse, and Fate,
That thus empayres her; what is this to her
As shee is reall? or in naturall right?
But since in true Religion men should erre
As much as Poesie, shoule th' abuse excite
The like contempt of her Diuinitie;
And that her truth, and right saint sacred Merites,
In most liues, breed but reverence formally;
What wonder is't if Poesie inherits
Much lesse obseruance; being but Agent for her
And singer of her lawes that others say?
Forth then ye Mowles, sonnes of the earth abhor her,
Keefe still on in the durtie vulgar way,
Till durt receive your soules, to which ye vow;
And with your poison'd spirits bewitch our thriffts.
Ye cannot so dispile vs, as we you.
Not one of you, aboue his Mowlehill lifts
His earthly Minde; but, as a sort of beasts,
Kept by their Guardians, never care to heare
Their manly voices; but when, in their fists,
They breath wilde whistles; and the beasts rude eare

Hearcs

To the Reader.

Heares their Curres barking; then by heaps they fly,
Headlong together. So men, beastly giuen,
The manly soules voice (sacred Poesie,
Whose Hymns the Angels euer sing in heauen)
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutish noyses
(For Gaine,Lust,Honor,in litigious Prose)
Are bellow'd-out, and crack the barbarous voices
Of Turkish *Stentors*; O ! ye leaneto those,
Like itching Horse,to blocks , or high May-poles;
And break nought but the wind of wealth,wealth,All
In all your Documents;your Asinine soules
(Proud of their burthens)feele not how they gal.
But as an Asse , that in afield of weedes
Affects a thistle, and falls fiercely to it ;
That prickes, and galls him; yet he feedes,& bleeds;
Forbeares awhile, and licks;but cannot woo it
To leauge the sharpnes; when(to wreak his smart)
He beats it with his foot;then backward kickes,
Because the Thistle gald his forward part;
Nor leaues till all be eate,for all the pricks ;
Then fals to others with as hote a strife;
And in that honourable war doth waste
The tall heat of his stomacke, and his life:
So,in this world of weeds,you worldlings taste
Your most-lov'd dainties,with such war,buy peace;
Hunger for torment ; virtue kick for vice;
Cares,for your states, do with your states encrease:
And though ye dreame ye feast in Paradise,
Yet Reasons Day-light,showes ye at your meate
Asses at Thistles,bleeding as ye eate.





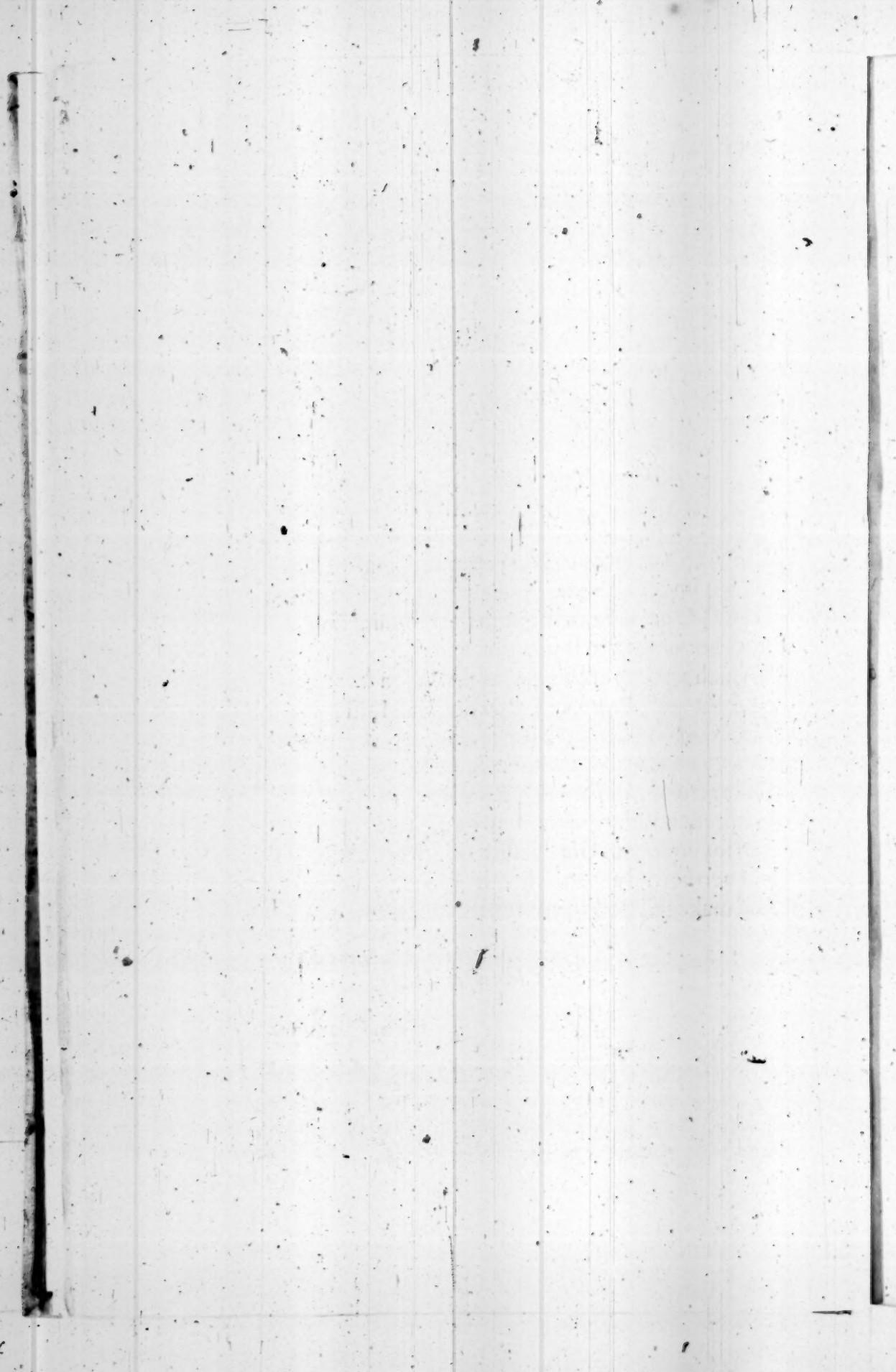
*To the sacred Fountaine of Princes; sole
Empresse of Beautie, and Vertue; A N N E,
Queene of England &c.*

With whatsoeuer Honor wee adorne
Your Royall Issue; we must gratulate yow
Imperiall Soueraigne. Who of you is borne,
Is you; One Tree, make both the Bole and Bow.
If it be honor then to ioyne you both
To such a powerfull worke, as shal defend
Both from foule *Death*, and *Ages* oughly *Moth*;
This is an Honor, that shall never end.
They know not vertue then, that know not what
The vertue of defending vertue is:
It comprehends the guard of all your State,
And ioygnes your Greatnesse to as great a Blisse.
Shield vertue, and aduance her then, Great Queene;
And make this Booke your Glasse, to make it seene!

*Your Maiesties in all subiection most
humbly consecrate,*

Geo. Chapman.







THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



APollos Priest to th' Argive Fleete doth bring
Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the King:
For which her tendred freedome he intreates:
But being dismisse with contumelious threats,
At Phæbus hands by vengefull prayer hee seekes,
To haue a plague inflicted on the Greekes:
Which done Achilles doth a Councell cite,
And forceth Chalchas in the Kings despite
To tell the truth why they were punisht so:
From whence their fierce and deadly strife doth grow.
In which Achilles so extreamely rauies,
That Goddesse Thetis from her Throne of waues
(Ascending Heaven) of Ioue assistance wonne
T'afflict the Greekes, by absence other Sonne,
And make the Generall himselfe repent
To wrong so much his Armies Ornament.
This found by Iuno, shee with Ioue contends,
Till Vulcan with Heauens cuppe the quarrell ends.

Another Argument.

Alpha, the prayer of Chryssy sings,
The Armies plague th' incensed Kings.

AChilles banefull wrath, resound great Goddesse of my verse
That through th' afflicted host of Greece did worlds of woes disperse,
And timeless sent to hell by troopes, the strong and generous soules
Of great Heroes; but their lims, left food for beasts and foules:
So Ioues high counsell tooke cuent, from whence that Iarre begun,
Twixt Agamemnon King of men, and Thetis Godlike sonne.
What God did give them vp to strife? Ioues and Latonas seede,
Who angrie with the King for wrongs, against his Priest decreeede,
Made sickenes rage through all the host, which much life put to flight:
His Priest came to the Greekes swift Fleete, with ransome infinite.

2 THE FIRST BOOKE OF

The golden Scepter and the Crowne far-shooting Phoebus wore,
To free his daughter: which in hand he humbly brought before
The Peeres of Greece; whom he besought, but both th' Atrides, most,
Who were most mightie in the rule of all th' imperiall Host.

Atrides and ye well grie'd Greeks, Gods that in Heauenly Halles,
Make blest abodes, renoune your swords with Priamis razed walls;
And grant your wisht retreat to Greece: meane space accept of me
These sacred presents, as the price of Noblie setting free
My onely daughter: In which deed, ye shall fit Honor shewe,
To Phoebus; honouring me, his Priest. This all the Peeres allow;
Giue fit grace to the reuerend Priest: and thinke the wisht release
Deseru'd well in the sacred Price; which yet did nothing please.
The great Atrides: who thus wrongd the Deitie of the Day,
In wronging his religious Priest, commanding him away.

Ienice dotard: quickly quit our fleete: nor let me cuer more,
Hearc of thy presence; least the Crowne of him thou dost adore
And his great Scepter helpe thee not; I will not set her free
Till age hath freed her of my lone: At Argos farre from thee,
She shall be his wife in my Court, and honorde with my Bedae.
Be gone then, that thou mayst be safe; The old man feard and fled,
And by the farre-resounding seas went silent, till (far gone)
He thus besought the King of Men; Fayre-hayrd Latonas sonne,
Hearc thou that bear'st the siluer Bowe, that dost on Chrysalshine,
That strongly gouernst Tenedos, and Cylla most diuine.
O Sminthius, if euer I thy thankfull Temple crownde,
Or with fat thighes of Buls and Goats, haue made thy fires abound,
Giue full effect to my desires, and for these teares I shed
Let Greekes pay paines, and with thy shafts in troopes be striken dead.

Thus pray'd he, and Apollo heard, who at the heart offended
Downe from the topless browes of heauen, into the host descended:
His bowe and Quiuers couer'd round, his golden shoulers wore,
His angrie arrowes (as he mou'd) did thunder on the Shore.
So, like the lowring night he walke, and tooke his wreakefull stand
Athwart the Fleet: his siluer Bowe, with his hard loosing hand,
A dreadfull sound did make, and firſt the mules and dogges he wounds,
And after with the breſts of men, his mortall shafts confounds:
The funerall pyles did euer burne with heapes of men he slew,
Nine dayes together through the host, his poſoned arrowes flew,
The tenth a counſell through the Camp AEacides deſigne,
Which Iuno with the siluer Armes, did put into his minde:

Who

Who stood remorsefull of the Greeks to see them euerie where
 Employ the greedy fires of death : and now conuented were
 The chiefe commanders of the camp, who (altogether plaste)
 From sacred Thetis swift footes ferme this supposition past.

Atrides, some new error now procures this plague I feare,
 To drue vs hence ; if with our liues we may th' impulsiones beare
 Of this our double pestilence, th' infection and our warre :
 But let vs some graue Prophet aske, or Priest that sees from farre ;
 Or some interpreter of dreames (for dreams proceede from Ioue)
 Who may report what sinne doth thus the Delphian Archer moue
 To punish vs : if hecatombs or fumes of offered sheepe,
 Or soundest Goates, or vowedes unkept, which now our Zeales may keepe,
 That his sharpe arrowes in our breastes kee may refraine to sleepe.

Achilles, hauing sayd, sate downe ; when Calchas, Thetors sonne
 (The best of Augures, that was skild in all things present, done
 Deedes past, and euerie act to come, and did direct the course
 Of th' Argive Fleete to Ilion, for his prophetique force
 Gien by Apollo) next stod vp, and thus did silence breake.
 Ioue-lou'd Achilles, if thou wyl, and wilt command me speake
 My knowledge of Apollos wrath ; couenant and sware to mee,
 That readie with thy hand and sword, thou wilt assistant bee
 Both now and in affaires to come : for him that most doth sway
 The soueraigne Empire of the hoste, whom all the Greeks obey,
 I feare my sentence will offend : and if a mightie state
 Against a much inferiour man conceiue a lordly hate,
 Though he deppesse it for the time, yet he reserues it still,
 Till best aduantage of his power haue perfected his will.
 Say then if thou wyl warrant me, against the worst euent ?
 Achilles answerd, All thou knowest, speake, and be confident :
 For by the deere belou'd of Ioue, the dayes Eternall King,
 From whom (O Calchas) to the Greekes, thou Oracles dost sing,
 Not one of all the Peeres shall lay offensive hands on thee,
 While my truth shelding forces last, or that in earth I see :
 No not if Agamemmons frowne, be obiect of thy feares,
 Who to be soueraigne of vs all, the glorious title beares.

Then tooke the blameleſſe Prophet hart, and sayd they were not vowedes,
 Yet unperform'd, nor Hecatombes, but loue that Phœbus showes,
 In honor of his Priestes disgraste by Agamemmons will,
 That skornd his ransome, and reserues his dearest daughter still ;
 For this, Apollo sends this plague, and yet will send vs more,

Nor will containe, from our distresse, his beauie ~~hand~~ band, before
 The blacke cyde virgin be releast, unbought and ransomlesse,
 And conuoyd hence with Hecatombes, till her chaste foot do presse
 The flowrie Chrysalis holy shoure; and so if wee shall please
 Th' offended God, perhaps he may recure this keene disease.

He saue: the great Heroe rose, the far commanding king
 Attides, full of froward griesse; excessive anger's sting
 Sperst blacke fumes round about his brest, his eyes like burning fire
 Cast sparkles from his bended browes, all blouen out of his ire:
 And looking sternely on the priest, Prophet of ill (said he)
 That neuer didst presage my good, but tookst delight to be
 Offensive in thy Auguries, not one good word proceedes
 From thy ruder lips, nor is performed in any after deedes:
 And now thou frowardly dost preach, in midst of all the Greekes,
 That heauens farre shooter in this plague, the restitution seekes
 Of my faire prisoner, who retaynd, is cause of our annoy:
 And all because thou knowst, in her I take such speciall ioy,
 And wist to bring her to my Court, since I esteeme her more,
 Then Clytemnestra, that to me, the nuptiall contract swore,
 When shee was yet a maide and young: nor doth she merite lesse
 Both for her bodies comely forme, her natuue towardnesse,
 Her wisedome and her huswiferie; yet will I render her
 If it be best: for to my good, my Souldiers I preferre.
 But in her place some other Pryse see quickly you prepare,
 That I alone of all the Greekes, lose not my honors share:
 Which needes must be confest vnfitt; but thus my friends you see
 That what by all your mindes is mine, one other takes from me.

To him, the excellent st of foot, divine Achilles said,
 Ambitious and most couetous man, what Prise can be repaid
 By these our noble minded friendes, for thy desirde supply?
 All know how scantily wee haue storde our common treasurie,
 For what the spoyled Citties gaue, ech souldier for his paine
 Hath dueley shar'd by our consents, which to exact againe
 Were base and ignominious; but to the God resign'e
 Thy pleasure for our common good: and if the most diuine
 So grace vs, that this well wall'd towne, we leauill with the plaine
 We sourefold will repay the losse, thy fortunes now sustaine.

The king replyed; Be not deceiu'd, nor thinke thy priuate force
 (Godlike Achilles) can outgoe the free, and publique course,
 In which, Heauen set my eminent power; It will be neuer so;

Thou

Thou hast a like Prite; wouldst thou wish that I should thus let goe
The right I wun, and thou keepe thine? But if the rest thinke fit,
That my rule thus be ouer-rul'd, let them as well admit
My worthy recompence: if not, Ile make mine owne Amends;
In person, I will come my selfe to thee, or to thy Friends,
Ajax, or Ithacus; and take my choice of any Prite,
That I thinke counteruailes my losse, in all your Custodies;
Let him seeke wreake, that thinkes him wrongd; But, touching this designe,
We will heareafter, and elsewhere conclude what shall be mine:

Now let vs lanch the Sable Barke into the holy seas,
Skippe chosen rowers in her bankes: and Hecatombes to ease
Our instant plague; and we will cause bright Chrys to ascend:
Whose charge to some Greeke prince in chiefe tis fit we shoulde commend
Or to the royll Idomen, or Ajax Telamon:
Or to the prudent counsaylor, Diuine Laertes sonne:
Or to the terriblest of men, thy selfe Aeacides:
That offrings made by thy strong hands, Apollo may appease.

Aeacides obseruing well the vrg'd authoritie
Of his proud foe: with browes contract, returnd this sharp reply;
O thou possest with impudence, that in command of men,
Affectst the brute minde of a Fox, for so thou fill thy denne
With forced or betrayed spoyles, thou feelst no sense of shame:
What souldier can take any spirit, to put on (for thy fame)
Contempt of violence and death, or in the open field,
Or secret ambush; when the hyre his high desert shoulde yeeld,
Is before hand condemnd to glut thy gulfe of auarice.
For me, I haue no cause t' accoint these Ilians enemies:
Nor of my Oxen nor my horse, haue they made hostile spoyle;
Nor hurt the comfortable fruites of Pthyas populous soyle;
For many shady distancies, hills and resounding Seas
Are interposde: but our kinde armes, are listed to release
(Thou senselesse of all Royaltie) thine and thy brothers fame,
Imprisoned in disgracfull Troy, which nothing doth inflame
Thy dogged nature to requite, with fauour or renowne,
Our ceaselesse and important toyles: for which, what is mine owne,
Giuen by the generall hands of Greece (yet by the valure got
Of my free labours) thy rude lust will wrest into thy lot:
In distribution of all townes, wun from our Troian foes.
Still more then mine to thy heapt store, th' vneuen proportion rose;
But in proportion of the fight the heaviest part did rise,

6 THE FIRST BOOKE OF

To my discharge; for which I finde much prayse and little prise.
 But ile enaure this ods no more: t'is better to retire,
 And to my countrey take my fleet, not feeding thy desire,
 Both with the wracke of my renowne, and of my wealth beside,
 Exhausted by the barbarous thirst of thy degenerat pride.

Affectst thou flight, replied the King, be gon and let not mee
 Nor any good of mine because to stay thy fleete or thee;
 There are enow besides, will stay and do my state renoune:
 But chieflyly prudent Iupiter. Of all his band doth crowne,
 Thou still art bittrest to my rule; contention and sterne fight
 To thee, are vnitie and peace; if thou exceed in might,
 God gaue it thee, and t'is absurde to glorie as ouy owne,
 In that we haue not of our selues; but is from others growne.
 Home with thy fleet and Myrmydons; there let thy rule be seen,
 I loath so much to feare thy rage, or glorifie thy spleene,
 That to thy face i threaten thee; and since th' offended Sunne
 Takes Chryses from me, whom by right of all consents I wun;
 Yet I with mine owne shippe and men must send her to her Syre;
 My selfe will to thy tent repare and take thy hearts desire;
 Euen bright-cheekt Brysis from thine armes; that then thy pride may swaere
 Atides is thy bettter far, and all the rest may feare.
 To vaunt equalitie with mee; or take ambitious hart,
 To stand with insolence comparde, in any aduierse part.
 This set Peleides soule on fire, and in his bristled brest,
 His rationall and angrie parts, a dautfull strife distrest;
 If he should draw his wreakfull sword, and forcing way through all,
 End Agamemnons insolence in bloudie funerall;
 Or else restraine his forward mind and calme his angers heat.
 Whilſt in his thus diuided selfe, these agitations beat,
 And hee his mighty sword unsheathe, wise Pallas was in place,
 Foreſent by great Saturnia, that makes the white embrace;
 Who, of the two late enemies, had wondrous loue and care;
 Shee stood behind AEacides, and by the goulden hayre
 She puld him to her; and to him she onely did appeare:
 Who turning to her heauenly sight, was strooke with reverent feare,
 But by her dreadfull sparkling eyes her godhead straight he knew,
 And sayd, Why comes Ioues daughter here? the arrozance to view
 Of Atreus sonne? twere fitter, death his barbarous pride should bow
 Whose author, I haue vowd to be, and will performe my vow:
 She answered, T'is not best for thee, and I am come t'appease

Thy

Thy violent furie, if thou wilt for my persuasions cease,
Sent by the Iuorie-fingerd Queen, that tenders both your lines,
Forbear then thy advise-less sword, and rule that part that strives;
Reproving him with words more safe; and here I promise thee,
What shall be perfectly perform'd: Thou shalt presented bee
With gifts of three-fold excellency to thy received wrong,
And therefore serue our deities: and onely use thy tongue.

Tis fit (Pelides did reply) your godheads should be please'd;
Though at my soule I bee incens'd: who is for heauen appeas'de,
Heauen will appease his wrongs for him: this said, his ample hand
(Clos'd in his siluer hilt) forbore and did the Dames Commande;
So to the heauenly house shee flew of Egi bearing loue
To keepe her state with other Queenes, that sway the thrones aboue.
She gone, Pelides did renew breach of his tempers peace;
And gaue the king despightfull words, nor yet his wrath would cease.
Thou great i[n] wine, with dogged lookes, and hart but of a Harp,
That never with the formost troupes, in fight darst flake thy dart,
Nor in darke ambush arme thy selfe: these seeme too full of death
For thy cold spirits; t is more safe, with contumelious breath,
To shew thy manhood aginst a man, that contradicts thy lust,
And with thy couetous valour, take his spoyles, with force vniust,
Because thou knowest a man of fame, will take wrong ere hee be
A generall mischiefe: nor sham'st thou though all the armie see.
Thou souldier-eating king, it is on beasts thou rule hast won,
Or els this wrong had beeene the last, thou ever shouldest haue done:
But I protest and sweare to thee, a great and sacred oath,
Euer by this Scepter (which with kings, lawes and religion both
Was wont to institute, and held a symbole of the right,
By partless iustice ministred, and still bewrayes the might
Of princes carried in their hands, protecting all the lawes
We all receiuie from Iupiter) which giues sufficient cause,
To make thee thinke I meane t' obserue, what I so deeply sweare;
That as it neuer since it grew, did leaues or branches beare,
Cut from the bils, and can no more produce delightsome shade,
So since thy most inhumaine wrongs, haue such a slaughter made
Of my affections borne to thee, they neuer shall renew
Those sweet and comfortable flowers, with which of late they grew.
But when the vniuersall hoste shall faint with strong desire
Of wrongd Achilles, though thou pine, thou neuer shalt aspire
Help to their miseries from me, when underneath the hand

Of bloudie Hector, cold as death their bodies spread the sand ;
And thou with inward griefe, shalt teare thy miserable minde
That to the most kinde worthy Greek thou wert so most unkinde.

This said, he threw against the ground his Scepter, all besprent
With such a kinde of goulden studdes, as figur'd Regiment.

So sate the king and he in razdes; when vp old Nestor stood,
The sweet-voic't Pylian Orator, whose tongue powr'd forth a floud
Of speech that honnies taste exeld; two ages he had liu'd,
Of sundrie language de men, all which were dead, yet he suruiu'd,
And now amongst the third he raign'd; hee thus bespake the peers.

O Gods what mighty woes will wound all Princely Achiue eares?
And how will Priam and his sonnes with all the Ilion seed,
Euen at their hearts reioyce to heare these haynous discordes breed,
Twixt you, who in the skill offight and counsels, so excell
All other Greeks: let my advise this bitterness expell;
You are not both so old as I, who liu'd with men that were
Your betters far, yet euer held my exhortations deare;
I neuer saw, nor euer shall behold the like of them
Of whom my counsels were esteem'd; the godlike Poliphem,
Exadius and Perithous and Drias great in power,
And Theseus like a Personage bred in the Olympian towre,
And Cæneus a right worthie man; all which, the strongest were,
Of all the earth then nourished; and euerie way sans Pere;
And hand to hand with wildest beasts that euer mountaine bred,
Fought, and destroy'd them; and with these my Lycians forth led,
Far from the land of Apia: themselues did call me forth,
And to my utmost strength I fought; and these were men whose worth
No men that now live durst withstand: yet these would gladly heare
My counsels and obey them too: then do not both you beare
Greater conceipts then greater men: but (as they did) obey.
Obedience better is then rule; where rule erres in his sway;
Let not the king officiously by force the damsell take,
But yeeld her whom the Greekes at first Pelides prise did make.
Nor let a kings heire gainst a king, with such contempt repine;
Since neuer scepter-state attaind an honour so divine,
And rightfully by Ioues high gift though better borne thou bee
Because a goddesse brought thee foorth, yet better man is he
Since his command exceeds so much; then let the king subdue
His spirits greatnessse, and my selfe, to Thetis sonne will sue,
That he depose his furies heat who is the mightiest barre

Betwixt the Grecians safe estate, and spoyle of impious warre.

With geod decorum (reuerend Syre) Atrides did replie,
 Thou giu'st vs counsell; but this man, aboue vs all will sue,
 All in his power he will conclude, and ouer all men raigne,
 Commanding all; all which, I thinke, his thoughts attempt in vaine.
 What if the euer being-state to him such strength affordes,
 Is it to rende vp mens renounes with contumelious words?

Achilles interrupted him, Thou might' st esteeme me base,
 And cowardly to let thee se thy will in my disgrace:
 To beare such burthenes neuer were my strength and spirits combine,
 But to reforme their insolence: and that thy soule shold finde,
 Were it not hurt of common good more then thy worst despight;
 But I (not soothng Nestors sute) for rights sake, reverence right,
 Which thou dost seruilely commend, but violate it quite;
 And this, euen in thy intrayles print; ile not prophayne my hand,
 With battell in my lusts defence; A gyrtle cannot command
 My honour and my force like thine, who yet com mandst our host;
 Slave liue he to the world, that liues slave to his lusts engrost:
 But feed it, come and take the dame, safe go thy violent feete;
 But whatsover else thou findst, aborde my sable fletee,
 Dare not to touch without my leauue: for feele my life mischance,
 If then thy blacke and lust-burnt bloud, flow not vpon my Lance.

Contending thus in wrods, Oppose they rose; the counsaile brake;
 Pelicles to his tents and shippes, his frind and men did take;
 Atrides lencht the full sayld shipp into the brackish seas;
 And put thererin the Hecatembre, that shold the God appease;
 Twise ten selected iowers then; then Chrysos foorth he brings,
 Made her ascend the sacred shipp: with her the grace of kings
 (Wife Ithacus) ascended too: All shipt, together then
 Neptunes moist wildernes they plow; the king charg'd all his men
 Should hallowed Lustrations use: whic done, into the floud
 They threw the offall, and the Barke purgde from polluted bloud:
 Thus, sweet and due solemnities they to Apollo keepe,
 Of Bulls and Geates, neere to the shore of the vnfuitfull deep.
 The sanor wrapt in cloudes of smoake, ascended to theskies,
 And thus they sanctifi'd the Campe with generall sacrifice:

Yet Agamen nons froward thoughts, did not from discord cease:
 But cald to him, Talthibius, and graue Euribates,
 Heralds, and carefull ministers, of all his high commandes:
 And this iniurios Ambassie committed to their handes;

Goe to Achilles tent, and take the bright-cheekt Brysysthence;
If he denie, tell him, my selfe with more extreame offence,
Will come and force her from his armes, with vnresisted bandes;
The heralds all vñwilling went along the barren sands:
The tents and fleet of Mirmydons they reacht and found the kinr,
At his blacke shippe and tent; Their sight could be no welcome thing,
To his sterne eyes; His lookes amaze and made them reverent stand,
Not daring to salute his mood; nor what they sought, demande;
Hie seeing them loath, th'inuiorous cause of his offence to be;
Welcome, ye Heraldes, messengers of Gods and men (said hee)
Comeneare: I blame not you, but him that gainst your wils doth send,
To haue the louely Brysyst brought; Patroclus, princely friend
Bring foorth the dame, and render her; pleas'd be their soueraigne then;
But here befor the blessed gods before the eyes of men,
Before your ignominious king, bee faithfull witnesses,
Of what I feele: If euer worke in future bitterness,
Of any plague to be remoou'd from your unhappy host,
Be needfull of my friendly hand wrong, hath your refuge lost.
Your king not present harmes conceives, much lesse succeeding woes,
But led by eniuious counsell, rauies and knowe not what he does:
Nor how to winne his name renowne; being carefull to foretell
How with least death his men might fight, and haue them bulwarkt well.

This said, Patroclus well allow'd the patience of his friend,
Brought Brysyst forth, and to her guides her comforts did commend
With t'most kindnesse; which his friend could not for anguish use:
Shee wept, and lookt vpon her Loue, he sight and did refuse;
O how his wisedome with his power, did mightyly contend,
His loue encouraging his power, and spirit that durst descend
As far as Hercules for her: yet wisedome all subdue.
Wherein a high exploite he shew'd, and sacred fortitude.

Brysyst without her soule did moue, and went to th'Achiae tents:
Achilles seuer'd from his friends, melts anger in laments,
Vpon the shore of th' aged deepe, viewing the purple seas
And lifting his broade hands to heauen hee did with utterance ease
His manly bosome, and his wrongs to Thetis thus relate;
O mother, since you brought me forth to breath so short a date,
Th' Olympian thunderer might commix some boone with my short breath;
That what my minds power, wanting time, contracts in timeless death,
Short life wel-grac't might amplifie: which Iupiter denies,
As if his gifts (being giuen in vaine) men iustly might dispise;

Admit-

Admitting Atreus sonne to vaunt, th' enforcement of my prise.
 His mother (seated in the deepes of Neptunes softned skyes
 With old Oceanus) forsakes the gray seas like a clowde,
 And presently before him sate, whom ruthfull sorrowes bowde:
 She mou'd him with her tender hand, and said, Why mournes my sonne?
 What bold woes dare inuade thy breast? conceale not what is donne:
 But tell, that we may both partake one mournefull iniurie.

He sijging said, Why shold I tell? thou know'st as well as I.
 We went and ransackt sacred Thebes, Aetions wealthie towne,
 Brought thence the spoyle, and parted it, each man possesst his owne:
 Th' Atrides, beautious Chrytys chusde, whose libertie was sought,
 By her graue Father, Phœbus Priest, that to the Nanie brought
 A pretious ransome, eu'en the Croune and Scepter of his God:
 Which Atreus impious sonne despis'd, and threatned his abode,
 Dismissing him with all disgrace; for which, his vengefull prayer
 Attaind of Phœbus such a plague, as poysoned all the Ayer:
 In which his shafts flew through our Campe; and many souldiers died.
 We had an Augure, that our cause of mischiefe prophesied:
 I vrgdeth' apperasure of the Gods; which vex't Atrides so,
 He threatned his amends on me, which with disgracefull woe
 He hath perform'd; his heralds now fetcht Brylis from my tent,
 Whose beautie was my valours prize, by euerie Greekes consent.
 If then thou canst assist thy sonne, ascend Olympus top,
 Pray loue (if euer his estate thy godhead helpt to prop,
 By ministrie of words, or werkes) he will assistance grant,
 Since often in my fathers Court, mine eares haue heard thee vant
 (As women loue to tell their worth) thou didst auert alone,
 Of all th' immortals, cruell skathe, from that clowde-makers throne,
 When Iuno, Neptune, and the dame, hee shooke out of his braine,
 Offer'd to binde him: thy repaire their furies did restraine,
 And brought the hundred-handed power to high Olympus Hall,
 Whom Gods aoe Briareus name, but men Egæon call:
 Whose strength redoubled his strong Syres, he fraid the immortall states,
 And draue them from the impious chaines, shold execute their hates:
 For which in Ioues owne thronē he ioyd: let this remembred bee,
 Sit ever praying at his foote, neuer forsake his knee,
 Till (if by any meanes he meane to helpe Troy) now he ~~be~~ ^{be} come
 To fight for Ilion, and expell the Greekes to Sea againe:
 Or slaughter'd at their Fleetē, their liues may wreake their kings offence,
 And he in his acknowledg'd harmes confess my Eminence.

Thetis powrd out replie in teares: Ay me, my Sonne (sayd shee)
 Why bearing thee to such hard fate, did my breasts nourish thee?
 O would thou wouldest containe thy self, at Fleete, from wrongs and tears,
 Since fates allow thee little life, and that too swiftly weares:
 Soone must thou die, and yet the date is hastned with such woes
 As none indures; and therefore sad and hapless were my throes,
 That brought thee forth; but Iupiter, that doth in thunder roay,
 I will importune as thou wilst, and all my powers employ,
 (Skaling Olympus snowie browes) to order, if I may,
 An honorable wreake for thee; meane time vnmoued stay,
 Hid in thy tent, and scorne the Greekes; thought of their ayde abstaine:
 Loue by Oceanus yesterday, with all th'immortall traine
 Went to the holy AEthiops feast, which thrise fower dayes will end:
 Then will he turne to heauen againe, and then will I ascend.
 His Pyramis, whose base is brasse, where round about his knee
 I will sollicite thy reuenge, and hope to bring it thee.

Thus left shce her deare sonne, with w: at b:, for his lost Loue still sed,
 Whom wilfull force against his will, tooke fram his mournefull bed.

Vlysses with the Hecatombe ariu'de on Chrylas shore:
 And when into the hauens deepe mouth they came to use the Ore;
 They strait strooke saile, they rowl'd them vp, and them on th' hatches threw:
 The topmaste (by the kelsine laid) with Cables downe they drew:
 The shipp then into harbour brought, with Ores; they Anker cast,
 And gainst the violent sway of stormes, make her for drifting fast.
 All come a shore, they all exposde the sacred Hecatombe
 To Angrie Phoebus: and withall, faire Chrylys forth doth come:
 Whom wise Vlysses to her Syre, that did at th' Altar stand,
 For honor ledde, and with these words resignde her to his hand;

Chryle, the mightie King of men, great Agamemnon, sends
 Thy loued daughter safe to thee, and to thy god commends
 This holy Hecatombe, to cease the plague he doth extend
 Amongst the sighe-expiring Greeks, and make his power their friend.

Thus he resignde her to her Syre, who tooke her fall of ioy:
 The honord offring to the God, they orderly employ
 About the Altar, wash their hands, and take their salted cakes;
 When Chryle with erected hands this prayer to Phoebus makes;
 O thou that bearest the siluer boaw, that Chrysa doft dispose
 Celestiall Cylla, and with power commandst in Tenedos;
 O heare thy Priest: and as thine eares gaue honour to my prayers
 In shooting sicknes mongst the Greekes, now harten their affayres

With

With health renewed, and quite exhale th' infection from their breasts.

He prayd, and gracious Phoebus heard both his allow'd requeasts:
 All(after prayer) cast on salt heapes, draw backe, kill, shear the beeues;
 Cut off their thighes, dubd with the fatte, dr. st fayre in doubled leaues;
 And pricke the sweete breads thereupon, in cleft perfumed woode;
 The graue old Priest did sacrifice, and red wine (as they stood)
 He gaue to euerie one to taste; the young men held to him
 Fine foulded Grydyrons on the whih he laid each choysest lim:
 Which broyd, and with the inwards eate; the rest (in gygots slitt)
 They fix on spits, till rosted well, they draw and fall to it.
 The Mariners (their labors past) haue foode for them preparde,
 Which eaten, not a man was left, but competently farde.
 Their hunger and their thirst thus quencht; the youths crown caps with wine,
 Begin and distribute to all; that day was held diu ne
 Consumde in Pceans to the Si nne; who heard with pleased eare:
 And when his Chariot tooke the sea, and twylight hid the cleare,
 All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worne:
 And when the Ladie of the light, the rose-finger'd morn
 Rose from the hiis; they freshly rose, and to the campe retyrd;
 Apollo with a prosperous wind their swelling Barke inspyrde.
 The top maste hoystid; milke white sayles upon the same they put:
 The misens then were fild with wind; the ship her course did cut
 So swiftly, that the parted waues about her sides did rone:
 Whiche comming to the campe they drew, vpon the sandie shore:
 Where (laide on stocks) each soldier kept his quarter as before.

But Peleus sonne at his blacke fleet, sat girt in Angers flame,
 Nor to Consuls (that make men wise) nor forth to battaile came,
 But did consume his mightie heart in desolate desires
 Of mortall shriekes, and massacres, made in the Greekes retires:
 And now the day-starre had appeard twelve times in furthest East,
 When all the Gods returnd to heaven from th' AEthiopian feast,
 And Iupiter before them all, then Theris cald to mind
 Her mournefull issue, and aboue the seas greene billowes bindes:
 The great Heauen early shee ascends, and doth the King behould,
 Set from the rest, in heauens bright toppe, adornid with pearle and gould;
 By him sheefals; her left hand holds his knee, her right his chinne,
 And thus her sonnes desire of loue, by prayer shee seekes to winne;
 Celestiall loue, if euer I, amongst th' immortals, stood
 Thy trustie aide in word or act, doe my desires this good:
 Honour my sonne aboue the rest, since past the rest, his life

Hath so short date; yet Aeneas sonne, in a disgracefull strife,
 His labors recompence hath forst; but thou (most prudent loue).
 That with iust will rewards desires; with glorie grace the loue
 Of my sad sonne; so shew his strength, with adding strength to Troy,
 Now he is absent; that the Greekes may let him clearly ioy
 Gaine of his honour, in their losse; and so augment his fame,
 By that disgrace, they let him beare to their eternall shame.

Ioue answer'd not a word to this, but silent sate so long,
 Till she still hanging on his knee, insisting on her wrong,
 Intreated promise at his hands by his resistless becke,
 Or flat rebuke; I know (sayd shee) the seruile feare of checke,
 Is farre from him, may checke all powers; then if thy power denie,
 I well may see my selfe left grac't of euerie deitie.

Ione thundred out a sigh and sayd; Thou urg'st workes of death,
 And strife betwxt my Queene and me, who with opprobrious breath,
 Still stirs the tempest of my wrath, though vainly she contend,
 And chargeth my respectfull hand to be the Troyans frened.
 But couertly do thou descend, lest her eye sease on thee;
 Care of thy will I will assume, which shall effected be:
 Whereof to make thee sure, my head shall to my boosome bow,
 Which is with gods the strengest rate of any fact I vow,
 Not by my selfe to be reuokte, nor spicte with any guile,
 Nor can it euer to my brest, without effect recuile.

Now bowde the fable browet f'loue; the thicke Ambrosian hayre
 Flow'd on his most immortall hed; heauen shooke beneath his chaire.

Their conference dissolu'd, she slid to th' Ocean from the skies;
 Ioue to his house; when all the Gods did from their thrones arise,
 To meeete their Syre; none durst presume to saue that reverenc done,
 Till he came neere; all met with him, attending to his throne;
 Nor Iuno ignorantly sate: but, when her iealous view
 Saw Thetis with the siluer feet; she confidently knew,
 She brought some plots to heauen with her, and thus began to chide;
 What goddesse counsaile? Yet againe (deceitefull) doſt thou hide?
 Still thou tak'st ioy to be from me; and lift'st, in corners still,
 Secrets that I must neuer know; nor euer with thy will,
 Thou canſt endure a word to me of all thy actions scope.

The ſire of men and gods replide: Saturnia do not hope,
 That all my counſels thou ſhalt know; they are too deepe for thee
 Although my wife: but for thy eare, what decent I ſhall ſee,
 Not any God nor man ſhall know, before thy ſelfe partake;

Yet

Yet, what I list to understand, and no God partner make,
 Enquire not their particulars, nor urge them at my hand;
 Then Juno with the Oxfaire-eyes, on what nice termes you stand?
 As if I did so much affect, or urge to know thy mind,
 (Forward Saturnides) till now: but wondrous close you bind.
 Your loose indeuours, and my heart sustaines exceeding feare,
 The ig: d sea gods daughter breathde seducements in thine eare;
 Shee kneeld so earelie at thy feet, and tooke thee by the knee:
 For wh:m, thy chinne against thy breast(my minde suggesteth mee)
 Thou erst d^r knocke, and promise her some honor for her sonne,
 Though (for his mood) the Greckes in heapes do on their ruines run.
 Wretch (answerde loue) stillthy suspectis into my bosome due:
 Yet canst thou hinder me in noug: but thou dost ever striue,
 To bee vngriations in my thoughts: which humor (if I please)
 I can make horrible to thee: obey me then and cease,
 Leaft all the Gods Olympus hou:des, suffice not for thy ayde,
 If my inaccessible hands, vpon thy limbs be laid.

The reuerend faire-eyde Juno sate with this high threat afraide;
 Nor any word shee answer'd him, her heart had such a fall:
 The rest of gods with murmur fil'd the high Saturnian hall:
 The famous fierie Artisan, the white arm'd goddesse Sonne,
 (Lame Vulcan) stood betwixt them both, and with kinde wordes began
 To ease his loued mothers hart: he saide, This strife will breed
 Intollerable plaguy acts, if you of heauenly seede,
 Fer paltrie mortals thus contend: amongst the Gods yee make
 A tumult here, and all the mirth from our sweet banquet take,
 Because the worse the better hath: but mother I aduise,
 (Although I neede not counsell you, because I know you wiſe)
 Give good respect to my good Syre, leſt once againe hee chide,
 And make our banquet bitterer yet: for he is magnified,
 With power to throw vs from our thrones; th' Olympian lightner is:
 With gentle words then supple him, it will not be amisse
 To make beneuolent and calme, that thundring hart of his.
 With this (the double eared bowle, put in his mothers hand)
 Vpon his admonition ſtill, the crookt legd God did stand:
 Bearre mother and forbearre (said he) though it be paine to you:
 Lest I that hold you deare, behould stripes make your stomacke bow,
 And cannot helpe you if I would, although it cost me teares:
 It is not eaſie to repaigne the king of all our ſpheres:
 How ſeru'a he me, though (Seeking helpe) I wiſh it otherwiſe?

Hee tooke me by the helpless foote, and threw me from the skies;
 The whole day long, I hedlong fell, eu'en till the Sunne and I
 Did set together; he at ease, I in extremitie;
 He on the sea, and I on land: in Lemnos I did fall;
 And there the Sintii tooke me vp, halfe dead with my appall:
 The iuorie fingerd Deitie was pleas'd to heare her sonne:
 And smiling tooke the Cup from him: which he (when she had done)
 Resum'd, and left not with her pledge, but still the Cup did plye,
 And from his right hand drunke about to euerie Deitie;
 Which vnextinguisht laughter stird in euerie blessed breast;
 To see him halt about the house, and fill to all the feast.
 So all that day they banquetted till sun-set rais'd the night,
 And wanted nought that with content might crowne the appetite;
 There did the God of musick touch his harps stone-quickening strings;
 To which, ech sacred Muse consorts, and most divinely sings.
 But when the comfortable Sunne left to enlighten aire,
 To seuerall houses all the Gods, with sleepie browes repaire,
 The famous both foot-halter wrought their roomes with wondrous art:
 With them, the heauenly wild-fire-god did to his rest depart:
 Where Somnus vsde to close his eyes, and to his side ascends,
 Faire Iuno with the golden throne; and there their quarrels ends.

The end of the first booke of Homers Iliades.



THE



THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



*I*One calls a vision vp from *Somnus dein,*
To will *Atrides* muster vp his men :
The king to *Greekes* dissembling his desire
Perswades them to their Countrie to retire.
By *Pallas* will, *Vlisses* stayes their flight :
And prudent *Nestor* hartens them to fight.
They take repast: which done, to armes they got,
And march in good array, against the foe.
So those of *Troy*, when *Iris* from the skie,
Of friendly *Ioue* performs the Ambasie.

Another Argument.

Beta, the dreame and Synod cites,
And Catalogues the Nauale knights.

*T*He other Gods, and Knights at armes, slept all the humorous night,
But *Ioue* lay waking; and his thoughts discouerst how best he might
Giu honour to great *Thetis Sonne*, with slaugthering at their tents,
Whole troupes of *Greekes*: this counsell then seemd best for these euentz;
He instantly woul'd send a dreame to *Atrius* eldest sonne:
That with darke vowes might draw his powers to their confusione:
And (calling him) he wingd these words; Flie to the Grecian fleet,
(Pernicious vision) and the king at our high summons greet;
Uttering the truth of all I charge: giue him command to armie
His uniuersall fayre-haird host, this is the last Alarne

D

Hee

THE SECOND BOOKE OF

He shall enthunder gainst proud Troy, and take her ayrie towers:
 For now no more remaine disioinde, the heauenly houed powers;
 Saturnia with successiue prayers hath drawne in one right line
 Their generall forces; instant illes, shall llions pompe decline.

This heard; the dreame with vtmost hast, the Greekes swift fleet attaint,
 Where entring Agamemnons tent, he found him fast enchain'd
 In steepe dinne; aloft his head, he tooke impresse place
 Informde like Nestor, whom the King past all old men did grace:
 And thus he spoke; Sleepes Atreus sonne, whose braue horse-taming Syre
 Was so exceeding politique: a man that guards the fire
 Of state and counsell, must not drowne, the compleat night in sleepe:
 Since such a multitude of liues, are tended him to keepe,
 And cares in such abundance fwarne about his laboring minde;
 Then wake, and giue me instant care, sent from the most diuinde:
 Who (though farre hence) is neere incare; he giues thee charge to arme
 Thy uniuersall faire-hayrd host; this is the last alarme
 Thou shalt enthunder gainst proud Troy, and take her ayrie towers;
 For now no more remaine disioinde, the heauenly-houed powers,
 Saturnia with successiue prayers hath drawne in one right line
 Their generall forces; instant illes, shall llions pompe decline.
 This loue assures, which well obserue, nor let obliuion sease
 Thy loose affections, carelesly, dissolute in sleepe and ease.
 Thus left he him, who in his minde, with deep contention tost
 These wist events, farre short of date; yet he supposde his host
 Should race in that next day the towne, so indiscreet he was:
 Not knowing what repugnant works, did Ioues designements passe,
 Who platted miseries and fighes, to smoke from eithers side,
 In skathfull battail; long before, Troys vtmost fate was tryde.
 He rose from heauen-infused sleep, the dreames celestiall sounds
 Still rung about his pleased eares, sweetned with cause of woundes.
 He deckt him with his silken weed, right beautifull and new,
 On which he cast his ample robe; then on his feet he drew
 Faire shooes, and on his shoulders girt his siluer-stooded sword:
 The neuer-taynted scepter then, his birtbright did afforde,
 He took, and went amongst the fleete: Aurora now arose,
 Clymbd steep Olympus, and sweet light, did to all gods disclose,
 When he the voicefull heralds chargde in counsell to conuent
 The curled Greeks: they summond all; and all with one consent
 Together came: the court in chiefe, the Generall did decree,
 At Nestors ship, the Pylian king, shoud all of Princes be,

And

And men of counsell; all which met, Atrides thus did frame
 The consultation; Princely friends, a sacred vision came
 In this Nights depth, and in my sleepe, like Nestor greeting me,
 For stature, habite, forme of face, and head as white as hee:
 Hee stood aboue my head, and sayd: Sleep' st thou wise Atreus sonne?
 A Counsailors state-charged thoughts, through broken sleepes shoulde runne,
 To whom so many cares and liues, are in protection giuen;
 Then giue me audience instantly, th' Ambassadour of heauen;
 Whose Soueraigne though so farre remou'd, vowe his exceeding care,
 And easfull pittie of thy toyles: hee biddes thee straight prepare
 Thy faire-hayrd compleat host for fight: for now thy roiall hand
 Shall take Troyes ample-streeted towne: no more at difference stand
 The great Immortals; Iunos sute hath cleare inclinde them all
 To smoother Ilions fatall pride, in ashie funerall.

This, loue affirmes; which let thy thoughts be sure to memorise.
 Then tooke he wings, and golden sleepe flew with him from mine eyes:
 Resolute then, let vs proue to arme our powers, to this designe:
 Whom (to make eager of exploit) I will, in shew encline,
 To sayle, and flight; as farre as may, with their incitements stand,
 Which will be much the fiercer made, if you shall countermand
 With words of honorable stay, assuring them the prise.
 By their firme valures: souldiers spirits are firde by contraries.

This said, he vsde his roiall throne, and vp did Nestor rise,
 Graue king of Pylos sandie soyle, who thus gane his advise:
 Ye friends, commanders of the Greckes, ye princes of estate,
 If, saue our Generall, any Greeke, his vision shoulde relate,
 We might esteeme it fabulous, or rather flat refect
 The strange narration; but because his Soueraigne intellect
 (With which and with the like high soules, loue and the Powers divine
 Haue proprest mixture) had the grace to haue this glorie shone
 In his immortall faculties; serue wee their highe compact,
 Admitting vtmost power to gine this excitation act:
 To this assayre he first went forth: the other scepter-states
 Rose and obeyde the Generall: and helpt t'effect the fates
 loue platted by the banefull dreame, endeuoring to attone,
 Their compleat host, to their attempt in publique Session:
 To which the troopes together ran; As when offrequent Bees,
 Swarms breake out of a hollow Rocke; in endless Companies,
 Some gone, some other fresh arise, and all in clusters flie
 On sweet spring flowers; some here, some there, their swarms incessantly,

Spreading the Meddowes; so these men troupt from their shippes and tents
 Vpon th' unmeasurable shore. Fame gathered their consents;
 Fame (Ioues Ambassadresse) to goe; who binde amongst them cleare;
 And they about her flockt; disturb'd the mightie Counsayle were
 With their rude vprores; earth did groane,beneath the weight of those
 That onely sat; the rest were still in tumult; till thererose
 Nine Heralds, that cryed out for peace, and urg'd fit audience
 To those their Ioue-sustained kings, and then the insolence
 Of their disordred clamor ceast: Then each man kept his place,
 And (out of all that sat) stood vp the man of heauenly grace,
 Great Agamemnon; In his hand, he did the Scepter beare
 That Vulcan curiously made, and gaue to Jupiter:
 Ioue gaue it to his messenger, that slew Saturnias spie;
 And he to Pelops rendred it, renoumde for cheualrie;
 Pelops, to great king Atteus; And that king at his death
 Gane it Thystes, rich in heards: Thystes did bequeath
 The high successiue use thereof, to Agamemnons hands,
 To rule great Argos, and the powers of many sea-sieg'de lands:
 He leaning on this scepter, said: Princes of Greece and frinds,
 The housshould and the guard of Mars; Austerre Saturnius ends
 Our actions in extreame disgrace, who promisde my desire,
 And bound it with his moued brow,to honor our retire,
 With wel-wald Troyes euersion; but now th'euent approoues
 His plaine deceite, since gloryless, he urgeth our remooues,
 Commanding our retreate to Greece, with loss of so much blood
 Of our deare countrimen and friends; who must not be withstood,
 That hath in desolation drownde the free commerciall steapes
 Of many citties; and of more, will make subuerted heapes:
 His power is so surpassing great; but it will loath the eare
 Of all posteritie, that we, who such a number were,
 And so renownd, with men so few, should wage successles warre,
 Of whose drift yet no end appeares; that we exceed them farre,
 (If we should strike firme truce, and trie by numbring either side)
 Take all the townes inhabitants, and into tennes diuide
 Our Achine power, and let each ten, at banquet chuse them one
 Of Troy, to minister them wine, and Troy shoulde harbour none
 To fill the cuppe to many tennes, so much I say transconds
 Our powers th' inhabitants of Troy; but their assistant friendes
 From many citties drawne, are they, that stay this citties spoyle
 In sight of our affected wreake; nine yeares hane past our toyle:

And

And now the substance of our shippes corrupt, our tacklings fayle:
 Our wiues and seed, sit in their doories expecting our resayle,
 When that we sought, is yet vnsound: but come, hoyst sayle and home:
 For neuer shall Troyes spacious towne by vs be ouercome.

This mon'd to flight in euerie mind, th' inglorious multitude,
 Who heard not what in priuate court, the counsell did conclude.
 Th' assembly grew most turbulent, as billowes rude and vast;
 Rows de in the rough Icarian seas, when East and Southerne blast
 Breake fiercely from the cloudes of loue; or as when Zephyr flies
 Vpon a wealthy fielde of Corne, makes all his forces rise,
 And all the field bowes her faire heads, beneath his violence:
 So did the common souldiers yeeld, t' Atrides forst pretence:
 All to the shippes with shewing ran, earth smoak'd beneath their feete,
 And mutually they made exhort, to haile the crased Fleet
 Straite backe to sea; clens'd what was fowle, and drew the stockes away,
 Offering to lanch; the other Peeres, could not be heard for stay:
 A noyse confus'd alongst the shore, did smite the golden stars,
 From souldiers throats, whose harts did long to leaue such irkesome warres.
 Then glorielesse the Greekes had fled, past all presage offate,
 Had not Sauernia thus aduis'd, Ioues Targe-supporting state:
 Out on this shame, O Ioues fayre seede, thou conquering deitie,
 Shall thus upon the seas brode backe, th' infamous Argiues flee?
 Admitting Priam and his Peeres, a glorie so despisde,
 As Helens rapture in despight, and haue so dearely prisde,
 Their long-sworne honor of reuenge, with Greekes so manie slaine,
 Far from their countrey? but descend, to Argos brasse-armd traine,
 And with perswasive gentle speech, will euerie man to stay,
 Not suffering any go aboarde, nor hayle their shippes away,
 Which now are euerie where prepaerde, to flie out of the bay.

So sayd shee, nor the gray-eyde maide, stood aduerte to her will,
 But left the vndiscerned browes of Ioues-Olympian hill,
 And quicklye reacht the Grecian fleet, where standing still she found,
 Th' aduicefull king of Ithaca, like loue in counsailes sound,
 Who yet had not so much as toucht his black wel-transomde barke,
 Bat (vexed in his hart and soule) the armies shame did marke.

To him said Pallas (comming neare) great Laertiades,
 Most wise Vlisses, make ye flight, thus headlong to the seas,
 In your well-furnisht men of warre, and long so much for home?
 What honor to the King of Troy; and his consorts will come,
 In leauing Argiue-Helen here, the price of so much bloud,

Suckt from the wofull breasts of Greece, robd of her dearest brood?
 But ran, and interpose no stay, through euerie Grecian band;
 And with thy sweet per/ was iue tongue, let none depart the land,
 Nor draw the oare-enforced fleete, from off the Trojan strand.

So Pallas charg'de, whose heauenly voyce, the wise Ulisses knew:
 Then forth he ran, and for more speede, his cloake on earth he threw,
 W hich diligent Eury bates (a herald of renowne,
 Who came from Ithaca with him, to siege of Priams towne)
 Tooke up: Ulisses met the King; from whom he was so bold,
 To take the scepter neuer staind, held in his line of old.
 With which he went amongst the troupes, to stay them from the fleete:
 And with what prince, or gentleman, his roiall steps did meeete,
 In these faire tearmes he would advise he shoulde the flight forbearre:

Vnhappie man it fits not you, to flye, as driuen with feare,
 But rather stay, and with bold words, make others so inclinde:
 For you as yet not rightly know king Agamemnon's minde.
 He makes but triall of such spirits as he may most renowne,
 And will seuerely punish such, as flie th' unconquered towne.
 All we in counsell heard not all, comprisde in his command,
 Nor durst wee prease too neare, for feare of his offended hand;
 The anger of a king is death; his honour springs from loue;
 His person is in spight of hate, protected in his loue.
 But if the common souldier his observation tooke
 With base exclaims for thirsted flight: him with his mace he strooke,
 And vsde these speeches of reprooche: Wretch, keepe thy place, and heare
 Those kings, besides thy Generall, that rule aboue thee beare.
 Thou art vnfitt to rule, and base, without a name, in war,
 Exempt from counsaile: nor must Greekes, be so irregular,
 To liue as euerie man may take the scepter from his king:
 The rule of many is absurd; degrees in euerie thing
 Must be obseru'd; one Lord, one king, whom prudent Saturnes sonne
 Hath giuen a scepter and sound lawes for their dominion.

Thus (ruling) governd hee the host: againe to counsaile then
 From ships and tents in tumults swarmde, these thus reformed men;
 With such a blustering, as against the Ponticke shore reboundes,
 A storme driuen-billow, with whose rage, the sea it selfe resounds.
 All late, and silent vsde their seates, Therlites sole except,
 A man of tongue, whose rau'n-like voice, a tuneless iarring kept;
 Who in his ranke minde copie had of vnregarded wordes,
 That rashly and beyond all rule, vs'd to oppugne the Lords;

But, what soeuer came from him, was laught at mightily :
The filthiest Greeke that came to Troy : hee had a goggle eye,
Starke-lame he was of either foot: his shoulders were contract,
Into his brest, and crookt withall: his head was sharpe compact,
And here and there it had a hayre : The great AEacides,
And wise Ulisses never could his bitter humors please ;
For still he chid them bitterly : and then against the state
Of Agamemnon he would rayle : the Greekes in vehement hate,
And high disdaine conceipted him yet he with violent throat,
Would needes upbraide the General : and thus himselfe forgot.

Attides, why complainst thou now? what dost thou couet more?
Thy thriftie tents are full of coine, and thou hast women store,
Faire & welfauourde; which we Greeks, at euerie town we take,
Resigne to thee: thinkst thou, thou wantst some treasure thou mightst make
To be deduc't thee out of Troy, by one that comes to seeke,
His sonne for ransome : whom my selfe or any other Greeke,
Should bring thee captiue? or a wench, fild with her sweets of youth,
Which thou maist loue and priuate keepe, for thy insatiiate tooth?
But it becomes not kings to tempt, by wicked president,
Their subiects to dishonestie ; O mindes most impotent !
Not Achiuues but Achian gyrls, come fall aborde and home,
Let him digest his prey alone, alone Troy ouercome ;
To make him know, that our free eares, his proud chardge will not heare
In any thing: or not disdaine his longer yoke to beare,
Who hath with contumely wrong'd, a better man then hee,
Achilles; from whose armes in spight, that all the world might see,
He tooke a prise won with his sword; but now it plaine appeares,
Achilles hath no splene in him, but most remisly beares
A femall stomacke: else be sure, the robberie of his meede,
(O Agamemnon) would haue prou'd thy last iniurious deede.
Thus did Therites chide the king, to whom all Greece did bowe,
When wise Ulisses straite stooode by, and (with contracted browe,
Beholding him) vse de this rebuke : Presumptuous Prater cease,
Though thou canst rayle so cunningly: nor dare to tempt the peace
Of sacred kings, for well thou knowest, I know well what thou art,
A baser wretch came not to Troy, to take the Grecians part.
Prophane not kings then with thy lips, enquiring our retreate,
Whereof our selues are ignorant: nor are our states so great,
That we dare urge upon the King, what he will onely know:
Sit then and cease thy barbarous-taunts of him whom all wee owe

A due obseruance, though from thee, these dogged poysons flow.
 For here I vow, and will performe, if I shall deprehend
 Such phrensie in thy pride againe, as now now doth all offend;
 Then let Ulysses lose his head, and cease inglorious,
 To be the natuue father cald of young Telemachus;
 If from thee to thy nakednes, thy garments be not stript,
 And from the Counsaile to the fleete, thou be not soundly whipt.

This said, his backe and (houldry) blades, he layd his scepter on:
 Who then shrunke round, and downe his cheeks, the seruile teares did run;
 The golden scepter in his flesh, a bloudie print did raise,
 With which he trembling tooke his seat, and (looking twentie wayes)
 Illfauredly he wip't the teares, from his selfe-pittyng eyes;
 And then (though all the host were sad) they laught to heare his cries,
 When thus flew speeches intermixt; O Gods, what endless good,
 Ulysses still bestowes on vs? that to the field of bloud,
 Instructs vs: and in counsaile doth, for chiefe director serues,
 Yet neuer action past his hands, that did more prayse deserue,
 Then to disgrace this rayling foole in all the armies sight;
 Whose rudenes hencforth will take heed, how he doth princes bite.

This all the multitude affirmd; when now againe did rise
 The rayer of repugnant townes, Ulysses bolde and wise,
 With scepter of the Generall, and prudent Pallas by,
 That did a Heraldes forme assume, and for still silence crie,
 That through the host the souldiery might understand th' intent,
 The counsayle vrgde; and thus their flight, his wisedome did preuent:

Atrides if in these faint drifts, the Greekes have licence giuen,
 Thou wilt be most opprobrious of all men under heauen,
 Since they infringe their vowes to thee, at our designes for Troy,
 From horse-race Argos, to persist, till Ilion they destroy:
 But like young babes amongst themselves, or widowes, they lament,
 And would goe home: and I confess, atedious discontent
 May stirre some humor to returne: for if a man remaine
 But twise two seuenights from his wife, at sea; he will complaine
 Within his many-seated ship, driuen through with winters colde,
 And bette with Billowes of the seas: But thrise three beauens haue roul'd
 About the circle of the yeare, since this our anchor'd stay:
 I cannot then reproone such Greekes, as greeue at this delay;
 Yet were it shame to stay so long, and emptie handed flee.
 Sustaine a little then my friends, that we the truth may trie
 Of reuerend Chalchas prophesie: for we remember well,
 And you in hart are witnessses, whom gratioues fates from hel

The third day past, and yester day, haue held in soueraign guarde:
 That when in Aulis lingring gulfe, we Grecian shippes preparde,
 To ruine Priam and his friends, on holy Altars made,
 About a fountaine, and within a goodly Platane shade,
 We perfect Hecatombs did burne to all the powers diuine;
 Where strait appearde to all our eyes, a most prodigious signe,
 A Dragon with a bloody backe, most horrible to sight,
 Which great Olympius himselfe, did send into the light:
 This (tumbling from the Altars foot) did to the Platane creepe:
 Where (nestling in an utter Bow, and under shade) did sleepe
 The russet sparrowes little young, which eight in number were,
 The damme the ninth, that brought them forth; with which, the beast did
 His ruthlesse iawes, and crast their bones, the mother round about, (mere
 Flew mourning her beloued births, whom by her wing stretcht out
 The dragon caught and (crying) eate, as he her young had done.
 This openly Olympius wrought, and turnd into a stome
 The purple serpent: which effect, we (standing by) admirde,
 That such a terrible portent, should answe offrings firde.
 A little after Chalchas sayd, Why stand ye wonder-driuen
 To men of Greece? This miracle Almichtie Ioue hath givēn
 Thus late, to shew the late euent, whose fame (shall neuer dy):
 For as these eight young birds he eate, and she that mourned by,
 Did make the ninth; so we nine yeares, shoulde here firme baitale wage,
 And in the tenth yeaire take the towne; thus Chalchas did presage:
 All which is almost now fulfild: then stay renounmed Greekes,
 Till euerie man posseſſe the spoyle, he honorably seekes.

Vlisses having spoken thus, his words ſo liked were,
 That of his prayſe, the Ships, the tents, the ſhore did witnes beare:
 Resounding with the peoples noice, who gaue his ſpeech the priſe;
 Th' applauſe once ceaſt, from ſeate, to ſpeake, ola Nestor doth arife.
 E, Greekes, what infamie is this? ye play at childrens game,
 Your warlike actions thus farre brought, now to neglect their fame;
 O whither from our lips prophane, ſhall othes, and compacts fly?
 The counſailes and the cares of men now in the fire (hall die),
 With those our ſacred offrings made, by pure unmixed wine:
 And our right hands, with which our faiths, we freely did combine;
 The cauſe is, ſince amongſt our ſelues, we uſe diſcarſiuſe words,
 And goe not manlike to the field to force our right with ſwords,
 Nor with the finenesſe of our wits, by ſtratagems deuife
 (In all this while) againſt a world, to worke our enterpriſe.

But (great Atrides) as at first, thy counsell being sound,
 Command to field, and be not led corruptly from the ground
 Of our endeouors ; by the moodes, of one or two that vse
 Counsails apart ; they shal not goe to Greece til loue refuse
 To ratifie his promise made, or we may surely know
 If those oſtents were true or false, that he from heaven did ſhowe ;
 But I am ſure (to cheare our hoxes) his beck the Heanens did ſhake
 That day of choyſe, when towards Troy, our ſlete firſt ſayle did make,
 Conſerring on our conqueſting ſterns, the powers of death and fate,
 His lightning right hand ſhewing vs preſages fortunate.

And therefore not a man ſhall doe himſelfe that wrong to fly
 Before with Phrygian maides and viues, he at his pleaſure ly,
 That Helens rape and all our ſighes, may be reuenged thereby.
 But if ſome be ſo mutinous, whom nothing may reſtraine,
 Let him but touch his ſable Bark, that he may firſt be ſlaine.
 Then great Atrides be aduiſde, and other's reaſons ſee :
 It ſhall not proue an abieſt ſpeech, that I will utteſ thee.
 In tribes and nations let thy men be preſently arraide,
 That ſtill the tribes may ſecond tribes, and nations nations aide :
 Of euerie chiefe and ſoldier thus, the prooſe ſhall reſt in ſight,
 For both will thirſt their countries fame, and preaſe for ſingle fight.
 What ſouldier when he is allowde, his countryman for guide,
 Will not more cloſely ſtiche to him, then to a ſtranger's ſide ?
 Thus ſhalt thou know, if Gods detaine, thy hand from Ilions harmes,
 Or elſe the faintnes of thy men, and ignorance in armes.

This to autentique Nestors ſpeech Atrides anſwer was ;

All Grecian birth (thrife reverend King) thy counſails farre ſurpaſſe :
 O would King loue, Tritonia, and he that guides the Sunne
 Would grant me ten ſuch counſellers ; then ſhould our toyles be done.
 Then Priams high topt towers ſhould ſtoope, outfacing vs no more,
 But fall beneath our conqueſting hands, deſpoylde of all her ſtore ;
 But loue hath ſtorde my life with woes, that no good houre can ſpend,
 And throwne me in the midſt of ſtrifes, that neuer thinke of end ;
 Since with Achilles for a Gyrle, in humorous tearmes I ſtroue,
 And I the Author of the ſtrife : but if intreated loue
 Make vs with reunited mindes, conſult in one againe,
 Troy ſhal not, in the leaſt delay, ker loathed pride ſustaine,
 But now to foode, that to the fight, ye may your valours yielde ;
 Well let each ſouldier ſharpe his lance, and well addreſſe his ſhieldē :
 Well let each horſe-man meate his horſe, to breake the briftled field :

Well

Well let each Cocheman view his wheelies, and chariot-furniture;
 And arme them so that all the day, we soundly may endure.
 For those true mindes must be embrac't, that pine at labour least,
 Till night take strength from both our hostis, and force vs to our rest:
 The bosomes of our Targatiers must all be steept in sweate?
 The Lanciers arme, must fall dissolt'd; our chariot horse with heate
 Must seeme to melt, and if I finde one souldier take the chace
 Pursude by any enemie, or fight not in his face,
 Or els be found a shipboord hid, not all the world shall sauе
 His hatefull lims: but foules and beasts, be his abhorred graue.
 This speech applausiuemurmure stir'd; as when vpon the shore,
 The waues runne high with South gales driuen, and gainst a rocke doe rore
 Plyde with a diuers flood of ayre, at one self time so fast,
 That their hoarfe rages never cease: such lasting marmures past
 The pleased Greekes: they rose dispersit, all hast to shipward make,
 Where all made fires within their tents, and did their suppers take:
 And cuerier man to one of heauen, did sacrifice and pray,
 To scape the furie of the fight: in that important daie:
 Attrides to the king of Gods, a well fed Oxen first kild,
 Of fve yeares grouth; and all the host to wite on him were wild.
 Wise Nestor first, then Idomen, of Creete the kingly name,
 Then both th' Aiaces in confort, with Diomedes came,
 Antient Laertes sonne was sixth, whose counsaile bore the sway,
 And (uninuited last of all) came sweet-voic't Menelay,
 Acknowledging his brothers cares, and toyles in his respect.
 King Agamenon in the midst, did pray to this effect.
 Most happie and almighty loue, great thickner of the skie,
 Descend on our long-toyted host, with thy remorcefull eye:
 Let not the lightsome sun be set, nor set the night on wing,
 Before old Priams high rays'd towers, to leuille earth bring;
 Before his broade-leau'd ports enflamde, may far off be descreide,
 Before my sword on Hectors brest, his Curace may diuide,
 And his chiese friends falne dead in dust, may spread his carcase round,
 And in fell deaths conuulsions eate, the many-feeding ground.
 At this loue bended not his head, but did more labors guise,
 For him and his associates, yet tooke his sacrifice.
 Then after prayer, salt lumps of dowe, cast on the altars sides,
 They strike the offrings downe, then sticke, and strip them of their hydes,
 Then quarter them and all the thighes, with thrifte fat they spred,
 Put one in other; and to them, the little fragments shred;

All these, with sere and leaneless wood, they consequently burne,
 And all the inwardes (put to spit) before the fire they turne;
 The thighes burnd vp, the entrayles rost, they eate and peecemeale slice,
 In little gobbits, all the rest reserude for sacrifice:
 They roste it wondraus work manly and draw it from the spit,
 And when their labours were perfprm'd, and all their suppers fit,
 They vsde their stomackes, wanting nought, that appertained a feast:
 When (thirst and hunger being alaid) thus spake the Pylian guest:
 Great Agamemnon king of men, effect thy words with handes,
 Nor more deferre the worke high loue, so instantly commandes,
 But giue the Heraldes charge, t' accite, all soldiers to the fleete,
 And let our selues assisst their paines, to set Mars on his feet,
 With expedition more exact: the king was please de and wild,
 The Heraldes call the curld-head Greces who with quicke concourse filde
 The smotherd shore, and all the kings, enrankt themselues about,
 The great Atrides: and with them, loues gray eyde mayde went out,
 She bore the Targe her Father made of Amaltheas hyde,
 Not to be pierst, nor worne with time, but all eternified;
 A hundred Serpents fring'd it round, quicke strugling, all of golde,
 And at a hundred Oxens price, each serpent might be sold:
 Shee through the Achiuue armie ran, enforcing vtmost hast,
 And euerie stomache fild with thirst, to lay proud Ilion wast.
 Enabling all their faculties to fierce and ceaslesse fight,
 And made Troyes irkesome warre more wiþt, then their deares countreyes
 Then, As a hungrie fire enflames, a mighty wood that growes, (sight;
 Vpon the high tops of a hill, and far his splendor throwes;
 So from the Grecians burnisht armes, an admirable light,
 Flew through the ayre with golden wings, and did the Gods affright.
 Or as whole flockes of geese, or cranes, or swans with neckes so tall
 Flie cloud-like ouer Alban meades, to faire Cayisters fall,
 Who (proud of their supportfull wings, as they take streme or ground)
 Make all the riuer bordering lawnes, their melodie resound;
 So all the troupes from shippes and tents, throngd to Scamanders plaine,
 And under sway of foote and horse, the earth did groane againe.
 They stood in that enflowred meade, as infinite as leanes,
 Or flowers the spring doth amplifie: or as the cloude threaues,
 Of busie flyes, that sheepe-coates fill, when summers golden vaines
 Enrich the fieldes; and nourishing milke, bedewes the sprinkled pailes:
 So many faire-haird Grecians stooode, vpon that equall ground,
 The Troyan rankes with deadly charge, desirous to confound:

And

And as good goate-heards when their goates at foode in herds abide,
 Though they be neuer so commixt, can easilie them diuide;
 So did the leaders well digest, their bandes for fight applide.
 Amongst whom shind the king of men, with browes and eyes like Ioue,
 Like Mars in waste, in brest like him, that most doth waters loue:
 And as a Bull amidst the heard, most proudly far doth goe,
 (For he with well brancht Oxen fed, makes most illustrious shew)
 So Iupiter made Atreus sonne, in that death threatening day,
 The brauest obiect of all Greekes, to grace his soueraigne sway.

Now tell me, Muses, you that doe in heauenly houses dwell,
 (For you are Goddesses, still neere, and euerie thing can tell:
 We, knowing nought but onely hear th' uncertaine voice of fame)
 What Grecian princes and their peeres, to hapless Phrygia came.
 The common souldiers by their names I not assay to sing,
 Although ten tonges: and ten big thrcates, I could to vtterance bring:
 Though I sustaint a brazen hart, and breathd a voice infract:
 For onely you the seed of Ioue can tell the troupes exact.
 That under Ilions loftie walls imployd reuengefull fight:
 The princes therefore of the fleete, and fleet it selfe I cite.

The Catalogue of the shippes.

THe strong Boetian, Leitus and Penelaus led:
 Arcesilaus, Clonius, Prothenor, ful of dread,
 Th' inhabitants of Hyria, and stonie Aulida,
 Schæne, Schôle, the hillie Eteon, and holy Thespia,
 Of Graea and great Mycalesse, that hath the ample plaine,
 Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did remayne:
 In Erith, and in Eleon, in Hylen, Peteona,
 In faire Ocalea, and the towne well builded Medeona,
 Capas, Eutelis, Thisbe, that for Pigeons doth surpassee,
 Of Coroneia, Haliart, that hath such store of grasse,
 All those that in Platea dwell, that Glissa did posseesse,
 And Hypothebes, whose wel-baught wals, are rare and fellowless.
 In rich Onchestus famous wood, to watrie Neptune vowde,
 And Arne, where the vine-trees are, with vigoruse büches bound.
 With them that dwelt in Mycea, and Nissa most diuine,
 And those whom vtmost Anthedon, did wealthily confine:
 From all these coastes in generall, full fiftie sayle were sent,
 And sixscore strong, Boetian youthes in euerie burthen went.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF

But those who in Aspledon dwelt, and Mynian Orchomen,
 God Mars his sonnes did lead (Aiscalaphus, and Ialmen.)
 Whom in Azidon, Actors house did of Altioche come;
 The bashfull maide, as shee went vp, into the higher roome,
 The war-god secretly comprest: in safe conduct of these
 Did thirtie hollow-bottomd barkes, diuide the wauie seas.
 Braue Schedius and Epistrophus, the Phocean captaines were,
 Naubolida, Iphitus sonnes: brest-proofe aginst any feare;
 With them the Cyparisiens wept, and bould Pythonians,
 Men of religious Chrysalas soyle, and fatte Daulidians:
 Panopæans, Anemoies, and fierce Hyampolistes:
 And those that dwell where Cepheus, casts vp his silken mistes:
 The men that faire Lylea held neare the Cepheian spring,
 All which did fortie sable barkes, to that designement bring,
 About th' intoyl Phoenician fleete, had these their sayle assynde:
 And neere to the sinistre wing, the armde Boetians shinde:
 Ajax the leſſe, Oileus Sonne, the Locrians led to warrie,
 Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesser man by farre,
 Little he was and euer were a brest plate made of linne,
 But for the manadge of his lance, he generall prayse did win.
 The dwellers of Caliatus, of Bessa, Opoen,
 The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias louely men;
 Of Tatphiis; and of Thronitis, neere flooud Boagrius fall;
 Twise twentie martiali barkes of these, leſſe Ajax sayde withall.
 Who neare Euboeas blessed soyle, their habitations had,
 Strength-breathing Abants, who their seates in sweet Ebœa made:
 The Astiaeans rich in grapes, the men of Chalcida,
 The Cerinths bordering on the sea of rich Eretria,
 Of Dyons higly-seated towne, Charistus, and of Styre;
 All these the Duke Alphenor ledde, a flame of Mars his fire,
 Surnamde Chalcodontiades, the mightie Abants guide,
 Swift men of foot, whose brode-set backes their trayling hayre did hide,
 Well seene in fight, and soone could pierce, with far extended darts
 The brest plates of their enemies, and reach their dearest harts:
 Fortie black men of warre did sayle, in this Elphenors charge:
 The Souldiers that in Athens dwelt, a cittie builded large,
 The people of Eridhius whom Ioue-sprung Pallas fed:
 And plentious-feeding Tellus brought out of her flowrie bed:
 Him, Pallas plaste in her rich Fane, and euerie ended yeaer,
 Of Buls and Lambes, th' Athenian youths, please him with offrings there;

Mighty

Mightie Menestheus, Peteus sonne, had their diuided care:
For Horsemen and for Targatiers, none could with him compare:
Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:
But Nestor (for he elder was) with him did sole contend:
With him came fiftie sable sayle. And out of Salamine
Great Ajax brought twelue sayle, that with th' Athenians did combine:
Who did in fruitfull Argos dwell, or strong Hyrinthakeepe:
Hermion or in Asinen, whose bosome is so deepe,
Træzena, Elion, Epidaure, where Bacchus crownes his head;
Egina, and Mazetas soyle did follow Diomed.
And Stheneclus, the deare lou'd sonne, of famous Capaneus:
Together with Eurialus, the heyre of Mecistæus,
The king of Talæonides, past whom in deedes of warre
The famous soulaier Diomede, had eminence by farre;
Four score blacke shippis did follow these: the men faire Mycene held:
The wealthy Corinth, Cleon, that for beautious site exceed:
Aræhiræas louely seate, and in Orniæas plaine,
And Sicyona, where at first, did King Adraustus raigne:
High seated Gonoessas towers, and Hyperisius
That dwelt in fruitfull Pellehen, and in diuine AEgius:
With all the sea-side Borderers, and wyde Helices friends;
To Agamemnon euerie towne her native birth commends,
In double fiftie sable Barks: with him a world of men
Most strong and full of valure went: and he in triumph then
Put on his most resplendent arms, since he did ouershine
The whole Heroique host of Greece, in power of his designe;
Who did in Lacedæmons rule th' vnmeasurde concave hold:
High Phates, Spattas, Messes toweres, for dous so much extold;
Bryseias and Augias grounds, strong Laa, Oetylon,
Amyclas, Helos harbor-towne, that Neptune beates upon.
All these did Menelaus lead (his brother strong in armes)
In sixtie wel-mand men of warre; mongst whom, with words kinde charms
He vsde his vtmost art to stirre their stomacks to the fight,
Desiring deeply to reuenge his wrongs for Helens right;
Who dwelt in Pylos sandy soyle, and Arene the fayre,
In Thryon, neere Alpheus floud, and Aepy full of ayre:
In Cyparisseus, Amphigen, and little Pteleon,
The towne where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous Doreon,
Where all the Muses opposite, in strife of Poesie
To ancient Thamyris of Thrace, did vs him cruelly

As he came from Eurytus court, the wise Oechalian King;
 Because he proudly durst affirme hee could more sweetly sing,
 Then that Pyrenean race of loue; who (angrie with his vanitie)
 Bereft his eye-sight and his song, that did the eare enchant,
 And of his skill to touch his Harpe, disfurnished his hand:
 All these in nintie hollow keeles, graue Nestor did command:
 The richly-blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land
 Below Cyllenes mount; that by Epyrus tombe did stand:
 Where dwelt the bold neere-fighting men, who did in Phœneus liue:
 And Orchomen, where flockes of sheep, the sheepheards clustering drue:
 In Rypc and in Stratie, the faire Mantinean towne,
 And strong Enispe, that for height, is euer weather-blowne,
 Tegea, and in Stimphalus, and in Parthasias wals,
 All these Alcæus sonne to field (King Agapenor) cals.
 In sixtie barks he brought them on, and every barke well mannde,
 With fierce Arcadians, skyld to use the vtmost of a band.
 King Agamemnon on these men, did well-built ships bestowe,
 To passe the gulffy purple Sea, that did no Sea Rites knowe.
 They who in Hermyn, Buphrasis, and Elis did remaine,
 What Olens Clifffes, Alisius and Myrsin did containe,
 Were led to war, by twice two Dukes, and each ten ships did bring,
 Which many venterous Epyans, did serue for barthening.
 Beneath Alphimacus his charge, and valiant Talphius,
 Sonne of Euritus Actor, one; the other Creatus;
 Diotes Amarincides, the other did employ;
 The fourth diuine Polixenus, Agasthenis his joy:
 The King of faire Angeiades, who from Dulichius came
 And from Euchinaus sweet Iles, which hold their holy frame
 By ample Elis region, Medes Phelides led:
 Whom Duke Phyleus, Ioues beloude, begat, and whylome fled
 To large Ulychius for the wrath that firde his fathers breast;
 Twise twenty ships with Ebon sayles, were in his charge addrest.
 The warre-like men of Cephale, and those of Ithaca,
 Woodie Nerytus, and the men of wette Crocilia:
 Sharpe AEgilipha, Samos Ile, Zacynthus sea-enclosde;
 Epyrus, and the men that hold the Continent opposde;
 All these did wise Vlysses leade, in counsaile Peere to loue:
 Twelue ships he brought, which in their course, vermillion sternes did moue:
 Thoas, Andremons wel-spoke sonne, did gui de th' Etolians well,
 Those that in Pleyron, Olenon, and strong Pylene dwell:

Great

Great Calcis that by sea-side stands, and stonic Calydon;
 For now no more of Oeneus sonnes suruiu'd, they all were gone:
 No more his roiall selfe did liue, no more his noble sonne,
 The golden Meleager, now their glasses all were run:
 All things were left to him in charge, the Aetolians guide he was,
 And fortie shippes to Trojan warres the seas with him did passe.
 The roiall soldier Idomen, did leade the Cretans stout:
 The men of Gnossus, and the towne Cortima, wall'd about:
 Of Lictus and Myletus towrs, of white Lycastus state,
 Of Phœtus and of Rhistias, the citties fortanate:
 And all the rest inhabiting the hundred townes of Crete,
 Whom warre-like Idomen did lead copartner in the fleete,
 With kil-man Merion; eighteene shippes with him did Troy invaide.
 Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made,
 Brought nine tall shippes of warre from Rhodes, which hauty Rhodians mad,
 Who dwelt in three differerd parts of that most pleasant land,
 Which Lyndus and Ialissus were, and bright Camyrus, cald:
 Tlepolemus commanded these, in battaile vnappald:
 Whome fayre Astioche brought forth, by force of Hercules
 Led out of Ephyt with his hand, from Riuver Sellees,
 When many townes of princely youthes he leuelde with the ground.
 Tlepolem (in his fathers house for building much renound,
 Brought vp to head-strong state of youth) his mothers brother slew,
 The flower of arms Lycymnius, that somewhat aged grew:
 Then straite he gathred him a fleete, assembling bands of men,
 And fled by sea, to shunne the threats, that were denouiced then,
 By other sonnes and nephewes of th' Alciden fortitude:
 He in his exile came to Rhodes, driuen in with tempests rude:
 The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and great with loue did stand,
 The king of men and Gods; who gaue much treasure to their land:
 Nireus, out of Symas hauen, three wel-wald barks did bring;
 Nireus faire Aglaias sonne, and Charopes the King:
 Nireus was the fairest man that to faire Ilion came
 Of all the Grecches, saue Peleus sonne, who past for generall frame:
 But weake he was, not fitte for warre, and therefore few did guide.
 Who did in Cassos, Nilurus and Crapathus abide,
 In Co, Euripilus his towne, and in Calydna soyles,
 Phydippus and bold Antiphus, did guide to Trojan toyles;
 The sonnes of crowned Theffalus, deriu'd from Hercules,
 Who went with thirtie hollow shippes, well ordred to the seas.

Now will I sing the sackfull troopes, Pelasgian Argos held,
 That in deepe Alus, Alope, and soft Trechina dweld,
 In Pthya and in Hellade, where liue the louely Dames,
 The Myrmidons, Helenians, and Achines, rob'd of Fames :
 All which the great AEacides in fiftie shippes did leade:
 For these forgat warres horrid voice, because they lackt their head
 That wold haue brought them brauely forth; He at his fleete did ly,
 That wind-like vser of his feet, fayre Thetis progenie,
 Displeasde with bright-cheekt Brytis losse; whom from Lytnessus spoyles,
 (His owne exployt) he brought away, as trophee of his togles,
 When that towne was depopulate; he sunke the Theban towrs;
 Myneta and Epistrophus, he sent to Plutos bowrs,
 Who came of King Euenus race, great Helepiades :
 For this he idely liues enrag'd, but soone must leaue his ease.
 Of those that dwelt in Phylace, and flowrie Pyrrason
 The wood of Ceres, and the soyle that sheepe are fed vpon,
 Iten and Antron built by sea, and Pteleus full of grasse,
 Protesilaus while he liade, the worthy captaine was;
 Whom now the sable earth detaines: his teare-torn faced spouse
 He wofull left in Philace, and his halfe finisht hause:
 A fatall Dardane first his wife, of all the Greckes herest,
 As he was leaping from his ship; yet were his men unlefte
 Without a chiefe; for though they misst, to haue no other man,
 But good Protesilay their guide; Podarces yet began
 To gouerne them, Iplitis sonne, the sonne of Philacus,
 Most rich in sheepe, and brother to short-liu'd Protesilaus :
 Of younger birth, lesse, and lesse strong; yet seru'd he to direct
 The companies, that still did more, their ancient Duke affect.
 Twise twentie lettie sayls, with him the swelling stream did take:
 But those that did in Phere dwell, at the Babrean lake,
 in Bræbe, and in Glaphira, Iaoicus builded faire:
 In thrice six ships to Pergamus: did through the seas repaire,
 With old Admetes tender sonne, Eumelus, whom he bred,
 Of Alcest Pelius fairest child; of all his femall seede:
 The souldiers that before the siege Melibones vales did holde:
 Thaumacix flowry Melibæ, and Olison the colde,
 Duke Philocretes gouerned, in darts of finest sleight:
 Seuen vessells in his charge conuaide their honorable freight;
 By fiftie rowers in a barke most expert in the bowe:
 But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought miserably low,

By torment of an ulcer growne; with Hydras poysoned bloud:
 Whose sting was such, Greece left him there, in most impatient moode:
 Yet thought they on him at his shippes, and chusde to lead his men,
 Medon Oyleus, bastearde sonne, brought forth to him by Rhen:
 From Thricce, bleake Ithomens clifffes, and hapless Oechalye:
 Eurites cittie fulde by him, in wilfull tyrannie,
 In charge of Esculapius sonnes, physitions highly praydse:
 Machaon Podalirius, were thirtie vessals raysde,
 Who neare Hiperias fountaine dwelt, and in Ormenius:
 The snowye topes of Titannus and in Asterius:
 Eucemons son Euripilus, did lead into the field:
 Whose townes did fortie blacke-sayld shippes, to that encounter yeelde.
 Who Gyrion and Argissa held, Orthen and Elons seat,
 And chalkie Oloqisine, were led by Polypete:
 The issue of Pirithous, the sonne of Jupiter:
 Him tre Atherian Theseus friend, Hypodamys did beare;
 When he the bristled sauges: did giue Ramnusia,
 And draue them out of Lelius, as far as Ethica:
 He came not single, but with him Leonteus Corons sonne:
 An armie of Mars, and Corons life Ceneus seed begun:
 Twise twentie shippes, attened these Guneus next did bring:
 From Cyphus twentie sayle, and two, the Enians following wold,
 And fierce Peræbi, that about Dodones frozen moulde,
 Did plant their houses, and the men that did the medowes shoule,
 Which Titaresius deckes with flowers, and his sweet currët leads,
 Into the bright Peneius, that hath the siluer heads:
 Ye with his admirable streme, doth not his waues commixe
 But glydes aloft, on it like oyse: for t' is the floud of stix:
 By which th' immortall gods do sware, Teuthredons, honorde birth,
 Pirithous, lead the Magnets forth, who neare the shadie earth,
 Of Pelius, and Pencion, dwelt, fortie reuengefull sayle
 Did follow him, these were the Dukes and Princes of auiale:
 That came from Greece: but now the man that ouershin'd them all,
 Sing Muse: and their most famous Steedes to my recitall call,
 That both th' Atrides followed; faire Pheretiedes,
 The brauest mares, did bring much, Eumelus manag'd these:
 Swift of their feete as birdes of wings, both of one hayre did shyne,
 Both of an age, both of a height, as measurde by a lyne:
 Whom siluer bowde Apollo, bredin the Piercan meade;
 Both slick and daintie yet were both in warre of wondrous dread.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF

Great Aiax Telamon, for strength, past all the peers of warre,
 While vext Achilles was away: but he surpast him farre:
 The horse that bore that faultlesse man were likewise past compare,
 Yet lay he at the crooke-slernd shippes, and furie was his fare,
 For Atteus sonnes vngratious deed; his men yet pleasdetheir harts
 With throwing of the holed stone, with hurling of their darts,
 And shooting fairely on the shore: their horse at Chariots fed,
 On greatest persely, and on sedge that in the fens is bred,
 His princes tents their chariots helde, that richly couerde were:
 His princes amorous of their chiefe, walkt storming here and there,
 About the host and skornd to fight: their breaths, as they did passe,
 Before them flew, as if a fire fed on the trembling grasse:
 Earth under-gronde their high-raisde feete, as when offended loue,
 In Arime, Tiphoeus with ratling thunder droue,
 Beneath the earth: in Arime men say the graue is still,
 Wherethunder toomb'd Typhoeus, and is a monstrous hill:
 And as that thunder made earth grone, so gronde it as they pass,
 They trode with such contemptuous steppes, and so exceeding fast:
 To Troy the rainbow-girded dame, right heauie newes relates,
 From loue (as all to counsaile drew in Priams palace gates)
 Resembling Priams sonne in wise, Polytes swift of feete:
 In trust whereof (as Sentinel to see when from the fleete,
 The Grecians sallied) he was set upon the lostie browe
 Of aged Elietes tombe, and this did Iris shew;
 O Priam thou art alwayes pleasd, with indiscreete aduise:
 And fram'st thy life to times of peace when such a war doth rise
 As threats inevitable spoyle; I neuer did behold
 Such and so mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mold,
 In number like Autumnus leaues, or like the marines sand:
 All ready round about the wailes, to use their ruining hand:
 Hector I therefore charge thee most, this charge to undertake:
 A multitude remaine in Troy, will fight for Priams sake,
 Of other lands and languages; let euerie leader then
 Bring forth well arm'd into the field his severall bands of men.
 Strong Hector was not ignorant, a Goddesse thus did say,
 Dismiss the counsaile straight; like waues, clusters to armes do sway:
 The ports are all wide open set: out rusht the troupes in swarmes,
 Both horse and foote, the cittie rung with suddaine cried alarmes.
 A Column standes without the towne that high his head doth rayse,
 A little distant in a plaine trod downe with diuerse wayes:

Which

Which men do Batieia call, but the immortals name
 Myrinnes famous sepulcher, the wondrous active dame:
 Here were Thauxiliarie bands, that came in Troyes defence,
 Distinguist under severall guides, of speciall excellency,
 The Duke of all the Trojan power, great helme-deckt Hector was:
 Which stood of many mightie men, well skilde in darts of brasse:
 Eneas of commixed seed (a goddesse with a man,
 Anchites with the Queene of loue:) the troupes Cardanian,
 Led to the field his louely Syre, in Idas lower shade,
 Begat him of sweet Cipridis, he soley was not made
 Chiefe leader of the Cardan powers: Antenor valiant sonnes,
 Archilochus, and Acamas were ioynde companions:
 Who in Zelia dwelt beneath the sacred foote of Ide,
 That drinke of blacke AElepus streme, and wealth madefull of pride:
 The Aphnii, Lycaons sonne whom Phoebus gaue his loue.
 Prince Pandarus did lead to field: who Adrestinus owe,
 (Apesus cittie, Pitæi, and mount Tereies)
 Adrestus, and stout Amphius ledde, who did their Sire displease:
 Merops Pericosius that excedl all Troy in heavenly skill,
 Of futures-searching prophete: for much against his will,
 His sonnes were agents, in those armes: and since they disobayde,
 The Fates, in letting slip their threds, their hastie valures staide.
 Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisbe did abide,
 Who Sestus and Abidus bred, Hyrtacides did guide:
 Prince Asius Hyrtacides, that through great Selees force,
 Brought from Arisba to that fight, the great and fierie horse:
 Pyleus, and Hypothous, the stout Pelasgians led,
 Of them Larissas fruitfull soyle before had nourished:
 These were Pelasgian Pithus sonnes, son of Teutamidas:
 The Thracian guides were Pyrous and valiant Acamas:
 Of all that the impetuous floode of Hellespont enclosde,
 Euphenus the Ciconian troupes in his command disposde,
 Who from Trezenius Ceades right nobly did descend,
 Pyrechmes did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend:
 From Axius out of Amidon he had them in command:
 From Axius whose most beautious stream stil ouerflowes the land.
 Iylemen with the thickned hart, the Paphlagonians led,
 From Enes, where the race of mules fitte for the plow is bred:
 The men that broad Cytorus bounds, and Sesamus enfold,
 About Parthenius lofty floud, in houses much extold;

From Cromna and AEgialus, the men that armes did bear,
 And Eurithymus situate high, Pylemens soldiers were.
 Epistrophus and Dius did, the Ializionians guyde,
 Far-fetcht from Alybe where first the siluer Mynes were tryde.
 Chronius and Augur Eunomius, the Mysians did command,
 Who could not with his Auguries the strength of death withstand:
 But suffred it beneath the stroke of great AEacides,
 In Xanthus; where he made more soules dñe, to the Stygian seas:
 Phorcys and fayre Alcanius, the Phrygians brought to warre;
 Well traide for battaile, and were come out of Alcania farre;
 With Methiles and with Anriphus (Pylemens sonns) did fight,
 The men of Mezon whom the fenne Gygæa brought to light:
 And those Maonians that beneath the mountaine Tmolus sprung;
 The rude unlettered Caribæ that barbarous were oftongue,
 Did under Naustes colours marche and young Amphimachus,
 (Nomyons famous sonnes) to whom the mountaine Phthirator,
 That with the famous wood is crownd; Miletus, Micales,
 That hath so many loftie markes for men that loue the seas;
 The crooked armes Meander bowd, with his so snakie flood,
 Resign'd for conduct the choyce youth of all their Martiall brood.
 The foole Amphymachus, to fielde brought gold to be his wrack,
 Like a proud girle that euer beares her dowre upon her backe;
 Which wise Achilles markt; slew him and tooke his gold in strife,
 At Xanithus floud; so little death did feare his golden life.
 Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus unrepron'd;
 From Lycia and the gulfie flood of Xanthus farre remou'd.

The end of the Second booke.





THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



Paris, (betwixt the Hoasts) to single fight
(Of all the Greeks) dares the most hardie kings :
King Menelaus, doth accept his Braue,
Conditioning that he againe should have
Faire Helena, with all shee brought to Troy,
If he subdu'd ; else Paris should enioy
Her, and her wealth, in peace ; Conquest doth grant
Her deare wreath to the Grecian Combatant ;
But Venus, to her Champions life doth yeld
Safe rescue, and conuaies him from the fielde,
Into his Chamber ; And for Helen fends ;
Whom much, her Louers foule disgrace offends ;
Yet Venus, for him still makes good her charmes,
And ends the seconde Combat in his armes.

Another Argument.

Gamma, the single fight doth sing
Twixt Paris, and the Spartan King.

When euerie least Commander's will best souldiers had obeyed ;
And both the Hoasts, were rang'd for fight. The Troians would haue
The Greeks with noises, Crying out in comming rudely on ; (fraid
At all parts like the Cranes that fill with harsh confusion,
Of brutifl Clanges, all the Ayre : and in ridiculous warre,
(Eschewing the unsufferd stormes, shot from the winters starre)
Visite the Ocean ; and confer the Pygmei souldiers death :

The

The Greekes charg'd silent, and like men beslow'd their thriftie breath
 In strength of far-resounding blowes, still entertaining care
 Of eithers rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare ;
 But ere sterne conflict mixt both strengths, faire Paris slept before
 The Troian Hoste ; Athwart his backe, a Panthers Hide he wore,
 A crooked Bowe, and sword, and shooke two brazen-headed Darts ;
 With which (well arm'd) his tongue prouok't the best of Grecian harts
 To stand with him in single fight : whom, when the man wrongd most
 Of all the Greekes, so gloriously / awe stalle before the Hoast ;
 As when a Lyon is reioic't (with hunger halfe for-lorne)
 That findes some sweet prey ; (as, a Hart, whose grace lies in his horne,
 Or Syluane Gote) which he deuours, though neuer so pursw'd,
 With dogges and men ; so Sparta's king exulted, when he viewde
 The faire-fac't Paris so expos'de, to his so thirsted wreake ;
 Whereof his good cause, made him sure. The Grecian Front did breake,
 And forth he rusht, at all parts arm'de : leapt from his Chariot,
 And royally prepar'd for chardge. Which seeing; cold Terror shot
 The heart of Paris ; who retirde as headlong from the king,
 As in him he had shund his death : And as a Hillie spring
 Presents a Serpent to a man, full underneath his feete ;
 Her blew necke (swolne with poysone) raysde, and her sting out, to greete
 His heedless entry : soudainely his walke he altereth,
 Starts backe, amaz'd, is shooke with feare, and lookes as pale as death :
 So Menelaus, Paris skar'd : so that diuine fac't fo'e
 Shrunke in his beauties : which beheld by Hector, hee let goe
 This bitter checke at him. Accurst, made but in beauties skorne ; *
 Impostor, womans man ! O Heauen, that thou hadst nere beene borne,
 Or (being so manless) neuer liu'd to beare mans nobleſt ſtate,
 The nuptiall honour : which I wiſh, because it were a fate
 Much better for thee, then this shame ; this ſpectacle doth make
 A Man, a Monſter ; Harke how lowde the Greekes laugh, who did take
 Thy faire Forme, for a Continent of Parts as faire ; A Rape
 Thou madſt of Nature, like Their Queene. No ſoule, an emptie ſhape
 Takes vp thy being : yet, how ſpitght to euerie ſhade of good,
 Fills it with ill ? for as thou art, thou couldſt collect a Brood
 Of others like thee : And far hence, fetch ill enough to vs ;
 Euen to thy Father : all theſe friends, make thoſe foes mocke them thus,
 In thee : for whos ridiculous ſake, ſo ſeriously they laye,
 All Greece, and Fate upon their necks : O wretch ! not dare to stay
 Weake Menelaus ? But twas well : for, in him, thou hadſt tried

What strength, lost beautie can infuse; and with the more griefe dyed,
 To feele thou rob'dst a worthie man, to wrong a souldiers right:
 Your Harps sweet touch, curld lockes, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,
 Giuen thee by Venus, would haue done your fine dames little good,
 When bloud and dust, had ruffled them; and had as little stood
 Thy selfe in stead; But what thy care of all these, in thee flyes,
 We shold inflict on thee our selues: Infectious cowherdise
 (In thee) hath terrified our hoast; for which, thou well deseru'st
 A coate of Tomb-stone, not of steele: in which, for forme thou seru'st.

To this, thus Paris spake, for forme that might inhabite heauen;
 Hector, Because thy sharpe reprooфе is out of iustice giuen,
 I take it well: But though thy hart (inur'd to these affrights
 Cuts through them, as an Axe though Oke; That, more vsde, more excites
 The workemans facultie: whose arte can make the edge go farre;
 Yet I (lesse practisde, then thy selfe, in these extremes of warre)
 May well be pardoned, though lesse bould; In these, your w^t exceeds;
 In others mine: Nor is my minde of lesse force to the deedes
 Requirde in warre; because my forme, more flowes in gifts of peace.
 Reproach not therefore, the kind gifts of goulden Cyprides;
 All Heau'ns gifts, haue their worthy price; as little to be skornd
 As to be wun with strength, wealth, state; with which to be adornd,
 Some man would change state, wealth, or strength: But if your Martiall hart
 Wiss me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part
 Of shame to give it ouer thus; Cause all the rest to rest;
 And twixt both hoasts, let Sparta King, and me performe our best
 For Hellen, and the wealth shee brought: and he that overcomes
 Or proues superiour any way, in all your equall Doomes,
 Let him enjoy her vtmost wealth, keepe here, or take her home;
 The rest, strike leagues of endless date, and hartie friendes become,
 You dwelling safe in Glebye Troy, the Greckes retire their force,
 I' Achaia, that breedes fairest Dames: and Argos, fayrest Horse:
 He said: And his amendsfull words did Hector hightly please;
 Who rusht betwixt the fighting Hoasts, and made the Troians cease
 By houlding vp in midst his Lance: The Grecians noted not
 The signall he for Parle vsde, but at him fiercely shot,
 Hurl'd stones, and still were leuelling Dartes. At last the king of Men,
 (Great Agamemnon) cried alowde: Argues, for shame containe:
 Youthes of Achaia, boote no more. The fayre helmd Hector shewes
 As he desirde to treat with vs; this said, all ceast from blowes;
 And Hector spake to both the Hoasts, Troians, and hardie Greckes

Hear now, what he that stird these wyrres, for their cessation seekes:
 He bids vs all, and you disarme, that he alone may fight
 With Menelaus; for vs all: for Hellen, and her right,
 With all the doweſe he brought to Troy; And he that winnes the Day,
 Or is, in all the arte of Armes, ſuperior any way,
 The Queene, and all her ſorts of wealth, let him at will enioy,
 The rest ſtrike truce; and let loue ſeal firme leagues twixt Greece and Troy.

The Greeke Hoaſt wondred at this Brave: silence flew euerie where;
 At laſt ſpake Spartaſ warlike king. Now alſo gine me eare,
 Whom grieſe giues moſt cauſe of reple; I now haue hope to free
 The Greekes and Troians, of all illes, they haue ſuſtained for me,
 And Alexander, that was cauſe I ſtretcht my ſpleene ſo farre;
 Of both then: which is neere ſt Fate, let his death end the warre,
 The rest immediately retire, and greece all homes in peace;
 Go then (To bleſſe your Champion, and giue hiſ powers ſuſceſſe)
 Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunne, (the Gods on whom ye call)
 Two Lambs; a blacke one and a white: a Femall, and a Male;
 And we, one other for our ſelues wiſh fetch, and kill to loue;
 To ſigne which Rites, bring Priams force, because we wel approue,
 His ſonnes perfidious enuiouſ, (and out of practiſe bane)
 To faith, when ſhe beleueſ in them) Loues high Truce may prophane.
 All young mens hearis are ſtill unſtaide: but, in thoſe well-weigh'd deedes
 An old man wiſh consent to paſſe; things paſt, and what ſucceſſes
 He lookeſ into; That he may know, how beſt to make hiſ way
 Through boſt the Fortunes of a fact: and wiſt the moſt obaye.
 This granted; A delightfull hope, both Greeks and Troians fed,
 Of longd for refiſt from thoſe long toyles their tedious warre had bred.
 Their horses then, in rafke they ſet, drawne from their Charriots round,
 Descend themſelves; tooke off their armes: and laid them on the ground.
 Neere one another (for the ſpace twixt boſt the Hoaſts, was ſmall.
 Hector, two Heraldſ ſent to Troy, that they from thence might call
 King Priam; and to bring the Lambs, to ratē the truce they ſwore.
 But Agamemnon to the Fleet, Talthibius ſent before,
 To fetch their Lambe; who nothing slackt the roiall charge was giuen.
 Then came the louely Raine-bowe downe Ambaſſadrefſe from Heauen,
 To white-arm'd Hellen; he affum'd at every part, the grace
 Of Hellens last loues ſiſters ſhape, who had the highest place,
 In Hecubas affections, Laodice; Moſt faire
 Of all the daughters, Priam had: and made the Nuptiall payre,
 With Helicaon, roiall ſproute of oīd Antenors ſeede;

She

She found Queene Hellen a at home, at worke about a weede,
 Wou'n for her selfe; it shindelike fire, was rich and full of fise;
 The worke, of both sides being alike, in which she did comprise
 The many labors, warlike Troy, and brasse-arm'd Greece indurde,
 For her faire sake; by cruell Mars, and his sterne friends procurde;
 Iris came in, in ioyfull haste and said; O come with me,
 (Low'd Nymph) and an admired sight of Greeks and Troians see;
 Whō first, on one-another brought a warre so full of teares;
 (Euen thir stife of contentious warre) now euerie man forbeares,
 And friendly, by each other sits, each leaning on his shield;
 Their long and shining Lances pitcht fast by them in the fielde.
 Paris and Sparta's King, alone must take vp all the strife,
 And he that conquers, onely call faire Hellen a his wife;
 Thus spake the thousand colourd Dame, and to her minde commands
 The ioy to see her first espousde, her native Tawrs, and friends,
 Which stird a sweet desire in her; to serue the which she h' de;
 Shadowed her graces, with white vailes; and though she tooke a pride
 To set her thoughts at Gaze, and see in her cleare beauties floode
 What choyse of glorie, swimme to her yet tender womanhoode)
 Seasond, with teares, her ioyes; to see, More ioyes the more offence:
 And that perfection could not flowe from earthly excellencye.

Thus went she forth, and tooke with her her Women most of name;
 AEthra, Pittheus loued birth; and Clymene, whom fame
 Hath, for her faire eyes, memorisde; they reacht the Scaen Tawrs,
 Where Priam sat to see the fight with all his Counsellors;
 Panthous, Lampus, Clitius, and stout Hycetaon;
 Thimætes, wife Antenor, and profound Vcalegon;
 All graue old men, and souldiers, they had beenes; but for age,
 Now left the warres; yet Counsellors they were exceeding sage.
 And, as in well-growne woods, on Trees, cold spinie grasshoppers
 Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pearce our eares,
 For softness and their tender sounds: so (talking on the Towre)
 These Seniors of the towre sat; who, when they sawe the powre
 Of beautie, in the Queene ascend; euен those cold-spirited Peeres,
 Those wise, and almost withered men, found this heate in their yeares,
 That they were forc't (though whispering) to say, What man can blame
 The Greekes and Troyans to endure, for so admirde a Dame,
 So many miseries, and so long? in her sweet countenance shine
 The beames of Deitie; and yet (though neuer so diuine)
 Before we boste, uniuistly still of her enforced prisē,

And iustly suffer for her sake with all our progenies,
 Labor, and ruine; let her goe the profit of our Land,
 Must passe the beautie. Thus, though these could beare so fit a hand
 On their affections; yet when all their grauest powers were vsde;
 They could not choose but welcome her; And rather they accusde
 The Gods, then beautie; For thus spake the most fam'd king of Troy;
 Come, loued daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy ioy
 Of thy first husbands fight; old friends, and Princes neer allyed:
 And name me some of these braue Greekes so manly beautified.
 Come; do not thinke, I lay the warres indurde by vs, on thee;
 The Gods haue sent them, and the teares in which they swumme to me.
 Sit then; and name this goodly Greeke so tall, and broadely spred,
 Who then the rest, that stand by him is higher by the head;
 The brauest man, I euer sawe, and most maesticall;
 His onely presence, makes me thinke him King amongst them all.

The fayrest of her sexe replied; Most reverend father in lawe:
 Most lou'd, most feard, would some ill death had sead me when I saw
 The first meane why I wrongd you thus, that I had never lost,
 The sight of these my ancient friends; Of him that lou'd me most;
 Of my sole daughter; brothers both, with all those kindly mates,
 Of one soyle, one age borne with me; though under different Fates:
 But these boones, envious starres denies, the memorie of these,
 In sorrow pines those beauties now, that then did too much please;
 Nor satisfie they, your demand; To which, I thus replie:
 That's Agamemnon, Atteus sonne: the great in Emperie;
 A King, whom double Royaltie doth crowne, being great and good;
 And one that was my brother in lawe, when I contain'd my blood,
 And was more worthy; If at all, I might be said to be;
 My Being, being lost so soone in all that honourd me.

The good old King admirde, and sayd: O Atteus blessed sonne,
 Borne under ioyfull Destinies, that hast the Empire wun
 Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I discouer here;
 I once marcht into Phrigia, that manie vines doth beare,
 Where many Phrigians I beheld, well skild in use of horse;
 That of the twomen like two Gods, were the commanded force,
 Ottæus, and greit Migdonus, who on Sangarius sands,
 Set downe their Tents; with whom my selfe (for my assistant Bands)
 Was numbred as a man in chiefe; The cause of warre was then,
 The Amazon Dames, that in their facts, affected to be men:
 In all; there was a mighty powre, which yet did neuer rise,

To equall these Achaian youthes, that haue the fable eyes.
 Then (seeing Vlisses next) he said, Lou'd daughter what is he,
 That lower then great Atreus sonne, seemes by the head to me?
 Yet, in his shoulders, and bigge breast presents a broder shewe;
 His armor lyes upon the earth: he up and downe doth goe,
 To see his souldiers keepe their rankes, and ready haue their armes,
 If, in this truce, they shold be tried, by any false alarms.
 Much like a wel-grown Belweather, or feltred Ram he shewes,
 That walkes before a wealthie Flocke offaire white-sleeced Ewes.

High loue, and Ledas fayrest seed, to Priam thus replyes:
 This is the old Laertes sonne, Vlysses, cald the wise;
 Who, though in barraine Ithaca, he had his nursing seat,
 Yet know's he euerie sort of sleight: and is in counsailes great.
 The wise Antenor answered her; T'is true, renommed Dame;
 For, some times past, wise Ithacus, to Troy a Legate came
 With Menelaus, for your cause: whom I, as royll Guests,
 Receiu'd and welcomde to my house with honourable Feasts:
 I leard the wisedomes of their soules, and humors of their blood;
 For when in Counsaile, both sides met, and they together stood:
 By height of his brode shoulders had Atrides eminence;
 Yet, set, Vlisses did excede, and bred more reuerence:
 But when their wisedomes in their words, they framed to the eare,
 Atrides did succinctly speake: and sharp his speeches were;
 But fewe, because much pride of tongue he much did misconceipt:
 And, though the younger man yet vsde no words, but words of weight;
 But when the prudent Ithacus, did to his Counsailes rise,
 He stod a little still, and fixt upon the earth his eyes;
 His Scepter mooning neither way, but held it formally,
 Like one that vainely doth affect; of moodie qualitie,
 And frantique (rashly iudging him) you would haue said he was;
 But when he sent his bigge voice forth, and gaue his graue words passe
 (In white-ag'd wisedome) that flew forth, like drifts of Winter snow;
 Done thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admirde for shewe.

The third man, aged Priam markt, was Ajax Telamon:
 Of whom he askt; What Lord is that, so large of limme and bone;
 So rayd in height, that to his breast, I se there reacheth none?
 To him the Goddesse of her sex, the large-vaild Hellen said,
 That Lord is Ajax Telamon, a Bulwarke, in their aide;
 On th' other side, stands Idomen, in Crete, of most command:
 And round about his royll sides, his Cretane Captaines stand;

Oft hath the war-like Spartan king, giuen hospitable due,
 To him within our Lacene Court, and all his retinue;
 And now the other Achiae Dukes, I generally discerne;
 All which I know; and all their names could make thee quickly learne:
 Two Princes of the people yet, I nowhere can behold;
 Castor, the skilfull knight on horse; and Pollux vncoutroulde,
 For all stand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthenbred,
 My naturall brothers: either here they haue not followed
 From louely Sparta; Or (arriu'd within the sea-borne fleete
 (In feare of infamie for me) in brode field, shame to meeete:
 Nor so; for holy Tellus wombe in e ofde those worthy men
 In Sparta, their beloued soyle. The voic full Herralds then,
 The firme agreements of the Gods through all the Cittie ring:
 Two Lambs, and spirit refreshing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring
 Within a Goteskin Bottle cloude; Idæus also brought
 A massie glittering bowle, and cuppes that all of gould were wrought:
 Which bearing to the King they crie: Sonne of Laomedon,
 Rise; for the well-rode Peeres of Troy, and braffe armd Grekes in one,
 Send to thee, to descend to field, that they firme vowes may make;
 For, Paris and the Spartan King, must fight for Hellens sake,
 With long arm'd Lances; and the man that prooues victorious,
 The woman and the wealth she brought shall follow to his house,
 Therest knit friendshippē and firme leagues; we safe in Troy shall dwell;
 in Argos, and Achaia, theyz that doth in Dames excell.
 He said; and Priams aged ioyns with chilled feare did shake;
 Yet instantly he bad his men his Chariot readie make.
 Which soone they did; and he ascends: he takes the reignes, and guide,
 Antenor calls; who instantly mounts to his royll side;
 And through the Scaan ports, to field, the swift-foot horse they draine:
 And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arrive;
 From horse, on Troyes well feeding soyle, twixt both the Hoasts they goe;
 When straight uprose the King of men: uprose Ulysses to;
 The Herralds in their riches Cotes, repeate (as was the guise)
 The true vowes of the Gods, tearmd theirs, since made before their eyes:
 Then in a Cup of golde they mix the wine that each part brings;
 And next, powre water on the hands of both the Kings of Kings.
 Which done, Atrides drew his knife, that euermore he put
 Within the large sheath of his sword: with which, away he cut
 The wull from both Fronts of the Lambs, which (as a rite in use
 Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted Truce)

The Heralds of both Hoasts did giue the Peeres of both; And then
 With hands and voice aduanc't to heauen, thus pray'd the king of Men:
 O loue, that Ida doſt protect, Fount whence the Gods begun;
 Most gratiouſe, moſt invincible; And thou all-ſeeing Sunne;
 All-hearing, All-recomforting, Floods, Earth, and powers beneath,
 That all the periuries of men chafteſe euē after death;
 Be wiſneſſes, and ſee perform'd the hartie vowes we make;
 If Alexander, ſhall the life of Menelaus take,
 He ſhall from henceforth, Hellena with all her wealth retaine;
 And we will to our household Gods, hoſe ſayle, and home againe:
 If by my honourd brothers hand, be Alexander ſlaine,
 The Troians then, ſhall his forc't Queene, with all her wealth restore,
 And pay conuenient fine to vs, and ours for euer more.
 If Priam, and his ſonnes denie to pay this, thus agreed,
 When Alexander ſhall be ſlaine, for that perfidious deed,
 And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearely they repaye
 By death, and ruine the amends that falsehood keepes away;
 This ſayd, the thrautes of both the Lambs, cut with his roiall knife,
 He layd them panting on the earth, till (quite depriu'd of life)
 The ſteele haſt rob'd them of their strength. Then golden Cuppes they crownd
 With wine out of a Ciferne drawne: which powrd vpon the ground,
 They fell upon their humble knees, to all the Deities,
 And thus prayd one of both the Hoasts, that might do ſacrifice;
 O Jupiter, moſt high, moſt great, and all the deathleſſe powers;
 Who firſt ſhall dare to violate the late ſworne oaths of ours,
 So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they ſhall produce,
 Flowe on the ſtained face of the earth, as now, this ſacred juice:
 And let their wines with baſtardey brand all their future Race:
 Thus prayd they: but with miſt effects, their prayers loue did not grace.
 And Priam ſaid; Lords of both hoasts, I can no longer ſtay,
 To ſee my lou'd ſonne trie his life, and ſo muſt take my way,
 To winde-expoſed Ilion; loue and th' immortall Gods
 Knowe, onely which of theſe, to Fate muſt pay their periods;
 Thus putting in his Coach, the Lambs, he mounts, and reigneſ his horſe,
 Antenor to him and to Troy, both take their ſpedie course:
 Then Hector (Priams Martiaſ ſonne) ſtept forth, and met the ground,
 With wiſe Vlisses, where the blowes of Combat muſt reſound:
 Which done, into a Helme they put two lottes, that they miſt knowe,
 Whiſh of the Combattants ſhould first his braſſe pilde laueline throwe;
 When all the people, ſtanding by, with hands held up to heauen,

Prayd Ioue, that conquest might not be, by force or fortune giuen;
 But that the man, who was in right the author of most wrong,
 Might seele his iustice; and no more these tedious warres prolong;
 But sinking to the house of death, leauē them (as long before)
 Linkt fast in leagues of Amitie, that might dissolute no more;
 Then Hector shooke the Helme that held the equall doomes of chance;
 Lookt baeke and drew: And Paris first had lotte to hurle his Lance.
 The souldiers all sat downe enrankt, each by his Armes and Horse,
 That then lay downe, to coole their hoounes; And now th' allotted course
 Bids fayre-hayrd Hellens husband arme: who first makes fast his greaues
 With siluer buckles to his legges: then on his Breast receiuēs
 The Curets that Lycaon wore, his brother: But made fitte
 For his fayre body: next his sword he takes, and hangeth it
 (All damask't) underneath his arme: his shield then, graue and great,
 His shoulders wore: and on his head his glorious Helme he set
 Topt with a Plume of horses hayre, that horribly did dance,
 And seem'd to threaten, as he mou'd. At last he takes his Lance,
 Exceeding bigge, and full of weight, which he with ease could vse.
 In like sort, Spartas warlike king, himselfe with armes indues.
 Thus armide at either Armie both, they both stood brauely in,
 Possessing both Hoasts with amaze: they came so chin to chin;
 And with such horrible aspects, each other did salute.
 A faire large field was made for them: wherewraths, for hugeness mute
 And mutuall, made them mutually at either shake their Darts
 Before they threw: Then Paris first, with his long lanoline parts;
 It smote Atrides Orbye large: but ranne not through the brasse:
 For in it (arming well the shielde) the head reflected was;
 Then did the second Combatant applie him to his Speare:
 Whiche he threw; he thus besought Almighty Iupiter;
 O Ioue, Vouchsafe me now Revenge, and that my enemie,
 (For doing wrong, so undeserv'd) may pay deseruedly,
 The paines he forfaited; and let these hands inflict those paines
 By conquering, I, by conquering, deade him on whome life complaines:
 That any now, or any man of all the broode of men
 To liue hereafter, may with feare from all offence abstaine,
 (Much more from all such fowle offence) to him that was his Host,
 And entertain'd him, as the man whom he affected most.
 This sayd, He shooke, and threw his Lance, which strooke through Paris shielde:
 And with the strength he gaue to it, it made the Curets yeld,
 His Cote of Maile, his breast and all: and draxe his entrailes in

In that low region, where the Guts in three small parts begin;
 Yet he, in boring of his breast, prevented sable death;
 His i'nt kefowz, with his sword, drawne from a siluer breath:
 Which lifting high, he strooke his Helme, full where his plume did stand,
 On which zo peice-meale brake, and fel from his unhappy hand;
 At which he fighing stood, and starde upon the amble skie
 And said; O Ioue, there is no God, giuen more illiberally
 To those that serue thee, then thy selfe; why haue I prayd in vaine?
 I hop't, my hand shold haue reveng'd the wrongs I still sustaine
 On him that did them; and still dares their soule defence pursue;
 And now my Lance, hath mist his end, my sword in shiuers sleeve,
 And he scarps allz with this, againe he rusht vpon his ghest,
 And caught him by the horse-haire plume that dangl'd on his crest,
 With thought to drage him to the Greekes; which he had surely done,
 And so besides the victorie, had wondrous glorie wonne
 (Because the needle-painted lace, with which his Helme was tied,
 Isneath his chn, and so about his daintie throat implied,
 Had strangl'd him); But that in time, the Cyprian seede of Ioue
 Dipp'd like the string with which was iude that whiche the needle wone,
 And was the tonghe thong of a Steere; and so the victors palme
 Was (for to full a man at arms) onely an emptie helme;
 Which then he swung about his head, and cast amongst his friends,
 Who scrambled, and took t'vp with shoutes. Againe then he intends,
 To force the life blood of his foe and ranne on him amaine.
 But shaking laueline; when the Queene that louers loues againe
 Attended; and now ranisht him from that encounter quite,
 With ease, and wondrous soudainely for she (a Goddesse) might;
 She hit him in a clowde of gould, and neuer made him knowne,
 Tyl in his Chamber, (fresh and sweet) she gently set him downe,
 And went for Hellen; whom shee found, in se as utmost hight;
 To whiche, whole swarmes of Cittie Dames had climb'd to see the fight.
 To gine her arrand good successe, She tooke on her the shape
 Of heldame Gree; who was brought by Hellen in her rape
 From Lacedemon; and had trust in al her secrets still;
 Being olde; and had (of all her maids) the maire bent of her will,
 And spun for her, her finest wull; like her, loues Empress came,
 Puld Hellen, by the heauenly vaille, and softly sayd; Madame,
 My Lor & als for you, you must needes make all your kind hast home,
 Thee's in your Chamber; slai's, and longs fits by your bedde; pray come,
 Tis richly made and sweet; but he more sweet, and looks so cleere,

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF

So fresh and mounthly attirde : that (seeing) you would swaue,
 He came not from the dustie fight, but from a Courtly dance,
 Or would to dancing ; This she made a charme for dalliance,
 Whose vertue Hellen felte ; and knew (by her so radiant eyes,
 White necke, and most entiteling breasts) the aecyfied disguise.

At which amaze, she answered her; Vnhaippie Deitie,
 Why lou'st thou still in these deceipts, to wrap my phantasie ?
 Or whether yet, (of all the townes given to their lust beside,
 In Phrigia, or Meonia) com'st thou to be my guide ?
 If there (of diuers languag'd men) thou hast (as here in Troy)
 Some other forme, to be my bame ; since here, thy lateſt ioy,
 By Menelaus now subdued, by him shall be borne
 Home to his Court, and end my life in triumphs of hiskorne,
 And to this end, would thy accept my wanton life allure.
 Hence go thy ſelue to Priamis ſonne, and all the wāyes abutre
 Of Gods, or Godlike minded Dame ; nor euer turne a bane
 Thy earth-affecting feet to heauen : but for his ſake sustaine
 Toyles heere ; guard, grace him endleslie, till here quite thy Grace
 By giuing thee my place, with him : or take his ſervants place ;
 If all dishonourable wāyes your fauours ſeeke to ſerue
 His neuer-pleaſde incontinence : I better will deserue,
 Then ſerue his dotage now ; what ſhame were it for me to feede
 This lust in him ? all honourd Dames would hate me for the ſeede,
 He leaues a womanis loue ſo ſham'd, and ſlowes ſo base a minde,
 To feele, nor my ſhame, nor his owne, grieves of a greater kind
 Wound me, then ſuch as can admittē ſuch kind delights ſo ſoonē.

The Goddess angry, that (poſt ſhame) her meere will waſt not done,
 Replied Inciſe me not, you wretches least (once inc'ns't) I leaue
 Thy curſe life, to as ſtrange a hate, as yet it may receiuē
 A loue from me : and leaſt I ſpread through both Hoaſt ſuch despight,
 For thoſe plagues they haue felt for thee, that both abuare thee quite,
 And (ſetting thee in midſt of both) turne all their wraths on thee
 And dart thee dead ; that ſuch a death may wreake thy wrong of me.
 This ſroke the faire Dame with ſuch ſear, it tooke her ſpeech away,
 And (shadowed in her ſnowre vayle) ſhe durſt not but obey ;
 And yet (to ſhun the ſhame ſhe feard) ſhe vaniſhēt vndiscride
 Of all the Trojan Ladies there, for Venus was her guide.

Arriu'd at home ; her woemen both fell to their worke in haſt ;
 When ſhe that was, of all her ſex, the moſt diuinely grac't,
 Ascended to a higher rooƿe, though much againſt her will,
 Where louely Alexander was, being led by Venus ſtil;

The laughter-louing dame discern'd her mou'd minde, by her grace:
 And (for her mirth sake) set a stoole full before Paris face;
 Where she would needs haue Hellen sit; who, though he durst not chuse
 But sit yet lookt away; for all the Goddessesse powre could use;
 And vs'de her tongue to; and to chide whom Venus sooth'd so much;
 And chid to, in this bitter kinde; And was thy cowardise such,
 (So conquered) to be seene aliue? O, would to God thy life
 Had perisht by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife.
 Before this, you would gloriſie your valour, and your Lance;
 And past my first Loues, boſt them far; Go once more and aduance
 Your braues against his ſingle power: this foyle might fal by chance?
 Poore conqueſted man, twas ſuch a chance, as I would not aduife,
 Your valour, ſhould prouoke againe: ſhunne him thou moſt unwife;
 Leaſt next, thy ſpirit ſent to hell, thy bodie be his priſe.

He anſwered; Pray thee woman, ceaſe to chide and grieue me thus:
 Disgraces will not euer laſt; looke on their ende; on vs,
 Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victors wreath,
 As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our loue ſinke beneath
 The hate of Fortune? In loues fire, let all hates vaniſh; Come,
 Loue neuer ſo inflamde my heart; no not, when (bringing home,
 Thy beautie ſo deliciouſe priſe) on Cranaes bleſt ſhore
 I long'd for, and enioyd thee firſt. With this, he went before,
 She after, to their odorous bed. While theſe, to pleasure yeeld,
 Perplext Atrides, ſauage-like ran vp and downe the fielde,
 And euery thickest troope of Troy, and of their farre-cald aide,
 Searcht for his foe; who could not be by any eye betrayde;
 Nor out of friendſhip (out of doubt) did they conceale his ſight;
 All hated him ſo, like their deaths, and ought him ſuch deſpight.
 At laſt thus ſpake the king of men; Hear me, ye men of Troy,
 Ye Dardans and the reſt, whose powers you in their aides employ;
 The Conqueſt on my brothers part, ye all diſcerne is cleare;
 Do you then Argue Helena, with all her treasure here
 Reſtore to vs; and pay the Mulet, that by your vowed is due;
 Yeeld vs an honourd recompence: and all that ſhould accrew,
 To our posterities, confirme; that when ye render it,
 Our acts here, may be memoride. This all Greekes else, thought fit.

The ende of the third Booke.



THE FOVR TH BOOKE OF
HOMERS ILIADES.



The Gods, in Counsaile, at the last decree,
That famous *Ilion*, shall expugned be.
And, that their owne continued faults may proue,
The reasons that haue so incensed Ioue;
Minerua seekes with more offences done,
Against the lately iniurde *Atreus* sonne
(A ground that clearest would make seene their sinne)
To haue the Lycian *Pandarus* begin;
He (against the Truce with sacred couenants bound)
Gives *Menelaus*, a dishonour'd wound;
Machaon heales him; *Agamemnon* then,
To mortall warre incenseth all his men;
The battailes ioyne, and in the heat of fight,
Cold death shuts many eyes in endless Night.

Another Argument.

In *Delta*, is the Gods Assise;
The Truce is broke; warres freshly rise.

Within the faire-pau'd Court of Ioue, he and the Gods conferd,
About the sad euent of Troy; Amongst whom ministred,
Blest *Hebe*, *Nectar*: as they sat and did Troyes Towrs behould,
They dranke, and pledg'd each other round, in full cround Cuppes of gould.
The mirth, at whose Feast, was begun by great *Saturnides*,
In urging a begun dislike amongst the Goddesses;
But chiefly in his solemne *Queene*: whose splene he was dispos'd
To tempt yet further; knowing well what anger it enclosde,

And

And how wifes angers should be vsde. On which, (thus please) he plaide;
 Two Goddesses there are, that still giue Menelaus aide :
 And one that Paris loues. The two that sit from vs so farre,
 (Which Argive Iuno is, and she that rules in deedes of warre)
 No doubt are please, to see how wel the late seene fight did frame :
 And (yet upon the aduerse part) the laughter-louing Dame,
 Made her power good too for her friend. For though he were soneere,
 The stroke of death in th' others hopes, Shee tooke him from them cleere,
 The Conquest yet is questionless, the martiall Spartan kings ;
 We must consult then, what euents shal crowne these future things :
 If warres and combattes, we shall still with euuen successes strike,
 Or (as impartial) friendship plant, on both parts. If ye like
 The last : and that it will as well delight, as merely please
 Your happy Deities : still let stand olde Priams towne in peace ,
 And let the Lacedamon King, againe his Queene enioy .

As Pallas and Heavens Queene sat close, complotting ill to Troy ,
 With silent murmures they receiu'd this ill-lik't choice from loue ;
 Gainst whom was Pallas much incenst; because the Queene of loue,
 Could not without his leauue relieu, in that late point of death,
 The sonne of Priam; whom she loath'd ; Her wrath yet fought beneath
 Her supreame wisdome , and was curb'd: but Iuno needs must ease
 Her great Heart, with her readie tongue, and said : What words are these
 (Austere, and too much Saturns sonne)? why wouldest thou render still
 My labors idle? and the sweat of my industrious will,
 Dishonor with so little power? my Chariot horse are tyrde,
 With postng to and fro, for Greece : and bringing banes desirde,
 To people-mistring Priamus, and his perfidious sonnes:
 Yet thou protect st, and ioynst with them, whome each iust Deitie shunnes.
 Go on ; but euer goe resolu'd , all other Gods haue vow'd
 To crosse thy partiall course for Troy , in all that makes it proude :

At this, the clowd-compelling loue, a farre fetcht si - [redacted] flie ,
 And said; Thou Furie, what offence of such impetrie ,
 Hath Priam, or his sonnes done thee, that with so high a hate
 Thou shouldest thus ceaselessly desire to rase and ruinate,
 So well a builded Towne as Troy ? I thinke (hadst thou the powre)
 Thou wouldest the Ports, and farre-stretcht walles flie ouer, and denoure
 Old Priam, and his issue quick : and make all Troyans sure ;
 And then thy angers weyward wound, I hope will close and cure ;
 To which, runne on thy Chariot; that nought be found in me,
 Of iust cause to our future iarres: in this yet strengthen thee ,

And fix it in thy memorie fast; that, if I entertaine
 As peremptorie a desire to leuell with the plaine,
 A cittie, where thy loued loue stand not betwixt my ire,
 And what it aimes at; but give way, when thou hast thy desire;
 Which now I grant thee willingly, although against my will;
 For not beneath the ample Sunne, and Heauens starre-bearing hill,
 There is a towne of earthly men, so honourd in my minde,
 As sacred Troy; Nor of earths kings, as Priam and his kind;
 Who never let my Altars lacke richfeast of offrings slaine,
 And their sweet sauors; for which grace I honor them againe.

Dread Juno, with the Cowes faire eyes replied; Three townes there are
 Of great and eminent respect, both in my loue and care;
 Mycena, with the brode Sigh wayes, and Argos rich in horse;
 And Sparta; all which three destroy when thou enui'st their force;
 I will not aide them, nor maligne thy free and soueraigne will;
 For if I shoulde be envious, and set against their ill,
 I know my enuie were in vaine, since thou art mightier farre;
 But we must give each other leauue, and winke at eithers warre:
 Ilikewise must haue powre to crowne my workes with wisedome,
 Because I am a Deitie, and did from thence descend
 Whence thou thy selfe; and th' elder borne, wise Saturne was our Sire;
 And thus there is a two-sould cause that pleades for my desire,
 Being sister, and am cald thy wife: and more: since thy command
 Rules all Gods else; I claime therein, a like superiour hand;
 All wrath before, then now remit, and mutually combine
 In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illustrate mine;
 So will the other gods agree; and we shall all be strong;
 And first, (for this late plot) with speed, let Pallas goe among
 The Troians; and some one of them entice to breake the Truce,
 By offering in some trecherous wound the honoured Greekes abuse.
 The Father both of men and Gods agreed, and Pallas sent,
 With these wingd words, to both the Hoastes; Make all haste, and inuent
 Some meane, by which the men of Troy, against the Truce agreed,
 May stirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with some inglorious deede:
 Thus charg'd he her with haste, that did before in haste abound;
 Who cast her selfe from all the heights, with which steepe heauen is cround;
 And as loue, brandishing a starre (which men a Comet call)
 Hurls out his curled head abrade, that from his brand exhalls
 A thousand sparkes; To fleetes at sea, and euerie mighty Hoast,
 (Of all presages and ill happes, a signe mistrusted most)

So Pallas fell twixt both the Camps, and soudainely was lost;
Woon through the breasts of all that sawe, she strooke a strong amaze
With viewing in her whole descent her bright and ominous blaze;
When straight one to another turnd and said; Now thundring Ioue
(Great Arbitr of peace, and armes) will either stablish loue,
Amongst our Nations or renue such warre, as neuer was:
Thus either armie did presage; when Pallas made her passe
Amongst the multitude of Troy, who now put on the grace
Of braue Laodocus; the sonne of old Antenors race;
And sought for Lycian Patidatus; a man, that being bred
Out of a faithless familie, she thought was fit to shed
The blood of any innocent, and breake the couenant sworne;
He was Lycaons sonne whom Ioue into a wölfe did turne,
For sacrifice of a childe; and yet in armes renound,
As one that was inculpable; Him Pallas standing found:
And round about him his strong troopes, that bore the shadie shieds;
He brought them from AEscopuss flood let through the Lycian fields:
Whom standing neere, she whispred thus: Lycaons warlike sonne,
Shall I despaire at thy kind händs, to haue a fauour done?
Nor darst thou let an arrow flie, upon the Spartan King?
It would be such a grace to Troy, and such a glorious thing
That euerie man would give his gift; But Alexanders hand
Would loade thee with them; if he could discouer, from his stand,
His foes pride strook downe, with thy shaft; and he himselfe ascend
The flaming heape of funerall; Come shoot him (princely friend)
But first invoke the God of light, that in thy Land was borne,
And is in Archers arte the best that euer shaft hath worne;
To whom a hundred first ev' d Lambs, vowe thou in holy fire,
When safe to sacred Zelias Towers, thy zealous steppes retire.
With this the madde-gift-greddie man, Minerva did perswade;
Who instantly drewe forth a Bowe, most admirablie made
Of th' Antler of a iumping Goate, bred in a steepe vp Land;
Which Archerlike (as long before he tooke his hidden stand,
The Euick skipping from a Rocke) into the breast hee smote,
And headlong felde him from the cliffe: the forehead of the Goe,
Held out a wondrous goodly palme, that sixteene branches brought:
Of all which (oynd an vsefull Bowe, a skillful Bowyer wrought;
Wh ch pickt, and polisht; both the ends he hid with hornes of gould;
And this bowe bent he close layde downe, and bade his souldiers hold
Their shieds before him, lest the Greekes (discerning him) should rise

In tumults, ere the Spartan king, could be his arrows pris;
 Meane space, with all his care he chus'de, and from his quiuier drewe;
 An arrow, fethered best for flight; and yet that neuer strew;
 Strong headed, and most apt to pierce; then tocke he vp his bowe,
 And nockt his shaft; the ground whence all their future grieve did growe;
 When (praying to his God the Sunne, that was in Lycia bred,
 And King of Archers) promising that he the blood would shed
 Of full a hundred first fallen Lambs; alloijred to his name;
 When to Zeletas sacred walls, from rescede Troy, he came)
 He tooke his arrow by the necke; and to his bended breast,
 The Oxy sinew close he drewe, even till the pyle did rest,
 Upon the bosome of the boone: and as that sauecprise,
 His strength constraintd into an orb; as if the windē did rise)
 The comming of it, made a noyse; the sinew-forged string
 Did gyne a mighty twang; and forth the eager shaft did sing,
 (Affecting speedinesse of flight) amrost the Achiae throng:
 Nor were the blessed heauenty powres unmindfull of thy wrong,
 O Menelaus; but in chiese, Iouis seide the Pillager,
 Stood close before, and slackt the strake the arrow did confer;
 With as much care, and little hurt, as doth a mother v̄te
 And keepe off from her babe, when sleepe doth through his powers diffise
 His goulden humor; and th' assaults of rule and busie flies
 She still checkes with her carefull hand: for so the shaft she plies,
 That on the buttons made of gould, which made his girdle fast,
 And where his Curets double were, the fall of it she plac't;
 And thus much prooфе she pat it to; the buckle made of goild;
 The belt it fastned, branely wrought; his Curets double fouldes;
 And then, the charmed plate he wore, which helpt him more then all;
 And gainst all Darts, and shafts bestowed, was to his life a wall;
 So (through all these) the upper skinne, the head did onely race,
 For forth the blood flow'd; which did much his martiall person grace;
 And shewe upon his iuorie skinne, as doth a purple die,
 Layde by a Dame of Caera or louely Meony,
 On Iuorie; wrought in ornamente to decke the cheeke's of hōrse;
 Which in her marriage roome must lye; whose beauties haue such force,
 That they are wroght of many knyghts; but are such pretious things,
 That they are kept for hōrse, that draw the Chariots of kinys;
 Which hōrse (so deckt) the Chariotere esteemes a grace to him;
 Like these (in grace) the blood vpon thy solide thighes did swim,
 O Menelaus; downe thy Calues, and Ankle's to the ground;

For nothing deckes a souldier so, as doth an honoured wound ;
 Yet (feareing he had farde much worse) the haire stood vp on end
 On Agamemnon, when he say so much blacke blood descend.
 And bristl'd with the like dismaye, was Menelaus to :
 But (seeing th' arrowes stalle without) and that the head did goe,
 No further then it might be seene, he cald his spirits againe :
 Which Agamemnon marking not, (but thinking he was slaine)
 He grip't his brother by the hand, and sigh't as he would breake :
 Which sigh'e the whole hoste tooke from him, who thus at last did speake :
 O dearest brother, ist for this ? that thy death must be wrought,
 Wrought i this Truce ? for this hast thou the single Combat fought
 For all the armie of the Greeks ? for this, hath Ilion sworne,
 And trod all faith beneath their feet ? yet all this hath not worne
 The right we challenge, out of force ; this cannot render vaine
 Our stricken right hands, sacred wine, nor all our offerings slaine ;
 For though Olympius be not quicke in making good, our ill ,
 He will be sure, as he is slowe, and sharpelier proue his will ;
 Their owne heads shall be ministers of those plagues they despise ;
 Which shall their wifes, and children reach, and all their progenies.
 For both in minde, and soule I knowe, that there shall come a day,
 When Ilion, Priam, all his powre shall quite be worne away ;
 When heauen-inhabiting Ioue, shall shake his fierie shield at all,
 For this owne mischiefe. This I knowe the world cannot recall ;
 But, be all this ; all my grieve still, for thee will be the same ,
 Deare Brother. If thy life must here put out his royll flame ;
 I shall to sandie Argos turne, with infamie, my face ,
 And all the Greekes, will call for home : and Priam and his race
 Will flame in glory ; Helena, vntoucht, be still their pray ;
 And thy bones in our enemies earth, our cursed Fates shal lay ,
 Thy Sepulchre be trodden downe, the pride of Troy desire ,
 (Insulting on it) Thus, O thus let Agamemmons ire ,
 In all his acts, be expiate ; as now he carries home
 His idle Army, empty shippes, and leaues here ouercome
 Good Menelaus : when this Braue shall grace their proudest breath ;
 Then, let the brode earth swallowe me, and take me quicke to death .
 Nor shall this euer chance (sayd he) and therefore, be of cheere ,
 Lest all the Army (led by you) your passions put in feare ;
 The arrow fell in no such place, as Death could enter at ;
 My Girdle, curets doubled here, and my most trusted plate ,
 Obiected all twixt me and Death, the shaft scarce piercing one .

Good

Good brother (said the king) I wish it were no further gone;
 For then our best in medicines skild shall ope and search the wound,
 Applying balmes to easeth thy paines, and soone restore thee sound.
 This said; diuine Talthidius he cald, and bad him haste
 Machaon, Aesculapius sonne (who most of men was grac't
 With Physicks soueraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand,
 To Menelaus; shot by one, well skild in the command
 Of bowe, and arrowes; or of Troy, or of the Lycian aide,
 Who much hath glorified our fo'e, and vs, as much dismaide.

He heard, and hasted instantly, and cast his eyes about
 The thickest Squadrons of the Greeks, to finde Machaon out;
 He found him standing guarded well, with well-arm'd men of Thrace;
 With whome he quickly toynde and said; Man of Apollos race,
 Haste; for the King of men Commands, to see a wound imprest,
 In Menelaus (great in armes) by one instructed best,
 In't Art of Archerie, of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
 That them with much renowne adorns; vs, with dishonors brands.

Machaon, much was mou'd with this, who with the tierraide flewe,
 From Troope to Troope, alongst the haast, and soone they came in viewe
 Of kurt Atides, circled round, with all the Grecian Kings;
 Who all gaue way; and straite he drawes the shaft: which forth he brings
 Without the forkes, the girdle then, plate, Curets, off he pluckes,
 And viewes the wound; when first from it the clottred blood he suckes;
 Then medicines wondrouslie composde, the skilfull leach applyed,
 Which louing Chyron taught his Syre, he from his Syre had tryed.

While these were thus employde to ease the Atrean martialist;
 The Troians arm'd, and charg'd the Greekes; the Greeks arme and resist.
 Then not asleepe, nor mazde with feare, nor shifting off the blowes,
 You could behould the King of men; but with those royall throwes,
 Most readie to bring foorth his fame; and he examples this,
 With toyling (like the worst) on foote, who therefore did dismisse
 His brasse-arm'd Charriot, and his Steedes, with Ptolomeus sonne,
 (Sonne of Pyraides) their guide, the good Eurymidon;
 Yet (sayd the king) attend with them, least weariness should sease
 My Limnes, surcharg'd with ordering Troopes so thicke and vast as these.
 Eurymidon, then reignd his horse, that trotte a neighing by,
 The king a foot-man, and so skowres the Squadrons orderly;
 Those of his swifly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit,
 Those he put on with cheerefull words, and bade them not remit
 The least sparke of their forward spirits, because the Troians durst

Take these abhord aduantages; but let them do their wurst:
 For they might be assurd that loue, would patronise no ties;
 And that, who with the breach of Truce, wauld hurt their enemies,
 With vultures shoulde be torne themselves, that they shoulde race their Towne;
 Their wiues and children, at their breasts, borne vassals to their owne:

But such as he beheld hang off from that encreasing fight,
 Such woulde be bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite;
 Base Argines, blushe not to stand, as made for buttess to darts?
 Why are ye thus discomfited, like Hindes that haue no harts?
 Who wearied with a long-run fielde, are instantly emboist,
 Stand still, and in their beastly breasts, is all their courage lost:
 And so stand you strooke with amaze, and dare not strike a stroke.
 Would ye the foe shoulde neerer yet your daystard spleenes prouoke;
 Euen where on Neptunes somie shore, our fleete lyes in the sight,
 To see if loue will hold your hands, and teache ye how to fight?

Thus he (commanding) rang'd the hoast, and (passing many a land)
 He came to the Cretensian troopes, where all did armed stand,
 About the Martiall Idomen, who brauely marcht before,
 In Vauntguard of his Troopes, and matcht, for strength a sauge Bore;
 Meriones (his Charriotere) The rereguard bringing on:
 Which seene to Atreus sonne, to him it was a sight alone;
 And, Idomens confirmed minde, with these kinde words he seekes;
 O Idomen, I euer lou'd thy selfe past all the Greekes,
 In warre, or any worke of peace, at table, every where;
 For when the best of Greece besides, mix euer, at our cheere,
 My good olde ardent wine, with small, and our inferior mates
 Drinke eu'en that mixt wine measur'd too, thou drink'st without those rates,
 Our ould wine, neat; and euermore, thy bowle stands full like mine;
 To drinke, still when, and what thou wilt: then rowse that hart of thine;
 And whatsoeuer heretofore, thou hast assum'd to bee,
 This day be greater. To the king in this sort, answered he;

Atides, what I euer seem'd; the same, at euerie part,
 This day shall shewe me at the full; and I will fit thy hart;
 But thou shouldest rather cheere the rest, and tell them they in right
 Of all good warre, must offer blowes and shoulde begin the fight;
 (Since Troy first brake the holy Truce) and not indure these braues
 To take wrong first, and then be daid to therewenge it craves;
 Assuring them that Troy, in fate, must haue the worse, at last;
 Sirt first, and gainst a Truce, they hurt where they shoulde haue embrac't.
 This comfort, and advice did fit Atides hart indeed,

Who still through new rais'd swarmes of men, held his laborious speed
 And came where both th'Aaces stood, whom like the last he found,
 Armd, caskt, and readie for the fight. Behinde them, hid the ground,
 A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke. And as a Goteheard spies,
 On some hills top, out of the sea, a rainie vapour rise,
 Driuen by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he rest)
 Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings a tempest in his breast;
 Whereat, he frighted, drives his heards apace, into a denne:
 So (darkening earth, with darts and shields) shrowd these with al their men.
 This sight, with like ioy firde the king, who thus let forth the flame,
 Incrying out to both the Dukes. O you of equall name,
 I must not cheere; nay, I disclaime all my command of you;
 Your selues command, with such freemindes, and make your souldiers shewe,
 As you, nor I led; but themselves. O would our father loue,
 Minerua, and the God of light, would all our bodies moue
 With such braue spirits, as breath in you: Then Priams loftie towne
 Should soone be taken, by our hands, for euer ouerthrowne.

Then held he on to other troopes, and Neltor, next beheld,
 (The subtle Pylian Orator) randge vp and downe: he fielde,
 Embattayling his men at armes, and stirring all to blowes;
 Points euerie Legion out his Chiefe, and euery Chiefe he shewes
 What his way is to wage the warre: yet his Commanders were
 All expert, and renowned men: great Pelagon was there,
 Alastor, manly Chromius, and Hemon, worth a throne,
 And Byas, that could armies lead; with these he first put on,
 His horsef troopes, with their Charriots: his foot (of which he chusde
 Many, the best and ablest men, and which he euer vsde,
 As rampire to his generall powre) he in the Rere disposde;
 The slouthfull, and the least of spirit, he in the midſt incloſde;
 That ſuch as wanted noble wills, base need might force to ſtand;
 His horsef troopes (that the Vanguard had) he ſtrictly did command
 To ride their horses temperately, to keepe their rankes, and ſhun
 Confusion; leaſt their horſemanſhip and courage made them run,
 (Too much preſumde on) much too farre: and (charging ſo, alone)
 Engage themſelues, in th' enemis strength, where many fight with one;
 Who his owne Charriot leaues to range, let him not freely goe;
 But ſtraiſt unhorſe him with a lance: for tis much better ſo;
 And with this discipline (ſaid he) this forme, these mindes, this truſt,
 Our Auncetors haue, walles and townes laid leuell with the duff;—
 Thus prompt, and long inurde to armes, this old man did exhort;

And

And this Atrides likewise tooke, in wondrous cheerefull sort,
 And said; O Father, would to heauen, that as thy minde remaines
 In wonted vigor; so thy knees could undergoe our paines;
 But, age, that all men ouercomes, hath made his prisē on thee;
 Yet still I wish, that some young man growne ould in minde might bee
 Put in proportion with thy yeares, and thy minde, young in age,
 Be fitly answerd with his youth, that still where conflictis rage,
 And yong men, vnde to thrust for fame, thy braue exampling hand,
 Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole Command.
 The old knight answered; I my selfe could wish (O Atreus sonne)
 I were as y ung, as when I slewe braue Eteuthalion;
 But Gods, at all tmes, giue not all their gifts to mortall men;
 If then I had the strength of youth, I m̄st the Counsails then,
 That yeares now giue me; and now yeares want that maine strength of youth,
 Yet still my minde retaines her strength (as, you, now sayd the sooth)
 And would be, where that strength is vse, affording counsails sage,
 To stirre youths mindes vp; tis the grace and office of our age;
 Let younger sinewes, mens sprung vp whole ages afte me,
 And such shauē strength, vse it, and as strong in honour be.

The King (all this while comforted) arriu'd next, where he found,
 Well rode Menestheus, Peteus sonne, stand still inuirond round,
 With his well-iraind Athenian troopes; And next to him he spide
 The wifc Vlysses, deedlys to, and all his bands beside,
 Of stonge Cephaliens; for as yet the alarme had not been heard
 In all their quarters; Greece and Troy, where then so newly stird,
 And then first mou'd (as they conceiv'd) and they so lookt about
 To see both hoasts giue prooef of that, they yet had cause to doubt.

Atrides (seeing th̄m stand so still) and spend their eyes at gaze;
 Began to chide; and wh̄ (said he) dissolu'd thus, in amaze,
 Thou sonne of Peteus, loue-nurſt king, and thou in wicked sleight,
 A cunning soulaier; stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight
 Should be by other m̄n begun? tis fit the formost band
 Should shewe you, there; you first should front, who first lifts vp his hand.
 First you c in heare when I invite the Princes to a Feast,
 When first, most friendly, and at will ye eate and drinke the best;
 Yet in the fight, most willingly ten troopes, ye can behould;
 Take place before ye; Ithacus, at this, his browes did foulde,
 And said; How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy set of teeth?
 To say that we are slacke in fight, and to the field of death
 Looke others should enforce our way, when we were basid then,

(Euen when thou spak'st) against the foe to cheere and lead our men:
 But thy eyes shall be witness(es) (if it content thy will;
 And that as thou pretendest, these cares do so affect thee still)
 The Father of Telemachus (whom I esteeme so deare,
 And to whom, as a Legacie, I leauue my deedes done here)
 Euen with the foremost hand of Troy, hath his encounter darde;
 And therefore are thy speeches vaine, and had beene better sparde.

He smilng, since he saw him mou'd, recalld his words, and said;
 Most generous Laertes sonne, the wiest of our aide,
 I neither do accuse thy worth, more then thy selfe may hold
 Fit; (that inferiours thinke not much (being slacke) to be controulde.)
 Nor take I on me thy Command for neli I know, thy minde
 Knowes how sweet gentle counsailes are, and that thou standst enclinde,
 As I my selfe, for all our good; On then: if now we speake
 What hath dis/pleasde; another time, we full amenus will make;
 And Gods grant that thy vertues here may prooue so free, and braue,
 That my reprofes may still be vaine and thy deseruings grang.

Thus parted they; and forth he went; when he did leaning finde,
 Against his Charriot, neere his horse, him with the mighty minde,
 Great Diomedes, Tydeus sonne, and Siheneius the feede
 Of Capaneius: whom the King seeing likewise out of deede;
 Thus cried he out on Diomed, Irie in what a feare
 The wise great warriour, Tydeus sonne, stanagazing euerie where,
 For others to begin the fight: it was not Iydens use
 To be so danted; whome his spirit woulde euermore produce,
 Before the foremost of his friends, in these affaires of fright;
 As they report that haue beheld him labour in a fight;
 For me, I neuer knew the man, nor in his presence came;
 But excellent aboue the rest, he was in generall fame;
 And one renown'd exploite of his, I am assurde is true;
 He came to the Mycenian Court, without armes, and did sue,
 At Goolike Polynices hands, to haue some worthy ayde,
 To their designes, that giinst the walles of sacred Thebes were laid;
 He was great Polynices guest, and nobly entertainde,
 And of the kinde Mycenian state, what he requested gainde,
 In meere consent: but when they shold the same in act approue,
 By some sinister prodiges held out to them, by loue,
 They were discourag'd, thence he went, and safelie had his passe
 Backe to Asopus floode, renown'd for Bulrushes, and grasse;
 Yet, once more, their Ambassador, the Grecian Peeres addresse,

Lord

Lord Tydeus, to Eteocles; To whom being giuen accessse,
 He found him feasting with a crewe of Cadmians in his hall,
 Amongst them though an enemie, and onely one to all;
 To all yet, he his challenge made, at euerie Martiall feate,
 And easly foild all; since with him Minerva was so greāt.
 Theranke-rode Cadmians, much incenſt with their ſoſoule diſgrace,
 Lodg'd Ambuscados for their foe in ſome well choſen place
 By which he was to make returne, twiſe ſue and twentie men;
 And two of them, great Captaines to the Ambuſb did conteine;
 The names of thoſe two men, of rule, were Maeon, Haemons ſonne,
 And Lycophontes, Keepe-field calde, the heire of Autophon;
 By all men honoured like the Gods: yet theſe and all their friends,
 Were ſent to hell by Tydeus hand, and had untimely endes;
 He truſting to the aide of Gods, reuealed by Auguries;
 Obaying which, he one reſeru'd, and his lau'd, life applies,
 To be the heauie meſſenger of all the others deaths;
 And that ſad meſſage (with his life) to Maeon he bequeathes;
 So braue a knight was Tydeus: of whom a ſonne is ſprung,
 Inferior farre, in martiall deedes, though higher in his tongue.

All this, Tydices ſilent heard, aw' a by the reuerend King;
 Which ſtung hote Sthenelus with wrath, who thus put forth his ſling.

Attides, when thou knowſt the truth, ſpeak what thy knowledge iſ,
 And do not lyſo; For I know, and I will bragge in this;
 That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;
 We tooke the ſeven-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there,
 So great helpe as our Fathers had; and fought beneath a wall,
 Sacred to Mars; by helpe of loue, and truſting to the fall
 Of happy ſignes from other Gods, by whom we ſtrooke the Towne
 Untoucht; our Fathers periſhing there, by follies of their owne:
 And therefore neuer more compare our Fathers worth with ours.

Tydices found at this, and ſayd; Suppreſſe thy angers powrs,
 (Good friend) and heare why I refraind; thou ſeest I am not mou'd
 Againſt our Generals, ſince he did but what his place behou'd,
 Admoniſhing all Greeks to fight: for if Troy be our priſe,
 The honour and the ioy is his. If here our ruine lies,
 Then shame, and griefe, as much to them, his general being binds.
 As he then, his charge; weigh we ours: which is our dantleſſ mindes;
 Thus from his Charriot amply armd, he iumpt downe to the ground:
 The armor of the angry King, ſo horribly did ſound,
 It might haue made his braue eſt foe, let feare take downe his braunes.

And as when with the west-windes lawes, the sea thrusts vp her waues
 One after other, thicke and high upon the groning shores;
 First, in her selfe, lowde, (but opposde with banks and Rockes) she rores,
 And (all her backe in bristles set) spits euerie way her fome;
 So (after Diomed) instantly the field was ouercome,
 With thicke impressions of the Greekes, and all the noyse that grewe
 (Ordring and cheering vp their men) from onely leaders flew.
 The rest went silenly away, you could could not heare a voice,
 Nor would haue thought in all their breasts, they had one in their choice;
 Their silence uttering their awe of them, that them controulde;
 Which made each man keep bright his arms, march, fight, still where he shoulde.
 The Troians (like a sort of Ewes, pend in a rich mans folde,
 Close at his dore, till all be milkt, and neuer baaing hold,
 Hearing the bleating of their Lambs) did all their wise Hoast fill,
 With shoures, and clamors; nor obseru'd one voice, one baaing still;
 But shew'd mixt tonges from many a Land, of men calld to their ayde:
 Rude Mars, had th' ordring of their spirits, of Greeks the learned Mayd:
 But terror follow'd both the hoasts, and flight, and furious Strife,
 The sister, and thermate of Mars, that spoyle of humaine life;
 And neuer is her rage at rest; at first she is but small;
 Yet after, (but a little fed) she growes so vast, and tall,
 That while her feete moue here in earth, her forhead is in heaven;
 And this was she, that made euuen then both hoasts so deadly givens;
 Through euerie Troope she stalkt, and stird rough sighes vp as she went:
 But when in one field, both the foes her furie did conuent;
 And both came under reach of darts, then darts, and shields opposde
 To darts & shields, strength answerd strength, then swords & targets closde
 With swordes and targets, boist with Pikes; and then did tumult rise
 Up to her height; then Conquerors hostes, mixt with the conquerds cryes;
 Earth, flow'd with bloud. And as from hills raine waters headlong fall,
 That all waies eate huge Ruts; which, met in one bed fill a Vall
 With such a confluence of streames, that on the mountaine grounds
 Farre of, in frighted shepheards eares, the busling noyse rebounds:
 So grew their conflicts; and so shew'd their scaflings to the eare;
 With flight, and clamor, still commixt, and all effects of feare;
 And first Antilochus of Troy slew (fighting in the face
 Of all Achias for most bands, with an undanted grace).
 Echepolus Thalytiades; he was an armed man;
 Whom, on his hayre-plum'd helmets crest, she dart first smote; Then ran
 Into his fore-head, and there stucke; the steele pile making way

Quite

Quite through his skull; a hastie night shut vp his latest day;
 His fall was like a fight-rac't Towre; like which lying their dispreed,
 King Elephenor, (who was sonne to Chalcodon, and led
 The valiant Abants) couetous that he might first possesse
 His armes; layd hands upon his feet, and hal'd him from the prease
 Of darts, and lanelines hurl'd at him. The action of the King
 When(great in heart) Agenor sawe, he made his Iaueline sing
 To th' others labor; and along, as he the trunke did wrest,
 His side (at which he bore his shielde in bowing of his breast).
 Lay naked, and receiu'd the Lance, that made him lose his holde,
 And life together; which in hope of that he lost, he sould.
 But for his sake, the fight grieue fierce; the Troians and their foes,
 Like wolues, on one another rusht, and man, for man it goes.
 The next of name, that seru'd his fate, great Ajax Telamon,
 Perferd so sadly; He was heyre, to olde Anitemion,
 And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the fruit of which, yet fled
 Before the honourd nuptiall Torch could light him to his bed;
 His name was Synoisius; For, some few yeares before;
 His mother walking downe the hill of Ida, by the shore,
 Of siluer Symois, to see her parents flockes; with them,
 She (feeling soudainely the paines of Childe-birth) by the streeame
 Of that bright riuier, brought him forth; and so, (of Symois)
 They calld him Simoisius; sweet was that birth of his,
 To his kind parents; and his grouth did all their care employ;
 And yet, those rites of pietie, that should haue beeene his ioy,
 To pay their honored yeares againe, in as affectionate sort,
 He could not gratiouly performe; his sweete life was so short;
 Cut off, with mighty Ajax Lance: For, as his spirit put on,
 He strooke him, at his breasts right pappe quite through his shoulder bone;
 And, in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull hope,
 Of his friends hopes; but where he sow'd, he buried all his toyle.
 And as a poplare, shot aloft, set by a Riuier side,
 In moist edge of a mightie Fenne, his head, in Curles implyed,
 But all his bodie plaine, and smooth; to which a wheele-wright puts
 The sharpe edge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts,
 From his innatiue root, in hope to hew out of his hole
 The Fellif's, or out-parts of a wheele, that compasse in the whole,
 To serue some goodly Charriot; but being bigge and sad,
 And to be hal'd home through the bogges, the vsefull hope he had
 Sticks there; and there the goodly plant lies withering out his grace:

So lay, by loue-bred Ajax hand, Anthemions forward race;
 Nor could through that wast Fenne of toyles, be drawne to serue the end
 intended of his bodies powrs, nor cheere his aged friends.
 But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus (a sonne of Priam) threw
 His Lance at Ajax through the prease; which went by him and flew
 On Leucus, wise Ulysses friend; his groine it smote, as faine
 He would haue drawne into his spoile, the Carcasse of the slaine;
 By which he fell; and that by him, it vexed Ulysses heart;
 Who thrust into the face of fight, well arm'd at enerie part,
 Came close, and lookt about to finde an obiect-worth his Lance;
 Which, when the Troians sawe him shake, and he so neere aduance,
 All shrunke; he threw, and forth it shinde: nor fell, but where it feld:
 His friends griefe, gaue it angrie powre, and deadly way it held
 Vpon Democoon; who was sprung of Priams wanton force;
 Came from Abydus, and was made the maister of his horse;
 Through both his temples, strooke the Dart, the wood of one side shew'd,
 The pyle out of the other look't, and so the earth he strowde;
 With much sound of his weightie armes: then back the formost went;
 Euen Hector yelded; then the Greekes gaue worthy clamors vent,
 Effecting, then, their first dumb powers; some drew the dead and spoild;
 Some followed; that in open flight, Troy might confesse it foilde.
 Apollo, (angrie at the sight) from top of Ilion cried,
 Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feede not the Grecians pride;
 They are not charm'd against your points, of Steele, or Iron framde;
 Nor fights the faire-hair'd Thetis sonne; but sits at fleete, inflam'd.
 So spake the dreadfull God from Troy. The Greekes, Ioues noblest seede,
 Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit spirit did need,
 She gaue it; marching in the midst; Then flew the fatall houre,
 Backe on Diotes; in returne of Ilions sun-burnd powre;
 Diotes Anarincides; whose right legges ankle bone,
 And both the sinewes, with a sharpe and hand-full charging stone,
 Pitus Imbrasides did breake, that led the Thracian bands;
 And came from AEnos; downe he fell, and vp he held his hands
 To his lou'd friends; his spirit wingd to flie out of his breast;
 With which, not satisfied, againe Imbrasides address'd
 His Janeline at him and so riapt his Naill, that the wound,
 (As endlesly it shut his eyes) so (opened) on the ground,
 It pour'd his entrailes; As his foe went, then suffide away,
 Thoas AEtolus threw a Dart, that did his pile conuay
 Aboue his Nipple, through his Lungs, when (quitting his sterne part)

He clos'd with him; and from his breast, first drawing out his dart,
His sword flew in; and by the mid' st it tripp't his bellie out;
So, tooke he life; but left his armes, his friends so flockt about,
And thrust forth Lances of such length before their slaughtered king,
Which, though their foe were bigge and strong, and often brake the Ring,
Ferg'd of their Lances; yet (enfore't) he left th' affected prise;
The Thracian, and Epeian Dukes, layd close with closed eyes,
By either other; dround in dust; and round about, the plaine
All bidde with slaughtered Carcasses; yet still did hotely raigne
The Martiall planet; whose effects had any eye beheld,
Free, and unwounded (and were led by Pallas through the field
To keepe of Iauelines, and suggest the least fault could be found)
He could not reprehend the fight, so many strowd the ground.

The ende of the fourth Booke.





THE FIFT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



King Diomed (by Pallas spirit inspirde,
With will, and powre) is for his Acts admirde:
Meere men, and men deriu'd from Deities,
And Deities themselues he terrifies;
Addes wounds, to terrors: his inflamed Lance
Drawes blood from Mars, and Venus: in a Trance,
He casts Aeneas, with a weightie stone;
Apollo quickens him, and gets him gone:
Mars is recur'd by Peon; but by Jove
Rebuk't, for Aucthoring breach of humane loue.

Another Argument.

In Epsilon, heauens blood is shed,
By sacred rage of Diomed.

Then Pallas breath'd in Tydeus sonne: to render whom supreame
To all the Greekes, at all his parts; she cast a hotter beame,
On his high minde; his body fild with much superiour might,
And made his compleat armour cast a farre more compleat light:
From his bright Helme, and shielde, did burne a most unweareid fire:
Likerish Autumnus goulden lamp, whose brightness men admire,
Past all the other Hoast of starres, when, with his cheerefull face,
Fresh wafht in loftie Ocean waues, he doth the skies enchase;
To let whose glorie lose no sight, still Pallas made him turne,
Wher tumult most exprest his powre, and where the fight did burne.

An

An honest, and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy;
 Dares the Priest of Mulciber; who two sons did enioy,
 Idæus, and bould Phegeus, wel seene in euery fight:
 These (singl'd from their Troopes, and horst) assailde Mineruas knight,
 Who rang'd from fight, to fight, on foote; All hasting mutuall charge,
 (And now drawne neere) first, Phegeus threwe a laueline swift and large:
 Whose head, the kings left shoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:
 Then rusht he out a Lance at him, that had no idle fall;
 But in his breast stukke, twixt his pappes, and strooke him from his horse.
 Which sterne fight, when Idæus saw (distrustfull of his force
 To saue his slaughtered brothers spoyle) it made him headlong leape
 From his faire Chariot, and leauue all: yet had not scap't the heape
 Of heauie funerall; If the God, great president of fire,
 Had not (in soudaine clowds of smoke, and pittie of his Syre,
 To leauue him utterly vnheyrd) giuen safe passe to his feete.
 He gone; Tydides sent the horse and Chariot to the fleet.

The Troians, seeing Dares sonnes, one slaine, the other fled;
 Were strooke amaz'd; the blew-eyde maide (to grace her Diomed
 In giuing free way to his power) made this so ruthfull fact,
 A fit aduantage to remooue the warre-God out of Act,
 Who rag'd so on the Ilion side; She grip't his hand, and said;
 Mars, Mars, thou ruinor of men, that in the dust hast laide
 So many Citties, and with bloud thy Godhead dost distaine;
 Now shall we cease to shewe our breasts, as passionate as men,
 And leauue this mixture of our hands? resigning loue his right
 (As rector of the Gods) to giue the glorie of the fight,
 Where he affecteth? least before what we should freely yeeld?
 He held it fit; and went with her from the tumultuous field;
 Who set him in an herby seat, on brode Scamanders shore.
 He gone; All Troy, was gone with him, the Greekes draue all before,
 And euerie leader slew a man; but first the King of men
 Deseru'd the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,
 And slew a leader; one more huge, then any man he led;
 Great Odius, Duke of Halizons, quite from his Charriots head,
 He strooke him with a Lance to earth, as first he flight addrest;
 It tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breast;
 His huge Trunke sounded; and his arms dide echo the resound.
 Idomeneus, to the death, did noble Phætus wound,
 The sonne of Maen Borus that from cloddie Ternacame;
 Who (taking Chariot) tooke his wound, and tumbl'd with the same,

From his attempted seat; the Lance through his right shoulder strooke,
 And horrid darkenesse strooke through him: the spoyle, his souldiers tooke.
 Atrides-Menelaus slew(e as he before him fled)
 Scamandrius, sonne of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred;
 A skilfull huntsman; for his skill Dianas selfe did teach;
 And made him able with his Dart, infallible to reach
 All sorte of subtlest sauages, which many a woddie hill
 Bred for him; and he much preserv'd, and all to shewe his skill.
 Yet, not the Dart-delighting Queen, taught him to shun this Dart;
 Nor all his hitting so farre off, (the maistrie of his arte):
 His backe receiu'd it, and he fell vpon his breast withall:
 His bodies ruine, and his armes so sounded in his fall,
 That his affrighted horseflew(e off, and left him, like his life,
 Meriones slew Pheteclus; whom she that nere was wife,
 Yet Goddessesse of good Huswifes, held in excellent respect,
 For knowing all the wittie things that grace an architect;
 And having power to giue it all the cunning vse of hand;
 Harmonides, his Sire built shippes, and made him understand,
 (With all the practise it requirede) the frame of all that skill;
 He built all Alexanders shippes, that anchor'd all the ill
 Of all the Troians, and his owne; because he did not knowe
 The Oracles, aduising Troy (for feare of ouerthrone)
 To meddle with no sea affaire, but due by tilling Land;
 This man Meriones surprise, and arau'e his deadly hand,
 Through his right hippe; the Lances head ran through the region
 About the bladder, underneath th'in-muscles, and the bone;
 He (sighing) bow'd his knees to death; and sacrifice to earth.
 Phylides stayd Peleus flight; Antenor's bastard birth:
 Whom vertuous Theano his wife (to please her husband) kept,
 As tenderly as those she lou'd. Phylides neer him slept;
 And in the fountaine of the nerves, did drench his feruent Lance,
 At his heads backe-part; and so farre the sharpe head, did aduance,
 It clest the Organe of his speech; and th' iron (colde as death)
 He tooke betwixt his grinning teeth, and gaue the ayre his breath.
 Euryipilus, the much renown'd, and great Euemons sonne,
 Diuine Hyphenor slew(e, begot by steat Dolopion;
 And consecrate Scamanders Priest, he had a Gods regard,
 Amongst the people; his hard flight, the Grecian followed hard;
 Rush't in, so close; that with his sword, he on his shoul'der layde
 A blowe, that his armes branne cut off, nor there his vigor staides

But

But draine downe ; and from off his wrist it hew'd his holy hand,
 That gush't out blood, and down it dropt vpon the blushing sand;
 Death, with his purple finger shut and violent fate, his eyes.
 Thus fought these: but distinguisht well, Tydides so implies
 His furie; that you could not know, whose side had interest,
 In his free labours; Greece or Troy. But as a flood encreast,
 By violent, and soudaine showers, let downe from hills, like hills
 Melted in furie; swelles, and fomes, and so he ouer-filles
 His naturall Channell, that, besides, both hedge, and bridge resignes
 To his rough confluence; farre spread, and lustie flourishing vines:
 Dround in his outrage, Tydeus sonne so ouer-ran the fielde,
 Strow'd such as florish't, in his way: and made whole squadrons yeeld.

When Pandarus, Lycaons sonne beheld his ruining hand,
 With such resistless insolence, make lanes through euerie band;
 He bent his gould-tipt bowe of horne, and shot him rushing in,
 At his right shouuler; where his armes were hollow; foorth did spin
 The blood, and downe his Curets ranne; then Pandarus cryed out,
 Ranke riding Troians, Now rushin: Now now, I make no doubt,
 Our brauest fee is markt for death, he cannot long sustaine
 My violent shaft; if loves bright sonne, did worthily constraine
 My foot from Lycia: thus he brau'd; and yet his violent shaft
 Strooke short, with all his violence, Tydeus life was saft;
 Who yet with-drew himselfe behind his Charriot, and steedes,
 And cald to Sthenelus; Come friend, my wounded shouuler needs
 Thy hand to ease it of this shaft. He hasten'd from his seate,
 Before the Coach, and drew the shaft: the purple wound did sweat,
 And drowne his shirt of male in blood: and as it bled he prayde.

Fare me; of loue, AEgiochus, thou most unconquer'd maide,
 If euer in the cruell field thou hast assyfull stode,
 Or to my Father, or my selfe, now loue, and do me good;
 Giue him into my Lances reach, that thus hath giuen a wound,
 To him thou guard'st; preuenting me, and bragges that never more,
 I shall behould the cherefull Sunne: thus did the king implore.
 The Goddesse heard; came neere, and tooke the weariness of fight,
 From all his neruys, and lyneaments, and made them fresh, and light,
 And said; Be bold, O Diomed, in euerie combat shone,
 The great shield-shaker Tydeus strength(that knight; that Syre of thine)
 By my infusion breathes in thee. And from thy knowing minde,
 I haue remon'd those erring misis, that made it lately blinde;
 That thou maist difference Gods from men: and therefore vs ethy skill,

Against

Against the tempting of the Deities, if any haue a will
 To trie if thou presumst of that, as thine, that flowes from them ;
 And so affum'st aboue thy right ; where thou discern'st a beame
 Of any other heauenly power, then he that rules in loue,
 That calles thee to the change of blowes, resist not, but remoue ;
 But if that Goddesse be so bould (since she first stirde this warre ;
 Assault and marke her from the rest, with some infamous scarre.
 The blew-eyde Goddesse vanished, and he was seene againe,
 Amongst the foremost ; who before though he were prompt and faine
 To fight against the Troian powers, now, on his spirits were cald,
 With thrice the vigor ; Lion-like that hath been lately gald,
 By some bould shepheard in a field, where his curld flockes were laid ;
 Who tooke him as he leapt the stoud, not slaine yet, but appaide,
 With greater spirit ; comes againe, and then the shepheard hides,
 (The rather for the desolate place) and in his Coate abides,
 His flockes left guardlesse ; which amaz'd, shake and shrinke vp in heapes ;
 He (ruthless) freely takes his prey, and out againe he leapes :
 So sprightly, fierce, victorious, the great Heroe slew,
 Vpon the Troians ; and at once, He two Commanders slew,
 Hypenor, and Astynous ; in one his Lance he fixt,
 Full at the nipple of his breast : the other smote betwixt
 The necke and shoulder, with his sword, which was so well laydon,
 It swept his arme, and shoulder off : these left, he rusht upon
 Abbas, and Polyeidus, of olde Eurydamas
 The hapless sonnes, who could by dreames tell what would come to passe :
 Yet, when his sonnes set forth to Troy, the old man could not read
 By their dreames, what would chance to them ; for both were stricken dead
 By great Tydides ; after these he takes into his rage,
 Xanthus, and Thoon, Phenops sonnes, borne to him in his age ;
 The good old man, euen pinde with yeares, and had not one sonne more,
 To heire his goods : yet Diomed tooke both and left him store
 Of teares, and sorrowes in their steads, since he could neuer see
 His sonnes leaue those hote warres aliuine ; so, this the end must be
 Of all his labours ; what he heapt to make his issue great,
 Authoritie heyrde ; and with her seede fild his forgotten seat ;
 Then snacht he vp, two Priamilts, that in one Chariot stood,
 Echemon, and faire Chromius ; as feeding in a wood,
 Oxen, or steeres are, One of which, a Lyon leapes vpon,
 Teares downe, and wrings in two his necke : so sternely Tydeus sonne
 Threw from their Chariot both these hopes of olde Dardanides ;

Then.

Then tooke their Armes; and sent their horse to those that ride the seas :
 Æneas (seeing the Troopes thus tost) brake through the heate of fight,
 And all the whizzing of the Darts, to finde the Lycian knight,
 Lycaons sonne ; whom haning found, he thus bespake the peere ;
 O Pandarus, where's now thy Bowe thy deathfull arrowes where ?
 In which no one in all our Hoast, but giues the palme to thee ;
 Nor in the Sunne-lou'd Lycian greenes that breed our Archerie,
 Lives any that exceeds thy selfe. Come lift thy hands to loue,
 And a send an arrow at this man (if but a man he proue,
 That winnes such God-like victories ; and now affeets our hoast,
 With so much sorrow : since so much of our best bloud is lost,
 By his high valour;) i haue feare some God in him doth threat,
 Incensi for want of sacrifice ; the wrath of God is great.

Lycaons famous sonne replied, Great Counsailor of Troy ;
 This man so excellent in armes, I thinke is Tydeus ioy ;
 I know him by his fierie shield, by his bright three-plum'd Caske,
 And by his horse ; nor can I say, if or some God doth maske
 In his appearance ; or he be (whom I nam'd) Tydeus sonne ;
 But without God, the things he does (for certaine) are not done ;
 Some great Immortall, that conuayes his shoulders in a clowde,
 Goes by, and puts by enerie Dart, at his bould breast bestowd ;
 Or lets it take, with little hurt ; for I my selfe let fye
 A shaft that shot him through his armes, but had as good geneby ;
 Yet, which I gloriouly affirm'd, had druien him downe to hell,
 Some God is angrie, and with me, for farre hence, where I dwell,
 My horse and Charriots idle stand, with which some other way
 I might repaire this sh:mefull misse : eleuen faire Charriots stay
 Inold Lycaons Court, new made, new trim'd, to haue beeene gone ;
 Curtain'd, and Arrast vnder-foote, two horse to every one,
 That eat white Barley and blacke Otes, and do no good at all ;
 And these Lycaon, (that weill knew how these affaires would fall)
 Charg'd (when I set downe this designe) I shoud command with here ;
 And gaue me many lessons more, all which much better were
 Then any I tooke soorth my selfe : the reason I layde downe,
 Was, but the sparing of my horse, since in a sieged towne,
 I thought our horse-meat would be scant, when they were vs'd to haue
 Their Mangers full ; so I left them, and like a lackey slauie,
 I come to Ilion, confident in nothing but my Bowe,
 That nothing profis me ; two shafts I vainely did bestow,
 At two great Princes ; but of both, my arrowes neither flew,

Nor this, nor Atteus yonger sonne: a little bloud I drew,
 That ser'd but to incense them more: in an unhappy staire,
 I therefore from my Armyry, haue arawne these tooles of warre,
 That day, when for great Hector's sake, to amiable Troy,
 I came to leade the Troian bands. But if I euer ioy,
 (in safe returne) my Countries sight, my wenes, my lofty Towres;
 Let any stranger take this head; if to the fiery powres,
 This Bowe, these shafts, in peecesburst (by these banas) be not throwne
 Idle companions that they are, to me and my renome.

Æneas sayd; Vse no such words: for any other way,
 Then this, they shall not now be vsde: we first will both assay.
 This man, with Horse, and Chariot. Come then, ascend to me,
 That thou maist trie our Troian horse, how skild in field they be,
 And in pursuing those that flie, or flying, being pursued,
 How excellent they are of foote: and these (if I oue conclude
 The scape of Tydeus againe, and grace him with our sleight)
 Shall serue to bring vs safely off: Come, Ile be first shall fight:
 Take thou these faire reinges, and this scourge; or (if thou wilt) fighthou,
 And leaue the horses care to me. He answered; I will now
 Descend to fight; keep thou the Reinges, and guide thy selfe thy horse,
 Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force
 Of the impulsive Chariot, if we be druen to flie,
 Then with a stranger, under whom they will be much more fleye
 And (fearing my voice, wishing thine) growe restie, nor goe on,
 To beare vs off; but leaue engag'd, for mighty Tydeus sonne,
 Them selues, and vs; then be thy part, thy one hou'd horses guide;
 Ile make the fight; and with a Dart, receive his vtmost vride.
 With this the gorgious Chariot, both (thus prepar'd) ascend,
 And make full way at Diomed; which noted by his friend,
 Mine owne most loued Minde, sayd he, two mighty men of warre
 I see come with a purpos'd charge; one's he that hits so farre,
 With Bowe and shaft; Lycaons sonne: the other fames the brood
 Of great Anchiles, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood,
 Æneas, excellent in armes; come vp, and vse your steeds,
 And looke not warre so in the face; least that desire that feeds
 Thy great minde, be the bane of it. This did with anger sting
 The bloud of Diomed, to see his friend that chid the King,
 Before the fight, and then preferd his ablesse, and his minde,
 To all his Ancestors in fight, now come so farre hebinde:
 Whom thus he ansyrd; Urge no flight: you cannot please me so;

Nor is it honest, in my minde, to feare a comming foe;
 Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire,
 And scorne the help-tyre of a horse; I will not blowe the fire
 Of their hot valours with my flight, but cast vpon the blaze
 This body, borne upon my knees: I entertaine Amaze?
 Minerua will not see that shame: and since they haue begun,
 They shall not both elect their ends; and he that scapes, shall runne;
 Or stay, and take the others fate: and this I leau for thee;
 If amply wise, Athenia, gine both their liues to me,
 Reigne our horse to their Chariot hard, and haue a speciall heed
 To sease vpon Æneas Steeds, that we may change their breed,
 And make a Grecian race of them, that haue been long of Troy;
 For, these are bred of those braue beasts, which for the lonely Boy,
 That was now on the Cuppe of loue, lone, that farre seeing God,
 Gave Troas the King, in recompence; the best that ever trod
 The sounding Center, underneath the Morning and the Sunne.
 Anchises stole the breed of them, for where their Syres did runne,
 He closely put his Mares to them, and neuer made it knowne,
 To him that beyrd them, who was then the King Laomedon.
 Six horses had he of that race, of which himselfe kept four,
 And gaue the other two his sonnes; and these are they that scour
 The field so brauely towards vs, expert in charge and flight;
 If these we haue the power to take, our prise is exquisite,
 And our renowne will farre exceed. While these were talking thus,
 The fir'd horse brought th'affilants neere: and thus spake Pandarus;

Most suffering-minded Tideus sonne, that hast of warre the Art;
 My shaft that strook thee, slew thee not, I now will proue a dart:
 This sayd, he shooke, and then he threw, a Lance, aloft and large,
 That in Tydides Curets stuck, quite driving through his Targe;
 Then braid he out so wilde a voyce, that all the field might heare;
 Now haue I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death shall beare
 Our prayses chiefe prize from the field: Tydides, vndismaide,
 Replyde, Thou err'st: I am nottough't: but more charge will be laide,
 To both your liues before you part: at least the life of one
 Shall satiate the throatte of Mars; this sayd, his lance was gone:
 Minerua led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,
 And as he stoopt, strook through his iawes, his tongues roote, and his chinne,
 Downe from the Chariot he fell, his gaye armes shinde and rung,
 The swift horse trembl'd, and his soule for euer charmd his tongue.

Æneas with his Shield and Lance, leapt swiftly to his friend,

Afraid the Greekes would force his trunke ; and that he did defend ,
 Bouid as a Lyon of his strength . he hid him with his shield ,
 hooke round his Lance , and horribly did threaten all the field
 With death , if any durst make in ; Tydides rayd a stome ,
 With his one hand , of wondrous weight , and powrd it mainly on
 The hip of Anchisiades , where in the toynt doth moue
 The thigh ; tis cald the buckle bone , which all in sherdys it droue ;
 Brake both the Nervess ; and with the edge , cut al the flesh away :
 It staggerd him , vpon his knees , and made th' Heroe stay
 His strooke-blind temples , on his hand , his elbow on the earth ;
 And there this Prince of men had died ; if she that gaue him birth ,
 (Kist by Anchises on the greene , where his faire Oxen fed ,
 Ioues louing daughter) instantly , had not about him spred
 Her soft embrases , and conuaide , within her heauenty vaile ,
 (Vsde as a rampier gainst the Darts , that did so hote assayle)
 Her deare lou'd Issue from the field : Then Sthenelus in hast ,
 (Remembryng what his friend aduisde) from forth the prease made fast
 His owne horse to their Charriot , and presently laide hand ,
 Vpon the louely-coated horse , Aeneas did command ;
 Which (bringing to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend ,
 To his belou'd Deiphylus ; who was his inward friend ,
 And (of his equals) one to whom he had most honor showne ;
 That he mighe see them safe at fleet : then slept he to his owne ,
 With which he chearfully made in to Tydeus mightier race ;
 He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hote in desperate chase
 Of her that made it ; with his Lance armde , lesse with steele then spight)
 Wal knowing her , no Deitie , that had to doe in fight ,
 Minerua , his great Patronesse , nor she that raceth Townes ,
 Bellona ; but a Goddesse , weake , and foe to mens renounes ;
 Her (through a world of fight) pursude , at last he ouer-tooke ,
 And (thrusting vp his ruthlesse Lance) her heauenty vaile hee strooke ,
 (That euuen the graces wrought themselves , at her diuine command)
 Quite through , and hurt the tender backe of her delicious hand :
 The rude point piercing through her palme ; forth flow'd th' immortall blood ,
 (Blood , such as flowes in blessed Gods , that eate no humaine food ,
 Nor drinke of our inflaming wine , and therefore bloodlesse are ,
 And cald Immortals) : out she cryed , and could no longer beare
 Her lou'd sonne , whom she cast from her ; and in a sable clowde ,
 Phoebus (receiuing) bid him close , from all the Grecian crowd ;
 Least some of them shoulde take his life . Away flew Venus then ,

And

HOMERS ILIADES.

And after her, cried Diomed; Away, thou spoile of men;
Though sprung from all-preserving loue, These hote encounters leue
is't not enough, that silly Dames, thy sorceries shou'd deceiue,
Unlesse thou thrust into the warre and robbe a Souldiers right?
I thinke, a few of these assaults will make thee feare the fight,
Where euer thou shalt heare it nam'd: She sighing, went her way,
Extremely grieu'd, and with her grieses, her beauties did decay;
And black her Iuory body grew. Then from a dewy mist,
Brake swift-foote Iris to her ayde, from all the Darts that hift,
At her quick rapture; and to Mars, they tooke their plaintife course,
And found him on the fights lefi hand; by him his speedy horse,
And huge Lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,
Her loued brother on her knees, besought, with instant prayer,
His golden-ribband-bound-man'de horse, to lend her vp to heauen,
For she was much grieu'd with a wound, a mortall man had giuen;
Tydides: that aginst loue himselfe, durst now aduance his arme.

He granted; and his Charriot (perplext with her late harme)
She mounted; and her Waggonesse, was she that paints the ayre;
The horse she reignd, and with a scourge, importun'd their repayre,
That of themselues out-flew the winde, and quickly they ascend
Olympus, high seat of the Gods; th' horse knew their iourneys end,
Stood still; and from their Charriot, the windie footed Dame
Dissolu'd and gaue them heauently food; and to Dione came
Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; she kindly bad her stand,
With sweet embraces helpt her vp, strok't her with her soft hand,
And cald her by her name; and askt, what God hath beene so rude,
(Sweet Daughter) to chalisse thee thus? as if thou were pursude,
Euen to the act of some light sinne, and deprehended se;
For otherwise, each close escape, is in the Great let go.

She answer'd; Haughty Tydeus sonne hath beene so insolent;
Since he whom most my heart esteemes of all my lou'd descent
In scude from his bloodie hand: now battaille is not giuen,
To any Troians by the Greekes, but by the Greeks to heauen.

She answer'd; Daughter, think not much, though much it greene thee: vse
The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,
In many bitter ills receiu'd, as well that men sustaine,
By their infiictions; as by men repayd to them againe.

Mars sufferd much more then thy selfe by Ephialtes powre,
And Otus, Aloeus sonnes; who in a brazen towre,
(And in inextricable Chaines) cast that warre-greedy God;

Where twice sixe months and one he liu'd; and there the period
 Of his sad life perhaps had clos'd, if his kind step-dames eye,
 Faire Erebæa had not seene, who told it Mercurie;
 And he by stealth enfranchisde him, though he could scarce enjoy
 The benefit of franchisement, the Chaines did so destroy
 His vitall forces with their weight; so Iuno sufferd more,
 When with a three-forkt arrowes head, Amphytrios sonne did gore
 Her right breast, past all hope of cure: Pluto sustaing no lesse,
 By that selfe man; and by a shaft of equall bitternesse,
 Shot through his shouuler, at hell gates; and there (amongst the dead,
 Were he not deathlesse) he had died: but vp to heaven he fled
 (Extreamly torturde) for recure, which instantly he won,
 At Paxons hand, with soueraigne Balme; and this did loues great sonne,
 Vnblest, great-high-deed-daring man, that ear'd not doing ill;
 That with his bowe durst wound the Gods; but by Minetius will,
 Thy wound, the foolish Diomed was so prophane to gue;
 Not knowing he that fights with heaven, hath never long to liue;
 And for this deed, he never shall hane childe about his knee,
 To call him Father comming home; besides, here this from me,
 (Strength-trusting man) though thou be strong, and art in strength a Toller;
 Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre
 Containes not that superiour strength; and least that woman be,
 Adraustus daughter and thy wife, the wise Ægiale;
 When (from this houre not farre) she wakes, euен sighing with desire
 To kindle our reuenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,
 In choos'ng her some fresh young friend; and so drowne all thy fame,
 Wonne here in warre; in her Court-peace, and in an openy shame.

This saio, with both her hands she cleans'd the tender backe and palme,
 Of all the sacred blood they lost; and never vsing Balme,
 The paines ceast, and the wound was cur'd, of this kinde Queene of Loue.

Iuno and Pallas, seeing this, assayde to anger loue,
 And quit his late made mirth with them, about the louing Dame,
 With some sharpe iest in like sort built, vpon her present shame.
 Greyeyd Athenia began, and askt the Thunderer,
 If (nothing moving him to wrath) she boldly might preferre
 What she conceiu'd, to his concept: and (staying no reply)
 She bade him view the Cyprian fruite, he low'd so tenderly,
 Whom she thought hurt, and by this meanes; Intending to suborne
 Some other Lady of the Greeks (whom louely vailes adorne),
 To gratifie some other friend of her much-loued Troy,

As she embrac't and stirr'd her bloud, to the Venerean ioy,
The golden clasp, those Grecian Dames vpon their gyrdles weare,
Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it ; she had feare.

The thunderer smil'd, and call'd to him, loues golden Arbitresse,
And told her, those rough workes of warre, were not for her accessse:
She shoulde be making marriages, embraces, kisses, charmes;
Sterne Mars, and Pallas had the charge of those affaires in armes.

While these thus talkt, Tydides rage still thirsted to atchieue
His prise vpon Anchiles sonne, though well he did perceiue
The Sunne himselfe protected him : but his desires (inflam'd
With that great Trojan Princes bloud, and armes so highly fam'd)
Not that great God did reuerence. Thrice rusht he rudely on ;
And thrice betwixt his darts, and death, the Sunnes bright target shone.
But when upon the fourth assault (much like a spirit) he flew,
The far-off-working Deitie, exceeding wrathfull grew,
And askt him; What ? Not yeeld to Gods? thy equalls learne to know :
The race of Gods is farre abouemen creeping here below.

This draue him to some small retreate, he would not tempt more neere
The wrath of him, that strooke so farre ; whose powre had now set cleere
Æneas from the stormy field, within the holy place
Of Pergamus ; where, to the hope of his so soueraizne grace
A goodly Temple was aduanc't ; in whose large inmost part,
He left him ; and to his supply, enclin'd his Mothers heart
(Latona) and the Dart-pleasde Queene, who cur'd, and made him strong.

The siluer-bow'd-faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,
An image, that in stature, looke, and armes he did create
Like Venus sonne ; for which, the Greekes and Troians made debate,
Layd lowe strookes on their Ox-hide shields, and bucklers easely borne :
Whch errer Phoebus pleasd to vrge, on Mars himselfe in skorne ;

Mars, Mars, (sayd he) thou plague of men, smear'd with the dust and blood
Of humaines, and their ruin'd walls ; yet thinks thy God-head good
To fright this Furie from the field? who next will fight with loue.
First, in a bold approche he hurt the moist palme of thy Loue :
And next (as if he did affect, to haue a Deities powre)
He held out his assault on me. This said, the loftie Towre
Of Pergamus he made his seate, and Mars did now excite
The Trojan forces, in the forme of him that led to fight
The Thracian troopes, swift Acamas. O Priams sonnes (said he)
How long, the slaughter of your men, can ye sustaine to see?
Even till they braue thee at your gates? Ye suffer beaten downe

Æneas,

Æneas great Anchises sonne; whose prouesse we renowme
 As much as Hectors: fetch him off, from this contentious prease.
 With this, the strength and spirits of all, his courage did encrease;
 And yet Sarpedon secondes him, with this particular taunt
 Of noble Hector; Hector? wh're is thy vntankefull vaunt,
 And that huge strength on n'hich it built? that thou, and thy allies,
 W'ch all thy brothers (without aide of vs or our supplies,
 And troubling not a Citizen) the Cittie safe wold hold;
 In all which, friend, and brothers helps I see not, nor am told
 Of any one of their exploites; but (all held in dismay
 Of Dioned, like a sort of dogges, that at a Lyon baye,
 And entertaine no (spirit to pinch) we (your assitents here)
 Fight for the towne, as you helpt vs; and I, (an aiding Peere,
 An Citizen, eu'en out of care, that doth become a man,
 For men and childrens liberties) adde all the ayde I can:
 Not out of my particular cause: far th'nce my profit growes:
 For far hence, Asial ycia lies, where gulfy Xanthus flowes:
 And where my lou'd wife, infant sonne, and treasure nothing skant,
 I left behinde me, which I see those men woul'd haue that want:
 And therefore they that haue, woul'd keep, yet I (as I'm ouer loose
 Their sure fruition) cheere my troupes, and with their lues propose
 Mine owne life, both to generall fight, and to particular cope,
 With this great sculdier: though (I say) I entertaine no hope
 To haue such meetings as the Greekes nor feare to lose like Troy,
 Yet thou (eu'en Hector) deedelesse stand'st, and car'st not to employ
 Thy towne-borne frinds; to bid them stand to fight and sau'e their wiues;
 Least as a Fowler cast's his nets, upon the sillie liues
 Of Birds of all sorts; so the foe, your walls and houses hales,
 (one with another) on all heads; or such as scape their falls,
 Be made the prey and pri'e of them, (as willing ouerthrownne)
 That hope not for you, with their force, and so this braue-built towne
 Will proue a Chaos; that deserves in thee so hote a care
 As shoud consume thy daies, and nights, to barten and prepare
 Th' assitent Princes: pray their mindes, to beare their far-brought toyles;
 To giue them worth, with worthy fight; in victories and foiles
 Still to be equall; and thy selfe (exampling them in all)
 Neede no reproches nor spurs: all this, in thy free choice shoud fall.
 This stung great Hectors heart: and yet, as euerie generous minde,
 Should silent beare a iust reprooche, and shew what good they finde
 in worthy Counsailes, by their ends put into present deedes;

Not stomack, nor be vainely sham'd; so Hectors spirit proceeds;
And from his Charriot (wholly arm'd) he iumpt upon the sand;
On foote, so toyling through the hoist, a dart in either hand;
And all hands turn'd, against the Greeks; the Greeks despis'de their wort,
And (thickening their instructed powres) expected all they durst:
Then with the feet of horse and foote, the dust in clouds did rise.
And as in sacred floores of Barnes, upon Corne-Winowers flies
The chaffe, driuen with an opposite winde, when yellow Ceres dites;
Which all the Ditors feete, legges, armes, their heads, and shoulders whites:
So look't the Grecians gray with dust, that strooke the solide heauen,
Raysde from returning Charriots, and troopes together driuen:
Each side stood to their labours firme, fierce Mars flew through the ayre,
And gatherd darkenesse from the fight, and with his best affaire,
Obey'd the pleasure of the Sunne, that weares the goulden sword;
Who had him raise the spirits of Troy, when Pallas ceast t'afford
Her helping office, to the Greeks: and then, his owne hands yrought;
Which from his Phantes rich Chancell (curde) the true Eneas brought,
And pladt him by his Peeres in field, who did (with ioy) admire,
To see him both aliue, and safe, and all his powers entire:
Yet stood not fiftyn, how it chance't; another sort of taske,
Then stirring th' idle sive of newes, did all their forces aske:
Inflam'd by Phœbus, ha'mefull Mars, and Eris, eagrer farre:
The Grecianes had none to hearten them, their hearts rose, like the warre;
But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th' Aiaces usde
Styring examples and good words: their owne fames had infus'd
Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare
The Troians force, nor what they forc't, but still expecting were
When most was done, what would be more; their ground they still madg good;
And (in their silence, and set powers) like faire still cloudes they stood,
With which, loue crownes the tops of hills, in any quiet day,
When Boreas and the ruder windes (that use to drive away
Ayres duskie vapors (being loose) in many a whistling gale)
Are pleasingly bound vp and calme, and not a breath exhale;
So firmly stoo'd the Greeks, nor fled for all the Illions ayde.

Auides yet coasts through the troupes, confirming men so stayde:
O friends (sayd he) hold vp your mindes, strength is but strength of will;
Reuerence each others good in fight, and shame at things done ill:
Where souldiers show an honest shame, and loue of honor liues,
That ranks men with the first in fight; death fewer liueries giues
Then like; or than where Fames neglect makes cow-herds fight at length:

Flight neither doth the bodie grace, nor shewes the minde hath strength:
 He sayd; and swiftly through the troopes, a mortall Lance did send,
 That rest a standerd-bearer's life, renown'd Æneas friend;
 Deicoon Pergasides, whom all the Troyans lou'd,
 As he were one of Priams sonnes; his minde was so approu'd
 In alwaies fighting with the first: the Lance his target tooke,
 Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerely strooke,
 And in his bellies rimme was sheath'd beneath his girdle steade:
 He sounded falling, and his armes, with him, resounded, dead.

Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great Æneas ire,
 Diocleus sonnes, Orsilochus, and Cethron, whose kind Sire
 In brauely-builded Phæra dwelt; rich, and of sacred blouds;
 He was descended lyneally, from great Alpheus flood,
 That brodely flowes through Pylos fields: Alpheus did beget
 Orsilochus; who in the rule of many men was set:
 And that Orsilochus begat the rich Diocleus;
 Diocleus sirt to Cethron was, and this Orsilochus:
 Both these arriu'd at mans estate, with both th' Atrides went,
 To honor them in th' Ilion warres, and both were one way sent;
 To death as well as Troy; for death hid both in one blacke houre.
 As two young Lions (with their damme, sustaine but to deuoure)
 Ered on the topes of some steepe hill, and in the gloomy deepe
 Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and prey on sheepe,
 Steeres, Oxen; and destroy mens stals, so long that they come short,
 And by the Owners steele are slaine: in such unhappy sort,
 Fell these beneath Æneas powre. When Menelaus view'd
 (Like two tall fir-trees) these two fall; their timelesse falls he rewdes;
 And to the first fight, where they lay, a vengefull course he tooke;
 His armes beat backe the sunne in flames; a dreadfull Lance he shooke;
 Mars put the furie in his minde, that by Æneas hands,
 (Who was to make the slaughter good) he might haue strowde the sands.
 Antilochus, (olde Nestors sonne) obserning he was bent
 To vrge a combat of such ods, and knowing the euent
 Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone sustaine for him)
 Err'd from their end; made after hard, and tooke them in the trimme
 Of an encounter; both, their hands and darts aduanc't, and shooke,
 And both pitcht, in full stand of charge; when sodainely, the looke
 Of Anchisiades tooke note of Nestors valiant sonne,
 In full charge too; which two to one, made Vcnius issue shunne
 The hote aduenture, though he were, a souldier well approu'd.

Then

Then drew they off their slaughtred friends, who giuen to their belou'd,
 They turnd where fight shew'd deadlyest hate, and there mixt with the dead
 Pylemen, that the targatiers of Paphlagonia led;
 A man like Mars; and with him fell good Mydon that did guide
 His Charriot; Atymnus sonne; the Prince Pylemen died
 By Menelaus. Nestors soy slew Mydon; one before,
 The other in the Charriot: Atrides Lance did gore
 Pylemens shoulde, in the blade; Antilochus did force
 A mightie stone vp from the earth, and (as he turn'd his horse)
 Strooke Mydons elbow in the midst: the reigns of tuorie
 Fell from his hands into the dust: Antilochus let flie,
 His sword withall, and (rushing in) a blow so deadly layd
 Vpon his temples, that he gronde, tumbl'd to earth and stayde
 A mightie white preposterously (because the dust was deepe)
 Vpon his necke and shoulders there, eu'en till his foe tooke keepe
 Of his prisde horse, and made them stirre, and then he prostrate fell:
 His horse Antilochus tooke home. When Hector had heard tell,
 (Amongst the vprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voice,
 And ran vpon the Greeks; behind came many men of choice;
 Before him marcht great Mars himselfe, matcht with his femall mate,
 The dread Bellona: she brought on (to fight for mutuall Fate)
 A tumult that was wilde, and madde: he shooke a horrid Lance,
 And, now, led Hector; and anon, behind would make the chance.

This sight, when great Tydides saw, his hayre stood vp on end:
 And him, whom all the skill and powre of armes did late attend,
 Now like a man in counsaile poore, that (trauailing) goes amisse,
 And (hauing past a boundlesse plaine) not knowing where he is,
 Comes on the sodaine, where he sees a river rough, and rauies
 With his owne billowes rawisched into the King of waues,
 Murmurs with some, and frights him backe: so he, amaze, retirde,
 And thus would make good his amaze; O Friends, we all admirde
 Great Hector as one of himselfe, well-darting, bould in warre;
 When some God guards him still from death, and makes him dare so farre;
 Now Mars himselfe, formde like a man, is present in his rage:
 And therfore, what soever cause, importunes you to wage
 Warre with these Troians, neuer striue, but gently take your rods;
 Least in your bosomes, for a man, yee euer finde a God.

As Greece retirde, the powre of Troy did much more forward prease;
 And Hector, twobraue men of warre, sent to the fields of peace;
 Menesthes, and Anchialus; one Charriot bare them both:

Their falls made Ajax Telamon, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;
 Who lightned out a Lance, that smote Amphius Selages;
 That dwelt in Paedos; rich in lands, and did huge goods posseſſe:
 But Fate, to Priam and his sonnes, conduced a biſſupply:
 The Iaueline on his girdle strooke, and pierced mortally
 His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had lookes so trim,
 That Ajax needs would proue their spoyle; the Troians pourde on him
 Whole stormes of Lances, large, and sharpe: of which, a number stucke
 In his tough shield; yet from the slaine, he did his Iaueline pluck:
 But could not from his shoulders force the armes he did affect;
 The Troians, with such drifts of Darts, the body did protect;
 And wily Telamonius feare d their valourous defences
 So many, and so strонge of hand, stood in, with such expence,
 Of deadly Prowesse; who repell'd (though big, strong, bould he were)
 The famous Ajax; and their friend did from his rapture beare.

Thus this place fill'd with strength of fight, in th' armies other prease,
 Tlepolemus, a tall bigge man, the sonne of Hercules,
 A cruell destinie inspir'd, with strong desire to proue
 Encounter with Sarpedons strength, the sonne of Clewdy loue;
 Who, comming on to that sterne end, had chosen him his foe:
 Thus loues great Nephew, and his sonne, gainſt one another goe;
 Tlepolemus (to make his end more worth the will of Fate)
 Began, as if he had her powre, and show'd the mortall state
 Of too much confidence in man, with this ſuperfluuous Braue;
 Sarpedon, what neceſſitie, or needeleſſe humor draue
 Thy forme, to thſe warres? which in heart I know thou doſt abhorre;
 A man not ſene in deedes of armes, a Lycian Counſailor;
 They lie, that call thee ſonne to loue, ſince loue bred none ſo late;
 The men of elder times were they, that his high powre begat;
 Such men, as had Herculean force; my Father Hercules
 Was loues true iſſue, he was bould, his weedes did well exprefſe
 They ſprung out of a Lyons heart; he whylome came to Troy,
 (For horſe that Jupiter gaue Tros for Gatymed his boy)
 With ſixe ſhippes onely and few men, and tore the Cittie downe,
 Left all her broad wayes desolate, and made the horſe his owne:
 For thee; thy minde is ill diſpoſe, thy bodies powers are poore,
 And therefore are thy troopes ſo weake: the ſoulaijer evermore
 Followes the temper of his chiefe, and thou pullſt downe a ſide:
 But ſay thou art the ſonne of loue, and haſt thy meaneſſe ſupplyed,
 With forces fitting his deſcent; the powers, that I compell,

Shall

Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head run ope the gates of hell.
 Ioues Lycian issue answerde him, Tlepolemus, tis true;
 Thy father, holy Ilion, in that sort ouer-threw;
 Th' iniustice of the king was cause, that where thy father had
 Vs'de good deseruings to his state, he quitted him with bad.
 Helyone, the ioy and grace of king Laomedon,
 Thy father rescu'd from a whale, and gaue to Telamon
 In honourd Nupt alls, Telamon, from whom your strongest Greeke
 Boasts to haue issude; and this grace might well exspect the like:
 Yet he gaue taunts for thanks, and kept against his oath, his horse;
 And therefore both thy fathers strength, and Justice might enforce
 The wreake hee tooke on Troy: but this and thy cause differ farre;
 Sonnes selome heire their fathers worths, thou canst not make his warres.
 What thou assum'st from me, is mine, to be on thee impos'de;
 With this, he threw an ashen dart, and then Tlepolemus los'de
 Another from his gloriuous hand, both at one instant flew;
 Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, Sarpedons laueline drew
 The life-blood of Tlepolemus; full in the midst it fell;
 And what he threatned; th' other gaue, that darkenes, and that hell;
 Sarpedons left thigh tooke the Lance, it pierst the solide bone;
 And with his raging head, ranne through; but Ioue preseru'd his sonne:
 The dart yet vext him bitterly which shoul'd haue beene pul'd out;
 But none considerd then so much, so thicke came on the rowte,
 And fulle each hand so full of cause to ply his owne defence;
 Was held enough (both falne) that both were nobly carried thence.
 Ulysses knew the euents of both and tooke it much to hart,
 That his friendes enemy should scape; and in a two fold part
 His thoughts contended; if he shoul'd pursue Sarpedons life,
 Or take his friendes wreake on his men. Fate did conclude this strife;
 By whom twas otherwise decreeide, then that Ulysses steele
 Should end Sarpedon: in this doubt, Minerua tooke the wheele,
 From fickle Chance; ana made his minde resolute to right his friend
 With that blood he could surest drawe. Then did reuenge extend
 Her full powre on the multitude; Then did he neuer misse;
 Alactor, Halius Chromius Nocimon, Prytanis,
 Alcander, and a number more, he slew and more had slaine;
 If Hector had not understood; whose powre made in amaine,
 And strooke feare through the Grecian troopes, but to Sarpedon gaue
 Hope of full rescue; who thus cryed, O Hector help and saue
 My body from the spoyle of Greece; that to your loued towne,

My friends may see me borne; and then let earth posseſſe her owne,
 In this ſoyle, for whosē ſake I left my Countries; for no day
 Shall euer ſhowe me that againe; nor to my wife diſplay
 (And young hope of my Name) the ioy of my much thirſted ſight;
 All which, I left for Troy; for them let Troy then do th' right.

To all this, Hector giues no word: but greedily he ſtriuſes,
 With all ſpeeđe to repell the Greekes, and ſhed in floods their liues,
 And left Sarpedon: but what face ſoeuer he put on
 Of following the common cauſe, he left this Prince alone.
 For his particular grudge; because ſo late, he was ſo plaine
 In his reprooſe before the hoaſt; and that did he retaine;
 How euer, for example ſake, he would not ſhowe it then;
 And for his shame to; ſince twas iuft. But good Sarpedons men
 Venturd themſelues, anaforc't him off and ſet him underneath
 The goodly Beeche of Jupiter, where now they did unſheathe
 The Aſhen Lance; ſtrong Pelagon, his friend, moſt lou'd, moſt true
 Enforc't it from his maimed thigh: with which, his ſpirit flew;
 And darkenes ouer flewe his eies; yet, with a gentle gale
 That round about the dying Prince, coole Boreas did exhalē,
 He was reuiu'd, recomforted; that else had grieu'd and dyed.

All this time, flight draye, to the fleete, the Argives, who applied
 No weapon againſt the proud purſuite, nor euer turnd a head;
 They knew ſo well that Mars purſude, and dreadfull Hector led.
 Then who was first, who laſt, whose liues the Iron Mars did feaſe,
 And Priams Hector? Helenus, ſurnam'd Oenopides,
 Good Teuthras, and Orestes, ſkild in manadging of horſe;
 Bould Oenoiauſ; and a man renouwnd for Martiall force,
 Trechus, the Great Aetolian Chiefe; Oresbius, that did weare
 The gaudy Myter, ſtudied wealth extremely, and dwelt neere
 Th' Athlantique lake, Cephisides, in Hyla; by whose ſeate,
 The good men of Boetia dwelt. This ſlaughter grew ſo great,
 It flew to heauen; Saturnia diſcern'd it; and cryed out
 To Pallas; O unwarthy fight, to ſee a fielde ſo fought,
 And breake our words to Sparta king, that Ilion ſhould be raſt,
 And he returne reuengde? when thus we ſee his Greekes diſgrac't
 And beare the harmefull rage of Mars? Come, let vs uſe our care
 That we diſhonor not our poures; Minerua was as yare
 As ſhe, at the deſpight of Troy. Her golden-bridd'ſteedes,
 Then Saturns Daughter brought abrode, and Hebe ſhe proceedes
 To addreſſe her Charriot; Instantly, ſhe giues it either wheele,

Beam'd with eight Spokes of sounding brasse; the Axel-tree was Steele;
 The Felfses, incorruptible gould; their upper bands of brasse;
 Their matter most vnuallewed; their worke of wondrous grace;
 The Naues, in which the spokes were driuen, were all with siluer bound;
 The Chariots seate, two hoopes of gould and siluer strengthned round;
 Edged with gould, and siluer frindge; the beame that lookt before,
 Was massie siluer; On whose top, Geres all of gould it wore,
 And goulden Poitrls; Iuno mounts, and her hot horses reign'd;
 That thirfted for contention, and still of peace complainde;
 Minerua wrapt her in the Robe, that curiously she woue
 With glorious colours, as she sat on th' Azure floore of loue;
 And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field;
 About her brode-spred shoulders hung, his huge and horrid shielde,
 Frindg'd round with euer-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life
 The miseries, and deaths of fight; in it fround bloodie strife;
 In it shinde sacred Fortitude; in it fell Pursuit flew;
 In it, the monster Gorgons head, in which (held out to view)
 Were all the dire ostents of loue; on her big head she plac't
 His foure-plum'd glittering Cask of gould; so admirably vast,
 It woulde a hundred Guarisons of souldiers comprehend.
 Then to her shining Charriot her vigorous feete ascend;
 And in her violent hand she takes his graue, huge, solid Lance,
 With which the conquests of her wrath, she vseth to aduance,
 And ouerturne whole fields of men, to shewe she was the seede
 Of him that thunders. Then heauens Queene (to vrge her horses speede)
 Takes vp the scourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heauen
 Rung, and flew open of themselues; the charge whereof is giuen
 (With all Olympus, and the skie) to the distinguisht Howres,
 That cleere, or hide it all in clouds, or poure it downe in Showres.
 This way their scourge-obeying horse made hast, and soone they won
 The top of all the toppefull heauens; where aged Saturns sonne
 Sat severd from the other Gods; then stayd the white-arm'd Queene
 Her Steedes, and askt of loue, if Mars did not incense his spleene
 With his foule deedes, in ruining so many, and so great
 In the Command and grace of Greece, and in so rude a heate.
 At which (she said) Apollo laught, and Venus; who still sue
 To that madde God for violence, that neuer justice knew;
 For whose impietie she askt, if with his wised loue
 Her selfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather moue
 Athenia to the charge she sought, who vsde of olde to be

The

The bane of Mars, and had as well the gift of spoyle as he.

This grace she slackt not; but her horse scourg'd, that in nature flew
Betwixt the Cope of starres and earth: and how farre at a veire
A man into the purple sea, may from a hill deserie;

So farre a high neghing horse of heauen, at euerie steppewould flie.

Arriu'd at Troy, where broke in curls, the two floods mix their force,
(Scamander, and bright Symois) Saturnia staid her horse;

Tooke them from Charriot, and a Clowde of mightie depth diffusde
About them; and the verdant bankes of Symois produc'd

(In nature) what they eate in heauen; then, both the Goddesses
Marcht like a paire of timorous Dous, in hasting their acceſſe,

To th' Argive succour: being arriu'd, where both the most and best
Were heapt together, showing all, like Lyons at a feaſt

Of new ſlaine Carcasses, or Bores beyond encounter strong,
There found they Diomed; and there, midſt all th' admiring throng,

Saturnia put on Scentors ſhape, that had a brazen voice,
And ſpake as lowde as fifty men; like whom ſhe made a noyſe,

And chid the Argives; O ye Greeks, in name, and appetite,
But Princes onely; not in arte; what ſcandall, what deſpight

Vſe ye to honor? all the time the great Eacides

Was conuertant in armes, your foes durſt not a foot addrefſe,
Without their Ports; ſo much they feard his Lance that all contrould,

And now they outray to your fleete. This did with shame make bould
The generall spirit, and powre of Greece; when (with particular note

Of their disgrace) Athenia, made Tydeus iſſue hote
She found him at his Charriot, refreshing of his wound

Inflicted by ſlaine Pandarus; his sweat did ſo abound,
It much annoyd him, underneath the brode belt of his Shield;

With which, and tyred with his toyle, his ſoule could hardly yeeld
His body motion; with his hand, he lifted vp the Belt,

And wip't away that clottred blood, the feruent wound did melt:

Minerua leand againſt his horſe, and neere theyr withers laid
Her ſacred hand; then ſpake to him, Beleeue me Diomed,

Tydeus exempl'd not himſelfe in thee his ſonne; not Great,
But yet he was a ſoldier; a man of ſo much heatē,

That in his Ambaſſie for Thebes, when I forbade his minde
To be too ventrous; and when Feaſts his hart might haue declinde

(With which they welcom'd him) he made a Challenge to the best,
And foild the best; I gaue him aide, because the rust of reſt

(That would haue ſeaſt another minde) he ſufferd not; but vſde

The triall I made like a man, and their soft feasts refusde;
 Yet when I set thee on, thou faint' st; I guard thee, charge, exhort,
 That (I abetting thee) thou shouldest be to the Greekes a Fort,
 And a dismay to Ilion; yet thou obay' st in noughe;
 Affraide, or slouthfull, or else both: henceforth, renounce all thought
 That euer thou wert Tydeus sonne. He answerd her; I know
 Thou art Ioues daughter; and for that, in all iust duetie owe
 Thy speeches reverence; yet affirme, ingenuously, that feare
 Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor slouth; I onely beare
 Thy charge in Zealous memorie, that I shoulde neuer warre
 With any blessed Deitie, vnlesse exceeding farre
 The limits of her rule, the Queene that gouernes Chamber sport
 Should prease to fielde; and her, thy will enioynd my Lance to hurt;
 But he whose powre hath right in armes, I knew in person here
 (Besides the Cyprian Deitie) and therefore did forbear;
 And here haue gatherd, in retreate, these other Greeks you see
 With note and reuerence of your charge. My dearest mind (sayd she)
 What then was fit is chang'd; Tis true, Mars hath iust rule in warre,
 But iust warre; otherwise he rauies not fightes; he's alterd farre;
 He vow'd to Iuno, and my selfe, that his aside should be vsde
 Against the Troians, whom it guards; and therein he abusde
 His rule in armes; infring'd his word, and made his warre uniusc;
 He is inconstant, impious, mad; Resolue then, firmly trust
 My ayde of thee against his worst, or any Deitie;
 Adde scourge to thy free horse, charge home: he fights perfidiously.

This sayd; as that braue king, her knight, with his horse-guiding friend,
 Were set before the Charriot (for signe he shoulde descend
 That she might serue for waggonesse) She pluckt the waggoner back,
 And vp into his seat she mounts; The Beechen tree did cracke
 Beneath the burthen; and good cause it bore so huge a thing;
 A Goddesse so replete with powre, and such a puissant king.
 She snatched the scourge vp and the reinges, and shut her heauenly looke
 In hels vast helme, from Mars his eyes, and full carier she tooke
 At him; who then had hewly slaine the mighty Periphas,
 Renown'd sonne to Ochelius; and farre the strongest was
 Of all th' Aetolians; to whose spoyle the bloodie God was run:
 But when this man-plague saw th' approche of God-like Tideus sonne,
 He let his mightie Periphas lye, and in full charge he ran
 At Diomed; and he, at him; both neer, the God began,
 and (thirstie of his blood) he throwes a brazen Lance, that beares

Full on the breast of Diomed aboue the reyns and geres;
 But Pallas tooke it on her hand, and strooke the eager Lance
 Beneath the Charriot: then the knight of Pallas doth aduance,
 And cast a lauelink off, at Mars; Minerva sent it on;
 That (where his arming girdle girt) his bellie gras'd upon,
 Iust at the rim, and rancht the flesh: the Lance againe he got;
 But left the wound, that stung him so, he layd out such a throat,
 As if nine or ten thousand men had bray'd out all their breaths
 in one confusione; hauing felt as many soudaine deaths:
 The rore made both the hoastes amazde. Up flew the God to heauen;
 And with him, was through all the ayre, as blacke a tincture driven
 (To Diomedes eyes, as when the earth halfe chok't with smoking heat
 Of gloomie Clouds, that stifle men, and pitchy tempests threat,
 Vsherd with horrid gusts of winde: with such blacke vapor's plumde
 Mars flew t'Olympus, and brode heauen; and there his place resumde;
 Sadly he went, and sat by loue; showde his immortall blood,
 That from a mortall-man-made wound, poured such an impious flood;
 And (weeping) poured out these complaints; O Father, stormst thou not
 To see vs take these wrongs from men? extreame griefes we haue got
 Euen by our owne deepe counsayls held, for gratifying them;
 And thou (our Counsayles President) conclud'st in this extreame
 Of fighting euer; being rulde, by one that thou hast bred;
 One neuer well, but doing ill; a Gyrle so full of head,
 That, though all other Gods obey, her madde moodes must command,
 By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any touch of hand
 Conforming her; thy reason is she is a spark of thee,
 And therefore she may kindle rage in men, gainst Gods; and shee
 May make men hurt Gods; and those Gods that are, besides, thy seed;
 First in the palms height, Cyprides, then runs the impious deede
 On my hurt person: and could life give way to death in me;
 Or had my feet not fetcht me off, Leaps of mortalitie
 Had kept me consort. Jupiter, with a contracted browe,
 Thus answerd Mars; Thou many minds inconstant changeling thou,
 Sit not complaining thus by me, whom most of all the Gods
 (Inhabiting the starrie hill) I hate; No periods
 Being set to thy contentions, brawles fights, and pitching fields;
 Iust of thy mother Iunos moodes, stiff-neckt, and neuer yeelds,
 Though I correct her still, and chide; nor can for beare offence,
 Though to her sonnes this wound, I knowe, tastis of her insolence;
 But I will proue more naturall, thou shalt be curde, because

Thou

Thou com'st of me : but hadst thou beeene so crosse to sacred lawes,
Being borne to any other God, thou hadst beeene throwne from heauen
Long since, as lowe as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driuen.

This said; he gaue his wound in charge to Paxon ; who applyed
Such soueraigne medicines ; that as soone the paine was qualifid,
And he recurde ; as nourishing milke, when runnet is put in,
Runnes all in heapes of tough, thicke Curd, though in his nature thin :
Euen so soone, his wounds parted sides ran close in his recure ;
For he (all deathless) could not long the parts of death endure.
Then Hebe bath'd, and put on him fresh garments, and he sate,
Exulting by his Syre againe, in top of all his state ;
(having from the spoyles of men, made his desir de remoue)
Iuno, and Pallas reascend the starrie Court of loue.

The ende of the fist Booke.





THE SIXT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES



The Gods now leaving an indifferent field,
The Greeks preuale, the slaughtered Troians yeeld;
Hector (by *Hellenus* aduise) retires
In hastle to *Troy*; and *Hecuba*, desires
To pray *Minerva*, to remoue from fight
The sonne of *Tydeus*, her affected knight;
And vow to her (for fauour of such price)
Twelue Oxen should be slaine in sacrifice.
In meane space, *Glaucus* and *Tydides* meete;
And either other, with remembrance greet
Of ould loue twixt their Fathers; which enclines
Their harts to friendship; who change Armes or signes
Of a continuall loue for eitherhs life.
Hector, in his returne, meetes with his wife;
And taking, in his armed armes, his sonne,
He prophecies the fall of *Ilion*.

Another Argument.
In *Zeta*, *Hector* prophecies;
Prayes for his sonne; wills sacrifice.

The sterne fight freed of all the Gods; Conquest, with doubtfull wings,
Flew on their Lances; euerie way the restless field she flings,
Betwixt the floods of *Symois*, and *Xanthus*; that confinde
All their affaires at *Ilion*, and round about them shinde.
The first that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular side,
Was *Ajax*, sonne of *Telamon*: who like a Bullwarke plyde
The Greeks protection; and of *Troy* the knottie orders brake;
Held out a light to all the rest, and shew'd them how to make

Way

Way to their conquest ; he did wound the strongest man of Thrace,
 The tallest, and the biggest set, (Eusorian Acamas) :
*His Lence fell on his Casques plum'd top in stooping ; the fell head
 Draue through his forehead to his lawes, his eyes it darkned dead ;*
 Tydides slew Teuthranides Axilus, that did dwell
In faire Arisbas well-buili Towns ; he had of wealth a Well ;
*And yet was kind and bountifull ; he would a trauailler pray
 To be his guest ; his friendly house stoode in the brode high way ;*
In which, he all sorts nobly vs'de : yet none of them would stand,
Twixt him and death ; but both himselfe, and he that had command
Of his faire horse, Calisius, fell lueless on the ground.
 Euryalus, Opheltius and Drelus dead did wound ;
Nor ended there his fierie course ; which he againe begins,
And ran it too successfull upon a paire of Twins,
 Æ'opus, and boyl'd Pedafus ; whom good Bucolion,
(That first calde father, though base borne, renoun'd Laomedon)
On Nais Abarbarz a got ; a Nymphe that (as she fed
Her curled flockes) Bucolion woo'd, and mixt in loue and bed ;
Both these were spoyl'd of armes, and life, by Mecistiades ;
Tken Polypætes, for sterne death, Astialus did sease ;
 Vlysses slew Percosius, Teucer, Aretaon ;
 Antiochus (olde Nestors ioy) Ablerus, the great sonne
 Of Atreus, and king of men, Elatus, whose abode
He held at upper Pe-lalus, where Satinus riner flow'd ;
The great Heroe Leitus stayde Philacus in flight,
From further life ; Euryphilus, Melanthius, reft of life ;
The brother to the king of men, Adrestus tooke aliuie ;
Whose horse, (affrighted with the flight) their driver now did driue,
Amongst the low-growne Tamricke Trees, and at an arme of one,
The Chariot in the Draught-tree brake ; the horse brake loose and ron
The same way other flyers fled, contending all to towne ;
Himselfe close at the Chariot wheele, upon his face was throwne,
And there lay flat, rould up in dust ; Atrides inwards draue,
And (houlding at his breast his Lance) Adrestus sought to sane
His head by losing of his feete, and trusing to his knees ;
On which, the same parts of the king, he hugges, and offers fees
Of worthie valew for his life ; and thus pleades their receipt ;
Take me aliuie, O Atreus sonne, and take a worthy weight
Of brasse, elaborate Iron, and gould : a heape of precious things
Are in my Fathers riches hid ; which when your seruant brings

newies of my safetie to his eares) he largely will diuide
 With your rare bounties: Atreus sonne thought this the better side,
 And meant to take it; being about to send him safe to fleete:
 Which when (farre off) his brother sawe, he wingd his royll Feet,
 And came in threatening, crying out; O soft hart what's the cause
 Thou spar'st these men thus? haue not they obseru'd these gentle lawes
 Of mild humanitie to thee with mightie argument,
 Why trou shouldest deale thus? In thy house? and with all president
 Of honord guest-rites entertainde? not one of them shall flie
 A bitter end for it, from heauen, and much lesse (dotingly)
 Scape our reuengefull fingers; all, euен th' infant in the wombe
 Shall rasse of what they merited, and haue no other tombe
 Then raced ilion; nor their race haue more fruite, then the dust.
 This inst. cause turnd his brothers minde, who violently thrust
 The Prisoner from him; In whose guttes the King of men impeare't
 His shen lance; which (pitching downe, his foote vpon the brest,
 Of him that vpwards fell) he drew; then Nestor speake to all:
 O Friends and household men of Mars, let not your pursute fall,
 With those ye fell, for present spoyle; nor (like the king of men)
 Let any scape unseld; but on, dispatch them all, and then
 Ye shall haue time enough to spoyle. This made so strong their chace,
 That all the Troians had beeene housde, and neuer turnd a face,
 Had not the Priamist Hellenus (an Augure most of name)
 Will'd Hector, and Æneas thus; Hector, Anchises fame,
 Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weighty burthen lies
 Of Troy and Lycia, (being both of noblest faculties
 For Counsell, strength of band, and apt to take chance at her best,
 in every turne she makes) stand fast, and suffer not the rest;
 (By any way searcht out for scape) to come within the Ports;
 Lest (fled into their wifes kinde armes) they there be made the sports
 Of the pursuing enimie; exhort and force your bands,
 To turne their faces: and while we employ our ventur'd hands
 (Though in a hard condition) to make the other staye;
 Hector, goe thou to Ilion; and our Queen mother pray,
 To take the richest Robe she hath, the same that's chiefly deare
 To her Court fancie; with which gem (assembling more to her,
 Of Troyes chiefe Matrones) let all goe, (for feare of all our Fates)
 To Pallas Temple; take the key, unlocke the leany gates;
 Enter, and reach the highest Towre, where her Palladium stands;
 And on it, put the precious vayle, with pure, and reverent hands;

And

And vow to her(besides the gift) a sacryficing stroke
 Of twelve fat Heifers, of a yare; that never felt the yoke;
 (Most answering to her maiden state) if she will fittie vs;
 Our towne, our wines, and youngest toyes, ana (him that plagues them thus)
 Take from the conflict, Diomed; that Furie in a fight,
 That true sonne of great Tydeus, that cunning Lord of flight:
 Whom I esteeme the strongest Greeke; for we haue never fled
 Achilles (that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddess brei)
 Like him; his furie flies so highe, and all mens wraths commands;
 He & tor intends his brothers will; but first through all his bands,
 He made quicke way encouraging, and all (to feare) affrayde;
 All turnd their heads and mace Greece turn. Slaughter stood stil dismaide
 On their parts; for they thought some God, falne from the vault of starres,
 Was rusht into the Ilios ayde; they made such dreadfull warres.

Thus Hector, toyling in the waues and thrusting backe the flood
 Of his ebb d forces, thus takes leane; So, so, now runnes your bloud
 In his right current; Forwar as now Troy ins, and farre cald friendes
 Awhile hould out; till for successse to this your braue amends,
 I haste to Ilios, and procure our Counsaylors, and wines
 To pray, and offer Hecatombs, for their states in our liues.

Then faire-helmd Hector turnd to Troy; and (as he trode the fielde)
 The blacke Bulls hide that at his backe he wore about his shield,
 (In the extreame circumferer ee) was with his gate sorockt,
 That (being large) it (both at once) hi necke and ankles knockt.

And now betwixt the hoasts, were met, Hippolochus braue sonne,
 Glaucus; who(in his verie looke) hope of some wonder won,
 And little Tydeus mightie heire; who seeing such a man
 Offer the fielde; (for vsall blowes) with wondrous words began.

What art thou (strongst of mortall men) that putt'st so farre before?
 Whom these fights neuer show'd mine eyes? they haue beeene euermore
 Sonnes of unhappie parents borne, that came within the length
 Of this Minerua-guided Lance, and durst close with the strength
 That she inspires in me; If heauen be thy diuine abode,
 And thou a Eoitie, thus inform'd, no more with any God,
 Will I change Lances: the strong sonne of Drias did not live,
 Long after such a conflict darde; who godly did drine
 Nilæus Nurses through the hill, made sacred to his name,
 And cald Nissius; with a gode, he puncth each furious dame,
 And made them euerie one cast downe their greene and leauie speares:
 This t'Homicide Lycurgus did, and those vngodly feares,

He put the Froes in ; seas'd their God ; eu'en Bacchus he did drine
 From his Nisceius ; who was faine (with huge exclimes) to dñe
 Into the Ocean ; Thetis there in her bright bosome tooke
 The flying Deitie ; who so fearde Lycurgus threats, he shooke :
 For which, the freely-living Gods, so hightly were incenſt,
 That Saturns great ſonne strooke him blind, and with his life diſpenſt
 But ſmall time after ; all because th' Immortalls lou'd him not ;
 Nor lou'd him, ſince he ſtriu'd with them : and his end hath begot
 Feare in my powrs, to fight with heauen : but if the fruits of earth
 Nouriſh thy body, and thy life be our humane birth ;
 Come neere, that thou maſt ſoone arriue on that life-bounding ſhore,
 To which I ſee thee hoſe ſuch ſaile. Why doſt thou ſo explore,
 (ſayd Glaucus) of what race I am ? when like the race of leaues
 The race of man is ? that deſerues no queſtion ; nor receiuſes
 My being any other breath ; The windē in Autumn ſtrowes
 The earth with olde leaues ; then the Spring, the woods with new indewes,
 And ſo death ſcatters men on earth, ſo life puts out againe
 Mans leauie iſſue : but my race if (like the course of men)
 Thou ſeekſt in more particular tearmes, tis this ; (to many known)
 In midſt of Argos, nurse of horſe, there ſtands the walled Towne
 Ephyre ; where the Mansion house of Sylphus did stand ;
 Of Sylphus Eolides, moſt wife of all the Land ;
 Glaucus was ſonne to him, and he beget Bellerophon,
 Whose body heauen indued with strength, and put a beautie on,
 Exceeding louely ; Praetus, yet his cauſe of loue diſhate
 And baniſhē him the towne : he might, he rulde the Argive ſtate ;
 The vertue of the one, loue plac't beneath the others powre.
 His exile grewe, ſince he denied, to be the Paramour.
 Of fayre Anteia, Praetus wife ; who ſelt a raging fire
 Of ſecret loue to him : but he whom wiſedom diſprie
 As well as prudence, (one of them aduising him to ſhunne
 The danger of a Princeſſe loue ; the other, not to runne
 Within the danger of the Gods ; the act being ſimplie ill)
 Still intertwining thoughts diuine, ſubdu'd the earthly ſtill ;
 She (rulde by neither of his wits) preferd her luſt to both ;
 And (faſte to Praetus) would ſeeme true, with this abhorre'd vntroth ;
 Praetus or dye thy ſelfe (ſayd ſhe) or let Bellerophon die,
 He urg'd diſhonour to thy bed : which ſince I did denie,
 He thought his violence ſhould grant, and ſought thy shame by force ;
 The king, incenſt with her report, resolu'd vpon her course :

But

But doubted how it should be runne ; he shunnd his death direct ;
 (Holding a way so neere, not safe) and plotted the effect,
 By sending him with Letters seald (that opened, toucht his life)
 To Rheus king of Lycia, and father to his wife :
 He went ; and happily he went, the Gods walke all his way.
 And being arrin'd in Lycia, where Xanthus doth display
 The siluer ensignes of her wanes ; the King of that brode Land
 Receiu'd him, with a wondrous free and honourable hand ;
 Nine dayes he feasted him ; and kild an Ox in euerie day,
 In thankefull sacrifice to heauen, for his faire guest ; whose stay
 With rosie fingers brought the world the tenth wel-welcomde morne ;
 And then the king did moue, to see the Letters he ha borne
 From his lou'd sonne in law : which scene, he thus wrought their contents,
 Chymæia the invincible, he sent him to conuince ;
 Sprung from no man, but meere diuine ; a Lyons shape before ;
 Behind, a Dragons ; in the midst, a Gotes shagg'd forme she bore ;
 And flames of deadly feruencie flew from her breath and eyes ;
 Yet her he slew ; his confidence, in sacred prodiges
 Renderd him victor ; then he gaue his second conquest way ;
 Against the famous Solymi, when (he himselfe would say
 Reporting it) he enterdon, a passing vigorous fight ;
 His third huge labor he approu'd against a womans fight,
 That fild a field of Amazons : he ouercame them all.
 Then set they on him slie deceipt, when force had such a fall ;
 An ambush of the strongest men, that spacious Lycia bred,
 Was lodg'd for him ; whom he lodg'd sure, they never raysde a head.
 His deeds thus showing him deriu'd from some Celestiall race ;
 The king de-tainde, and made amends, with doing him the grace
 Of his faire Daughters Princely gift ; and with her (for a Dowre)
 Gaue halfe his kingdome ; and to this, the Lycians on did poure
 More then was giuen to any King ; a goodly planted field,
 In sorre parts, thicke of groves, and woods ; the rest rich croppes did yeeld :
 This field, the Lycians fUTURELY (of future wandrings there
 And other errors of their prince, in the unhappy Kere
 Of his sad life) the Errant cald : the prnceesse brought him forth
 Three Children (whose ends grieu'd him more, the more they were of worth)
 Isander, and Hippolochus, and faire Laodomy ;
 With whom, euen Iupiter himselfe, left heauen it self, to lie ;
 And had by her the man at armes Sarpedon, cald diuine ;
 The Gods then left him (least a man shoulde in their glories shine)

And set against him: for his sonne, Ilandrus, (in a strife,
 Against the valiant Solymus) Mais rest of light and life;
 Laodamia (being enued of all the Goddesses)
 The goulden bardle handling Queene, the mayden Patronesse,
 Slew with an arrow; and for this he wandred euermore,
 Alone through his Aleian fielde and sed upon the core
 Of his sad bosome; flying all the loth dconsorts of men:
 Yet had he one furiu'd to him, of those three childeren,
 Hippolochus, the root of me, who sent me here with charge,
 That I should alwayes beare me well, and my deserts enlarge
 Beyond the vulgar; least I shande my race; that farre exceld
 All that Ephyras famous Towrs, or ample Lycia held.
 This is my flock, and this am I: this cheerld Tydides hart;
 Who pitcht his speare downe, leand and talkt in this affectionate part;
 Certesse (in thy great Ancetor, and in mine owne) thou art
 A quest of mine, right ancient; king Oeneus twentie daies
 Detaind, with Feasts, Bellerophon, whom all the world did prayse;
 Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were giuen; my Grandfire gaue to thine,
 A gyrdle of Thanician worke, impurpl'd wondrouſ fine:
 Thine gaue a two-neckt lugge of gould; which though I vsenot here,
 Yet still it is my gemme at home: but if our fathers were
 Familiar, or each other knew, I know not; since my fire
 Left me a childe, at siege of Thebes, where he left his lifes fire;
 But let vs proue our Grandfires sonnes, and be each others questes;
 To Lycia, when I come, do thou receiue thy friend with feasts;
 Peleponesus, with the like, shall thy wifte presence greet;
 Meane space, shunne we each other here, though in the prease we meet;
 There are enow of Troy beside, and men enough renounde
 To right my Powrs, whom ever heauen shall let my Lance confound;
 So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill who thou canſt; and now
 For ſigne of Amitie twixt vs, and that all theſe may know
 We glorie in th' ho/pituous rites, our Grandfires did command,
 Change we our armes before them all: from horſe then both descenda,
 Ioyne hands, giue faith, and take, and then did Ioue elate
 The mind of Glaucus; who to ſhowe his reuerence to the ſtate
 Of vertue in his grandfires hart, and gratulate beside
 The offer of ſo great a friend, exchang'd (in that good pride)
 Curets of gould, for thoſe of brasse, that did on Diomed ſhine;
 One, of a hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.
 By this, had Hector reaſt the ports of Scæa, and the Towrs;

About him flockt the wiues of Troy, the Children, Paramours ;
 Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, lones .

He stoo'd not then to answe're them, but said; It now behoues
 Ye shoul'd goe all to implore the aide of heauen, in a distresse
 Of great effect, and imminent : then hasted he acceſſe,
 To Priams goodly buildest Court ; which round about was runne
 With walking porches galleries, to keep off raine and sunne ;
 Within of one side, on aew of sundrie colourd stones,
 Fiftie faire lodgings were built out, for Priams fiftie sonnes ;
 And for as fayre sort of their wiues ; and in the opposite viewē
 Twelue lodgings of like stōne, like height were likewise built aew ;
 Where, with their faire and vertuous wiues, twelue Princes, sonnes in Law
 To Honourable Priam laye ; And here met Hecuba
 (The louing mother) her great sonpe ; and with her, needes must be
 The faireſt of her femall Race the bright Laodice ;
 The Queene grip't hard her Hectors hand, and said; O worthyſt ſonne,
 Why leau'ſt thou field ? is't not because, the cursed Nation
 Afflict our Countrymen and friends ? They are their mones that moue
 Thy minde to come and lift thy hands (in h's high Towre) to loue :
 But ſtay a little, that my ſelfe may fetch our sweeteſt wine,
 To offer firſt to lupiter ; then that theſe ioynts of thine
 May be refreſht ; for (woe is me) how thou art toyld, and ſpent !
 Thou for our Citties generall state ; thou, for our friends farre ſent,
 Muſt now the preaſe of fight endure, now solitude to call
 Vpon the name of Lupiter, thou onely for vs all ;
 But wine will ſomething comfort thee : for to a man diſmaide,
 With carefull ſpirits ; or too much, with labour ouerlaide,
 Wine brings good rescue, ſtrengthening much the bodie and the minde .

The great helme-mouer thus receiu'd the author of his kind ;
 My roiall mother, bring no wine, leaſt rather it impayre,
 Then helpe my ſtrength, and make my minde forgetfull of th'affaire,
 Committed to it : and (to poure it out in ſacrifice)
 I feare, with unwaſht hands, to ſerue the pure-liu'd Deities ;
 Nor is it lawfull, thus imbrew'd with blood, and dufft, to proue
 The will of heauen ; or offer vowe's to clowd compelling loue ;
 I onely come to uſe your paines (aſſembling other Dames,
 Matrons, and woemen honour'd moſt, with high and vertuous names)
 With wine and odors ; and a robe moſt ample moſt of price,
 And which is deareſt in your loue, to offer ſacrifice,
 In Pallas Temple ; putting on the precious robe ye beare ,

On her Palladium: and to vow, twelve Oxen of a yeare,
 Whose necks were never wrung with yoke, shall pay her Grace their liues,
 If she will pittie our sieg'd Iorune, pittie our selues, our wiues,
 Pittie our children; and remoue, from sacred Ilion,
 The dreadfull Soldiour Diomed; and when your selues are gone,
 About this worke; my selfe will goe, to bring into the fieldes,
 (If he will heare me) Hellens Loun; whom would the earth would yeeld
 And headlong take into her Gulfe, eu'en quicke before mine eyes:
 For then my heart, I hope, would cast his lode of miseries;
 Borne for the plague he hath been made, and bred to the deface
 (By great Olympius) of Troy, our Sire, and all our Race;
 This sayd graue Hecuba went home, and sent her maids about,
 To bid the Matrones; she her selfe descended, and searcht out
 (Within a place that breath'd perfumes) therichest Robe she had:
 Which lay with many rich ones more, most curiously made,
 By women of Sydonia; which Paris brought from thence,
 Sayling the broad Sea, when he made that voyage of offence,
 In which he brought home Hellena. That Robe, transferd so farre,
 (That lay the vndermost) she tooke; it glittered like a starre;
 And with it, went she to the Fine, with many Ladies more;
 Amongst whom, faire chek't Theano unlockt the folded dore;
 Chaste Theano, Antenor's wife and of Cissus race,
 Sister to Hecuba both borne to that great king of Thrace;
 Her, th' Ilions made Minerua Priest, and her they followed all,
 Up to the Temples highest Towre; where on their knees they fall,
 Lift up their hands, and fill the Fane with Ladies pittious cries.
 Then louely Theano tooke the vaile, and with it she imples
 The great Palladium, praying thus; Goddess of most renowne,
 In all the heauen of Goddesses, great guardian of our Towne;
 Reuerena Minerua; break the Lance of Diomed, cease his grace;
 Giue him to fall in shamefull slight headlong and on his face,
 Before our Ports of Ilion; that instantly we may,
 Twelve vnyok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple slaye,
 To thy sole honor; take their bloods and banish our offence,
 Accept Troys zeale, her wiues, and save our infants innocence.

She prayed, but Pallas would not grant. Meane space was Hector come
 Where Alexanders lodgings were, that many a goodly roome
 Had, built in them by Architects of Troys most curious sort;
 And were no lodgings; but a house, nor no house, but a Court;

Or had all these containde in them; and all within a Towre,
 Next Hectors lodgings and the kings : the lon'd of heauens chiefe powre,
 Hector , here entred ; in his hand a goodly Lance he bore,
 Ten cubits long ; the brasen head went shining in before ,
 Help'd with a burnisht Ring of gould ; he found his brother then
 Amongst the woemen ; yet preparede to goe amongst the men .
 For in their Chamber he was set , trimming his armes , his shield ,
 His Curets ; and was trying how his crooked Bowe would yeeld
 To his streight armes ; amongst her mayds , was set the Argive Queene ,
 Commandaing them in choyest works . When Hectors eyes had seene
 His brother thus accompanid , and that he could not beare
 The verie touching of his armes , but whexe the woemen were ;
 And when the time so needed men ; right cunningly he chid
 That he might do it bitterly ; his Cowherdise he bid ,
 (that simply made him so retirde) beneath an anger fainde ,
 In him , by Hector ; for the hate the Citizens sustaine
 Against him , for the foyle he tooke in their cause ; and againe ,
 For all their generall foyles in his ; so Hector seemes to plaine
 Of his wrath to them , for their hate , and not his Cowherdise ,
 As that were it that shelterd him , in his effeminacie ;
 And kept him in that dangerous time , from their fit aide in fight :
 For which he chid thus ; Wretched man , so timelesse is thy spight ,
 That tis not honest ; and their hate is iust , gainst which it bends ;
 Warre burns about the Towne for thee ; for thee our slaughtered friends
 Besiege Troy with their carcazes , on whose heapes our high wals
 Are ouerlook't by enemies : the sad sounds of their falls ,
 Without , are echo'd with the cries of wiues and babes within ,
 And all for thee ; and yet for them thy hono'r cannot winne
 Head of thine anger : thou shouldest need no spirit to stirre vp thine ,
 But thine shouldest set the rest on fire , and with a rage diuine
 Chastise impartially the best , that impiously forbeares :
 Come forth ; least thy faire Tows , and Troy be burnd about thine eares .

Paris acknowledg'd (as before) all iust that Hector spake ;
 Allowing iustice , though it were for his iniustice sake :
 And where his brother put a wrath upon him , by his art ;
 He takes it (for his honor's sake) as sprung out of his hart ;
 And rather would haue anger seeme his fault , then cowherdise ;
 And thus he answerde ; Since with right , you ioynd checke with advise ;
 And I heare you : giue equall care ; It is not any spleene ,

Against the Towne (as you conceiue) that makes me so vnseene;
 But sorrow for it: which to ease, and by discourse digest,
 (Within my selfe) I liue so close: and yet since men might wrest
 My sad retreat; like you, my wife (with her aduise) enclinde
 This my addresion to the fielde, which was my owne free minde,
 As well as th' instance of her words; for though the foyle were mine,
 Conquest brings forth her wreaths of turnes: stay then this hast of thine
 But till I arme, and I am made a consort for thee streight.
 O goe, he ouertake thy haste. Hellen stood at receipt,
 And tooke vp all great Hectors powers, p'attend her heauie words;
 By which had Paris no reply; this vent her griefe affordes;
 Brother, (if I may call you so, that had beene better borne
 A dogge, then such a horrid Dame, as all men curse and skorne,
 A mischiefe maker, a man-plague.) O wold to God the day,
 That first gaue light to me, had beene a whrylewinde in my way;
 And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage
 Of earths most farre-resounding seas, ere I should thus engage
 The deare liues of so many friends: yet since the Gods haue beene
 Helpeless foreseers of my plagues, they might haue likewise seene,
 That he the put in yoke with me, to beare out their awarde,
 Had beene a man of much more spirit, and, or had noblier dar'd
 To sheld mine honor with his deed; or with his minde, had knowne,
 Much better the vbraids of men; that so he might haue showne
 (More like a man) some sense of griefe, for both my shame and his;
 But he is senseless, nor conceiues, what any manhood is;
 Nor now, nor euer after, will. O then what hope haue I
 Of any least joy in my loue? or why shoulde miserie
 Let me respect my selfe at all? deare brother, and to you
 That know my worthlesness, all cares that I on ouerflowe
 (By my meanes, being pourd on you, sit yet and something ease
 By me your toyles; which haue this good, that fame shall make their peacee,
 Through all times future: but my cares, by Paris got; as long,
 Blacke infamie shall thunder out, and be the vulgars song.

He answerd; Hellen, do not seeke, to make me sit with thee;
 I must not stay; though well I knowe thy honord loue of me;
 My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in whom my absence breeds
 Longings to see mee; for whose sakes, importune thou, to deeds,
 This man by alt meanes; and let him be to himselfe a spurre,
 And meet me ere I passe the towne, that he may yet incurre

The good opinion of his friends; my selfe will home, and see
My household, my deare wife, and sonne, that little hope of me.
For (sister) tis without my skill, if I shall euer more,
Returne and see them; or to earth her right in me restore;
The Gods may stoupe me by the Greeks. This said, he went to see
The vertuous Princesse, his true wife, white arm'd Andromache.
She (with her infant sonne, and maide) was climb'd the towre about
The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out.
Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retirde,
Stood in the gate, her woman cald, and curiously enquird,
Where she was gone; bad tell him true, if she were gone to see
His sisters, or his brothers wiues? or whether she shold be
At Temple with the other Dames, t' implore Minetwas ruth.
Her woman answerd; since he askt and vrg'd so much the truth,
The truth was, she was neither gone, to see his brothers wiues;
His sisters; nor t' implore the ruth of Pallas on their liues;
But (she aduertisde of the bane Troy suff:rd; and how vast
Conquest had made her selte, for Greece) like one distraught, made hast
To ample Ilion, with her sonne and nurse; and all the way,
Mournde, and dissolu'd in teares for him. Then Hector made no stay;
But trode her pathe, and through the streets (magnificently built)
All the great Citty past, and came, where (seeing how blood was spilt)
Andromache might see him come; who made as he woulde passe.
The ports without saluting her, not knowing where she was;
She, with his sight, made breathlesshaste to meet him; she whose grace
Brought him, withall, so great a dowre, she that of all the race
Of King Action, onely liu'd; Action whose house stood
Beneath the mountaine Placius, enuirond with the wood
Of Thebane Hippolace; being Court to the Cilician Land;
She ran to Hector, and with her (tender of hart and hand)
Her sonne, borne in his nurses armes: when like a heauenly Signe,
Compact of many goulden stars, the prynce childe did bine;
Whom Hector cald Scamandrius, but whom the Towne did name
Astianax; because his fire did onely prop the same.
Hector, (though griefe bereft his speech, yet) smil'd upon his ioy:
Andromache cryed out, mixt hands, and to the strength of Troy,
Thus wept forth her affection: O noblest in desire;
Thy minde, enflam'd with others good, will set thy selfe on fire;
Nor pittiest thou thy sonne, nor wife, who must thy widow be;

If now thou issye, all the fielde wil onely run on thee;
 Better my shoulder's underwent the earth, then thy decease;
 For then woulde earth beare ioyes no more: then comes the black encrease
 Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilion): Alas; what one surlynes
 To be my refuge? one black day bereft seuen brothers lues,
 By sterne Achilles; by his hand my Father breath'd his last;
 His high-walld rich Cilician hebes, sackt by him, and layd wast;
 Theroyall bodie yet he left vnspoylde; Religion charmd
 That act of spoyle; and al in fire, he burn'd him compleat arm'd,
 Built ouer him a royll Tombe: and to the Monument
 He left of him; th' Oreades (that are the high descent
 Of Æg's-bearing Jupiter) another of their owne.
 Did adde to it; and set it round with elms, by which is shoun
 (In theirs) the Barrainnes of death; yet might it serue beside
 To shelter the sad Monument, from all the ruffenous pride
 Of stormes, and tempests, vse to hurt things of that noble kind;
 The short life, yet, my mother liu'd, he sau'd, and seru'd his mind
 With all the riches of the Realme; which not enough esteemde,
 He kept her prisoner; whom small time, but much more wealth redeem'd:
 And she in sylvane hyppoplace Cilicia rulde againe;
 But soone was ouer-rulde by death: Dianas chaste disdainē
 Gauē her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all these gone from me,
 Thou amply renderst all; thy life makes still my father be;
 My mother, brothers: and besides, thou art my husband to;
 Most lou'd, most worthy. Pittie then (deare loue) and do not goe;
 For thou gone, all these goe againe; pittie our common ioy;
 Least of a Fathers patronage, the Bullwark of all Troy)
 Thou leau'st him a poore widdowes charge; stay, stay then, in this Towre,
 And call vp to the wilde Figgie tree, all thy retired powre;
 For there the wall is easiest skal'd, and fittest for surprise;
 And there, th' Aiaces, Idomen, th' Atrides, Diomed, thrice
 Haue both suruaid, and made attempt; I know not if induc'd
 By some wise Augure, or the fact was naturally infusde,
 Into their wits, or courages. To this great Hector said;
 Be well assur'd wiſe, all these things in my kind cares are waide:
 But what a shame, and feare it is, to think how Troy woulde skorne
 (Both in her husbands and her wiues, whom long-traind gounes adorne)
 That I ſhould Cowherdly ſlye off? the ſpirit I first did breath
 Did neuer teach me that; much leſſe, ſince the contempt of death

Was settl'd in me; and my minde knew what a Worthie was;
 Whose office is, to lead in fight, and giue no danger passe
 Without imrovement; in this fire must Hectors triall shine;
 Here must his Countrie, Father, friends be (in him) made diuine.
 And such a storme day shall come, in minde and soule I know,
 When sacred Troy shall shed her Towrs, for teares of ouerthrow;
 When Priam, all his birth, and powre, shall in those teares be dround;
 But neither Troies posteritie, so much my soule doth wound;
 Priam nor Hecuba her selfe; nor all my brothers woes
 (Who though so many, and so good, must all be foode for foes)
 As thy sad state, when some rude Greek shall leade thee weeping hence,
 These free daies clowded, and a night of captiue violence
 Loding thy temples; out of which, thine eyes must neuer see;
 But spin the Greek wifes webs of task, and their fetch-water be,
 To Argos, from Messides, or cleare Hyperias spring:
 Which (howseuer thou abhorst) Fate's such a shre-wisht thing,
 She will be mistresse; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cryes
 From thy oppressions; (being beheld by other enemies)
 Thus they will nourish thy extremes; This dame was Hectors wife;
 A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthiest life;
 Of all their armie. This againe will rub thy fruitfull wounds,
 To misse the man, that to thy bands could giue such narrow bounds:
 But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heape of night
 Shall enterpose, and stop mine eares against thy plaints, and plight.
 This sayd, he reacht to take his sonne: who (of his armes affraide,
 And then, the horse-haire plume, with which he was so querlaide,
 Nodded so horrible) he clingd back to his nurse and cryed;
 Langhter affected his great Syre, who doft and laid aside
 His fearefull Helme, that on the earth cast round about it light;
 Then tooke ana kist his loued sonne; and (ballancing his weight
 In dancing him) these louing vowes, to liuing loue he vsde,
 And all the other banch of Gods; O you that haue infusde
 Soule to this infant, now set downe this blessing on his starre,
 Let his renowne be cleare as mine: equall his strength in warre;
 And make his reigne so strong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeilde
 His facts this fame; (when rich in spoyles, he leaues the conquerd field
 Sonne with his slaughter) These high deeds exceede his fathers worth;
 And let this echo'd praise supply the comforts to come forth
 Of his kind mother, with my life. This sayd, th' Heroike Syre

Gauē him his mother; whose faire eyes fresh streames of loues salt fire,
 Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to heare the last of Hectors speech,
 In which his vowes comprise the summe of all he did beseech
 In her wiſt comfort; ſo ſhe tooke, into her oderous breast,
 Her Husbands gift; who (mou'd to ſee her hart ſo much opprefte)
 He dried her teares; and thus deſirde: Afflict me not (deare wife)
 With theſe vaine griefes; he does not live, that can diſioyne my life
 And this firme boſome; but my Fate: and Fate whose wings can flie,
 Noble, ignoble, Fate controules; Once borne, the best muſt die;
 Goe home; and ſet thy huſwiferie, on theſe extreame: of thought;
 And drue warre from them with thy maydes; keep them from doing noughe:
 Theſe will be nothing; leauē the cares of warre, to men, and mee;
 In whom (of all the illion race) they take their high'ſt degree.
 On went his helme; his Princesſe home, halfe colde with kindly feares,
 When euerie feare turnd backe her looks, and euerie looke ſhed teares.
 Foeſlaughtering Hectors houſe, ſoone reaſht her many woemen there,
 Wept all to ſee her; in his life great Hectors Funeralls were;
 Neuer look't any eye of theirs, to ſee their Lord ſafe home,
 Scap't from the gripes, and powers of Greece. And now was Paris come
 From his high Towres; who made no stay, when once he had put on
 His riſhest armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod upon
 Sparkled with luſter of his armes; his long-ebd ſpirits now flowde
 The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a fayre Steed, proud
 With full-giuen Mangers; long tyed vp, and now (his head-stall broke)
 He breakes from ſtable, runnes the fielde, and with an ample ſroke
 Measures the Center, neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head;
 About his ſhoulders shakes his Crest, and where he hath been fedd,
 Or in ſome calme flood waſht; or (ſtung with his high plignt) he flies
 Amongſt his femallis; Strength put forth his beautie beautifies,
 And like Lifes mirror beares his gate: ſo Paris from the Towre
 Of loftie Pergamus came forth; he showde a Sun-like powre
 In carriage of his goodly parts, addreſt now to the ſtrife;
 And found his noble brother, neere the place he left his wife;
 Him (thus reſpected) he ſalutes; Right worthy, I haue feare
 That your ſo ſerious haſt to field, my ſtay hath made forbeare,
 And that I come not, as you wiſh. He anſwered, Honourd man,
 Be conſident; for not my ſelfe, nor any others can
 Reproue in thee, the worke of fight; at leaſt, not any ſuch,
 As is an equall iudge of things; for thou haſt strength as much

As serues to execute a mind verie important: But,
Thy strength two readily flies off: enough will is not put
To thy habilitie: my heart is in my spirit sad,
When Troy (out of the much distresse, she and her friends haue had
By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noblesse in mine eares:
But come, hereafter we shall calme the billowy splene she beares;
When, from her Ports the foe expulst, high loue to her hath giuen
Wisht peace; and vs free sacrifice, to all the Powers of heauen.

The ende of the sixt Booke.





THE SEAVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



Hector, By Helenus advise, doth seeke
Aduenturous combat on the boldest Greeke,
Nine Greeks stand vp, Acceptants euery one,
But lot selects strong *Ajax Telam n̄*
Both, with hight honour, stand thi important sight,
Till Heralds part them by approched night.
Lastly, they graue the dead : the Greeks erect
A mightie wall, their Nauie to protec^t ;
Which angers *Neptune*, Ione, by haplesse signes,
In depth of night, succeeding woes diuines.

Another Argument.

In *Gammis*, Priams strongest Sonne
Combats with *Ajax Telumon*.

This said, braue Hector through the ports, with Troys bane bringing
Made issue to th' insatiate fielde, resolute to feruent fight. (Knight,
And as the weather-wieder sends to Seamen prosperous gales,
When with their fallow-polish't Oares, long lifted from their falls,
Their wearied armes, dissolute with toyle, can scarce strike one stroke more,
Like those sweet winds appearde these Lords, to Troians tyrde before.
Then fell they to the works of death : by Paris valour fell
King Areithous haplesse sonne, that did in Arna dwell,
(Menesthius) whose renouned Syre, a Club did ever beare,
And of Philomedusa gat (that had her eyes so cleare)

This

This slaughtred issue: Hectors dart strooke Eioneus dead;
 Beneath his good steele caske, it pierst above his gorget stead.
 Glaucus (Hippolochus his sonne) that led the Lycian crew,
 Iphinous Dexiades, with soudaine laueline slew,
 As he was mounting to his horse: his shoulders tooke the speare;
 And ere he sat; in tumbling downe, his powers dissoluē were.
 When gray-eyde Pallas aid perceiue the Greeks so fat in fight,
 From high Olympus top she stoopt, and did on Ilion light.
 Apollo, to encounter her, to Pergamus did flie;
 From whence he (looking to the fields) wisht Troians victorie.
 At Ioues broad beach these godheads met, and first Ioues sonne obiects;
 Why, burning in contention thus doe thy extreame affects
 Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to ouer sway
 The doubtfull victorie of fight, and give the Greeks the day?
 Thou never pittiest perishing Troy: yet now let me perswade,
 That this day no more mortall wounds may either side inuade.
 Hereafter, till the end of Troy they shall apply the fight,
 Since your immortall wils resolute to ouerturne it quight.

Pallas replied, It likes me well, for this came I from heauen:
 But to make either armē cease, what order shall be gien?
 He said; We will direct the spirit that burnes in Hectors brest,
 To challenge any Greek to wounds, with single powers imprest;
 Which Greeks (admiring) will accept, and make some one stand out,
 So stoute a Challenge to receive, with a defence as stoute:
 It is confirmde; and Helenus (King Priams loued seede)
 By Augurie, decernde th'event, that these two powers decreede.
 And (greeting Hector) askt him this: Wilt thou be once aduisde?
 I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is evenly prisde;
 Command the rest of Troy and Greece to cease this publike fight;
 And what Greek beares the greatest mind, to single strokes excite:
 I promise thee that yet thy soule shall not descend to fates;
 So heard I thy suruaiall cast, by the celestiall States.
 Hector, with glad allowance, gaue his brothersounsaile care;
 And (fronting both the hosts) adauant, iust in the midſt, his speare.
 The Troians instantely surcease, the Greeks Atrides fraide:
 The God that beares the siluer Boye, and war triumphant Maide,
 On Ioues beach, like two Vultures sat, pleasaе to behold both parts,
 Flowe in to heare; so sternely arm'd with huge ſhields, helmes and darts.
 And ſuch fresh horror as you ſee driuen through the wrinkled waues
 By rising Zephyre; under whom, the ſea growes black and rauies:

Such did the hastie gathering troupes of both hoastes make to heare;
 Whose tumult settl'd twixt them both, thus spake the Challenger ;
 Hearre Troians, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong minde diffin'st,
 Through all my spirits commands me speake; Saturnius hath not vs'd
 His promist fauor for our truce, but (studying both our ills)
 Will never tease till Mats, by you, his rauenous stomacke fills,
 With ruinde Troy, or we consume your wightie Seaborne fleete.
 Since then, the Generall Peeres of Grecce, in reach of one voice meeete,
 Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive minde,
 Let him stand forth as combattant, by all the rest designde.
 Before whom thus I call high loue, to witnesse of our strife;
 If he with home-thrust Iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
 (Spozling my armes) let him at will conuey them to his tent;
 But let my bodie be returnd; that Troys two-sext descent
 May waste it in the funerall Pyle: if I can slaughter him,
 (Apollo honoring me so much) Ile spoyle his conquerd lim,
 And beare his armes to Illion, where in Apollos shrine
 Ile hang them, as my trophies due: his bodie Ile resigne
 To be disposed by his friends, in flammy funerals,
 And honored with erected tombe, where Helleponus falleth
 Into Egæum, and doth reach, euен to your nauall rode;
 That when our beings, in the earth shall hide their periode,
 Suruiuors sayling the blacke sea, may thus his name renew;
 This is his monument, whose bloud long since did fates embrew:
 Whom, passing farre in fortitude, illustrate Hector slew:
 Thus shall posteritie report, and my fame neuer dy.
 This said, dumbe silence seas'd them all, they shamed to denie,
 And feard to undertake: At last, did Menelaus speake,
 Chekkt their remissnes, and so sigh't, as if his heart would breake;
 Ay me, but onely threatening Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:
 This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,
 If Hectors honorable prooфе be entertaind by none;
 But you are earth and water all, which (symbolisde in one)
 Haue framde your faint unsirie breasts: ye sit without your harts,
 Grossly inglorious: but my selfe will vs'e acceptiue darts,
 And arme against him; though you thinke, I arme gainst too much ods:
 But conquestes Girlands hang aloft, amongst th' immortall gods.
 He arm'd, and gladly would haue fought: but (Menelaus) then,
 By Hectors farre more strength, thy soule had fled th' abodes of men;
 Had not the kings of Grecce stood vp, and thy attempt restraint,

And

And euēn the king of men himselfe, that in such compasse raignde;
 Who tooke him by the bould right hand, and sternely pluckt him backe:
 Mad brother, tis no worke for thee, thou seekest thy wilfull wracke:
 Containe thought despite thee much, nor for this strife engage
 Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all feare t' enrage:
 Yea whom Æacides himselfe, in men-renowning warre,
 Makes doubt t' encounter: whose huge strength surpasseth thine by farre;
 Sit thou then by thy regiment; some other Greeks will rise
 (Though he be dreadlesse, and no warre will his desires suffice,
 That makes this challenge to our strength) our valors to auow:
 To whom if he can scape with life, he wil be glad to bow.

This drew his brother from his will, who yeelded knowing it true,
 And his glad souldiers tooke his armes: when Nestor did pursue
 The same reprooche he set on foote, and thus replied his turne.
 What huge indignitie is this! how will our Countrey mourne!
 Old Peleus that good King will weepe: that worthy counsaylor,
 That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did aske me for
 All men of name that went to Troy: with ioy he did enquire
 Their va. or and their towardnes: and I made him admire.
 But that ye all feare Hector now, if his graue eares shal heare,
 How will he lift his hands to heauen, and pray that death may beare
 His greene soule into the deepe! O woulde to heauens great King,
 Mineua and the God of light, that now my youthfull spring
 I did flourish in my willing vaines, as when at Phœas towers,
 About the stremes of Iardanus, my gathered Pylean powers,
 And darst employed Arcadians fought, neere raging Celadon:
 Amongst them, first of all stood forth great Erethalion,
 Who th' armes of Areithous wore (braue Areithous)
 And (since he still fought with a club) surname Clauigerus;
 All men, and faire girt Ladies both for honor cald him so:
 He fought not with a keepe off speare, or with a farre shot bowe:
 But with a masse club of iron, he brake through armed bands:
 And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not with force of hands;
 With sleight (encountring in a Lane, where his club wanted sway)
 He thrust him through his spatiuous waste, who fell and vpwards lay;
 In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did despoyle,
 Which Iron Mars bestowed on him: and those, in Mars his toyle,
 Lycurgus euer after wore; but when he aged grew,
 Enforst to keepe his peacefull house their vse he did renew,
 On mightie Erethalions lims, his souldier loued well;

And

And with these Armes he chalengde all that did in Armes excell:
 All shooke and stood dismayde, none durst this aduerse champion make;
 Yet this same forward minde of mine, of choice, would undertake
 To fight with all his confidence, though yongest enemie
 Of all the armie we conducte; yet I fought with him, I;
 Minetura made me so renound, and that most tall strong peere
 I slew; his big bulke lay on earth, extended here and there,
 As it were covetous to spread the center euerie where.
 O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers, as sound;
 Soone shoulde bould Hector be impugnde: yet you that most are crounde,
 With fortitude, of all our host; euyn you, methinks are slow,
 Not free, and set on fire with lust t'encounter such a foe.

With this nine royll princes rose, Atrides far the first;
 Then Diomed: th'Aiaxes then, that did th'encounter thirst:
 King Idomen and his consorts, Mars-like Meriones;
 Euemons sonne, Euripilus, and Andremonides,
 Whom all the Grecians Thoas cald, sprong of Andremons blond,
 And wise Vlysses, euerie one proposde, for combat stood;
 Againe Gerenius Nestor spake, Let lots be drawne by all,
 His hand shall helpe the well-arm'd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;
 And to his wif shall he be helpt, if he escape, with life,
 The harmfull danger-breathing fit of this aduenturous strife.
 Each markt his lot, ana cast it in to Agamemnons caske;
 The souldiers prayed, held vp their hands, and this of Ioue did aske
 (With eyes aduanst to heaven); O Ioue, solead the Heraldes hand,
 That Aiax or great Tideus sonne, may our wiſt Champion stand:
 Or else the king himselfe, that rules the rich Mycenian land.

This said, olde Nestor mixt the lots: the formost lot, suruaide,
 With Aiax Telamon was sign'd; as all the souldiers prayde,
 One of the Heraldis drew it forth, who brought and showde it round,
 Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renownde:
 None knowing it; euerie man denide: but when he forth did passe,
 To him which markt and cast it in, which famous Aiax was;
 He stretcht his hand, and into it, the Heralde put the lot,
 Who (viewing it) th' inscription knew, the Duke denied not,
 But ioyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;
 And said (O friends) the lot is mine, whiche to my soule is sweet:
 For now I hope my fame shall rise in noble Hectors fall:
 But whilſt I arme my ſelfe, do you on great Saturnius call;
 But ſilently, or to your ſelues, that not a Troian heare:

Or openly (if you thinke good) since none alius we feare;
 None with a will, if I will not can my bould powers affright,
 At least for plaine fierce swindge of strength, or want of skill in fight:
 For I will well proue that my birth, and breed in Salamine,
 Was not all consecrate to meat, or meere effects of wine.

This said, the wel giuen souldiers prayed: up went to heauen their eyne;

O loue that Ida dost protect, most happy, most dinine;

Send vixerie to Ajax side, fame, grace his goodly lim:

Or (if thy loue blesse Hectors life, and thou hast care of him)

Beslowe, on both, like power, like fame. This said, in bright armes shone

The good strong Ajax: who, when all his warre attire was on,

Martch like the hugely figurde Mats, when angry Jupiter,

With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to inferre

Wreakfull contention; and comes en with presence full of feare;

So th' anchuerampire, Telamon, did twixt the hoasts appeare:

Smilde, yet of terrible aspect; on earth with ample pase,

He bouldly stalkt, and shooke aloft his dart, with deadly grace.

It did the Grecians good to see; but hartquake shooke the ioynts

Of all the Troians; Hectors selfe felt thoughts, with horrid points,

Tempt his bould bosome: but he now must make no counterflignt;

Nor (with his honor) now refuse, that had prouok't the fight.

Ajax came neere; and like a tower, his shielde his bosome bard;

The right side brasse, and seauen Oxe hides, within it, quilted hard:

Old Tycheus the best cooryer, that didin Hyla dwell,

Did frame it for exceeding proose, and wrought it wondrous wel.

With this stood he to Hector close, and with this Braue began:

Now Hector thou shalt clearely know, thus meeting man to man,

What other leaders arme our hoast, besides great Thetis sonne:

Who, with his har die Lyons bart, hath armies ouerrunne.

But he lies at our crokkt-slernde fleet, a Riuall with our king

In height of spirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,

Goequall with Aeacides, all able to sustaine

All thy bould challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.

The blime-grac't Hector answerd him; Renowned Telamon,

Prince of the Souldiers came from Grecce; say not me like one,

Tong and immartiall, with great words, or like an Amazon dame;

I haue the habit of all fightes, and know the bloody frame

Of euerie slau'ter: I well know the ready right hand charge;

I know the left, and euerie sway of my securefull targe;

I triumph in the crueltie of fixed combat fight,

And man age horse to all desighnes; I thinke then with good right,
 I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes,
 Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with empty bowes,
 But (being a souldier so renownd) I will not worke on thee,
 With least aduantage of that skill, I know doth strengthen me;
 And so with priuicie of sleight, winne that for which I striaue:
 But at thy best(euen open strength) if my endeouours thriue.

Thus sent he his long laueline forth: it strooke his foes huge shield,
 Neere to the upper skirt of brasse, which was the eight it helde.
 Six fouldes ih' untamed dart strooke through, and in the seauenth tough hide
 The point was checkt; then Ajax threw: his angry Lance did glyde
 Quight through his bright or biculare targe, his Curace, shirt of myles,
 And did his manly stomacks mouth, with dangerous taint assaile:
 But in the bowing of himselfe, blacke death too short did strike;
 Then both to plucke their lauelines forth, encountered Lyon like,
 Whose bloodie violence is increase by that raw foode they eate;
 Or Boxes, whose strength wilde nourishment doth make so wondrous great.
 Againe Priamides did wound, in midst, his shield of brasse,
 Yet pierst not through the upper plate, the head reflected was:
 But Ajax (following his Lance) smote through his target quite,
 And staid bold Hector rushing in; the Lance held way out right,
 And hurt his neck, out gusht the blood: yet Hector ceast not so,
 But in his strong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwards goe)
 Blacke, sharp and bigge, laied in the field: the seauenfolde targe it smit,
 Full on the bosse, and round about the brasse did ring with it.
 But Ajax a farre greater stone lift vp, and (wreathing round,
 With all his boarie layd to it) be sent it forth to wound,
 And gaue unmeasured force to it; the round stone broke within
 His rundled target: his lou'd knees, to languish did begin,
 And he leand, stretcht out on his sheldis but Phœbus raisde him streight.
 Then had they layd on wounds with swordes, in use of closer fight,
 Unless the Herralds (messengers of gods and godlike men)
 The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then
 Imperiall scepters: when the one (Icæus, graue and wise)
 Said to them; Now no more my sonnes, the Soueraine of the skies
 Both loue you both; both souldiers are, all witnessse with good right:
 But now night layes her mace on earth; tis good t'obay the night.

Icæus (Telamon replied) to Hector speake, not me:
 He that cald all our Achiuue Peeres, to station fight t'was he;
 If he first cease, I gladly yeeld; great Hector then began;

Ajax,

Ajax, since loue to thy bigge forme, made thee so strong a man,
 And gaue thee skill to vse thy strength; so much, that for thy speare,
 Thou art most excellent of Grecce, now let vs fight forbearre:
 Hereafter we shall warre againe, till loue our tierra lal be,
 And grace with conquest, which he wil; heauen yeelds to night, and we.
 Goe thou and comfort all thy Fleet, all friends and men of thine,
 As I in Troy my fauourers, who in the Fane diuine
 Haue offerd Orisons for me; and come let vs impart
 Some ensignes of our strife, to shew each others suppled hart;
 That men of Troy and Grecce may say, Thus their high quarrell ends:
 Those that encoutring were such foes, are now (being seperat) friends.
 He gaue a sword, whose handle was with siluer studs through druen,
 Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By Telamon was giuen
 A faire wel glassed purple waste. Thus Hector went to Troy,
 And after him a multitude, fill'd with his safeties ioy;
 Despairing he could eneuer scape the puissant fortitude
 And unimpeached Ajax hands: the Greeks like ioy renued,
 For their reputed victorie, ana brought him to the King,
 Who to the great Saturnides preferd an offering:
 An Ox that fed on fife fayre springs; they sleade and quartred him,
 And then (in peeces cut) on spits they rosted euerie lim:
 Which neatly drest, they drew it off: worke done, they fell to feast:
 All had enough; but Telamon, the king fed past the rest,
 With goo a larg- peeces of the chine. Thus, thirst and hunger staid,
 Nestor (whose counsels late were best) vories new, and first he said:
 Attrices, and my other Lords, a sort of Greeks are dead,
 Whose black blood neere Scamanders streame, in humaine Mars hath shed:
 Their soules to hell descended are: it fits thee then our king,
 To make our souldiers cease from war, and by the dayes first spring
 Let vs our selues, assembled all, the bodies beare to fire,
 With Mules and Oxen neere our Fleet; that when we home retire,
 Each man may carrie, to the sonnes of fathers slaughtered here,
 Their honord bones: one tombe for all, for euer let vs reare;
 Circling the Pyle without the field: at whith we will erect
 Wal, and a raueling, that may safe our Fleet and vs protect.
 And in them let vs fashion gates, solid and hard about,
 Through which our horse and Charriots may well get in an out.
 Without all, let vs digge a dike, so deepe it may availe
 Our forces gainst the charge of horse, and foote that come t assayle:
 And thus th' attempts, that I see well in Troys proude hart, shal faille.

The Kings doe his aduise approue: so Troy doth Court conuent,
 At Priams gate, in th' illion tower fearefull and turbulent.
 Amongst all, wise Antenor spake: Troians and Dardan friends,
 And Peeres assistants, giue good eare to what my care commends
 To your consents, for all our good: resolute, let vs restore
 The Argiue Helen, with her wealth, to him she had before:
 We now defend but broken faiths. If therefore ye refuse,
 No good euent can I expect of all the warres we use.

Heccast, and Alexander spake, husband to th' Argiue Queene;
 Antenor, to mine eares thy words harsh and ungratioues been:
 Thou canst vse better if thou wilt: but if these truely fit
 Thy seriuos thoughts; the Gods, with age, haue ref thy grauer wit:
 To warrelike Troians I will speake. I clearely doe denie
 To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth he render willingly,
 What euer I from Argos brought, and vow to make it more;
 Which I haue readie in my house, if peace I may restore.

Priam surnamde Dardanides (godlike in Counsailes graue)
 In his sonnes fauor well aduisde, this resolution gauε;
 My roiall friends of euerie state, there is sufficient done,
 For this late counsell we haue cald in th' offer of my sonne;
 Now then let all take needfull food; then let the watch be set,
 And euerie court of guard held strong: so when the morne doth wet
 The highraisde battlements of Troy; Idæus shall be sent
 To th' Argiue Fleet, and Atreus sonnes, t' unsold my sonnes intent,
 From whose fact our contention springs: and (if they will) obtaine
 Respit from heat of fight, till fire consume cur souldiers slaine:
 And after; our most fatall warre, let vs importune still,
 Till loue the conquest haue disposed to his unconquered will.

All heard and did obey the King, and (in their quarters all,
 That were to set the watch that night) did to their suppers fall.
 Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achiuue Peeres did find
 In counsell at Atreides ship: his audience was assignde:
 And in the midst of all the Kings, the vocall Herald said;

Atreides; my renowned King, and other Kings his aide,
 Propose by me, in their commands, the offer Paris makes,
 (From whose ioy all our woe proceeds) he princely undertakes
 That all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had died before)
 He will (with other added wealth) for your amends restore.
 But famous Menelaus wife he still meanes to enioy,
 Though he be vrgde the contrarie, by all the Peeres of Troy.

And

And this besides, I haue in charge ; that if it please you all ,
 They wifh both sides may cease from warre ; that rites of funerall
 May on their bodies be performde, that in the fields lie slaine :
 And after to the will of Fate, renew the fight againe.

All silence held at first : at last , Tydides made reply ;
 Let no man take the wealth, or dame ; for now a childs weake eye
 May see the imminent black end of Priams emperie.
 This sentence quicke, and briefly gien, the Greeks did all admire ;
 Then said the King : Herrald, thou hear' st in him, the voice entire
 Of all our Peeres to answe thee for that of Priams sonne ;
 But for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne
 To satisfie thy king therein, without the slendrest gaine
 Made of their spoyle carcases ; but freely (being slaine)
 They shal be all con' umde with fire : to witnesse which, I cite
 High thundring Ioue, that is the king of Iunos beds delight.
 With this, he held his scepter vp to all the skie thronde powers :
 And graue Idæus did retурne, to sacred Ilion towers ;
 Where Ilians, and Dardanian, did still their counsails ply,
 Expecting his returne : he came, and tolde his Legacie .
 All, whirlewinde like, assembled then ; some, bodies to transport,
 Some to hew trees : on th' other part, the Argives did exhort
 Their souldiers to the same affaires ; then dia the new firde sunne
 Smite the broad fieldes, ascending heauen, and th' Ocean smooth did run :
 When Greece and Troy mixt in such peace, you scarce could either know ;
 Then washt they off their blood and dust, and did warme teares bestow
 Vpon the slaughtered, and in carres conuaide them from the field :
 Priam commanded none should mourne, but in still silence yeeld
 Their honord carcases to fire, and onely grieve in hart.
 All burnde ; to Troy, Troyes friends retire ; to fleet, the Grecian part :
 Yet doubtfull night obscurde the earth, the day did not appeare :
 When round about the funerall pyle, the Grecians gathered were ;
 The pyle, they circled with a tombe, and by it raisde a wall,
 High towres to guard the fleet and them : and in the midst of all
 They built strong gates, through which the horse and chariots passage had :
 Without the rampire, a brode dike, long and profound they made :
 On which they Pallefados pitcht, and thus the Grecians wrought.
 Their huge works in so little time, were to perfection brought ,
 That ali Gods, by the Lightner set, the frame thereof admirde ;
 Amongst whom, the earthquake making God, this of their King enquirde ;
 Father of Gods, wil any man of all earths endless sphere,

Aske any of the Gods consents, to any actions there,
 If thou wilt see the shag-heard Greeks, with headstrong labors frame
 So huge a worke, and not to vs due offrings first enflame?
 As far as white Auroras deawes are sprinkled through the ayre,
 Fame will renoune the hands of Greece, for this divine affaire:
 Men will forget the sacred worke, the Sun and I did rayse,
 For King Laomedon; bright Troy, and this will beare the prayse.

Ioue was extreamely mou'd with him, and said What words are these,
 Thou mighty shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas?
 Some other God, of far lesse power, might hould conceipts dismayde,
 With this rare Grecian stratageme, and thou rest well apaide;
 For it will glorifie thy name, as far as light extends:
 Since, when these Greeks shall see againe their native soyle and friends
 (The bulwarke battred) thou maist quite devoure it with thy waues,
 And couer (with thy fruitlesse sands) this fatall shore of graues:
 That what their fierie industries haue so diuinely wrought,
 In raising it; in rasing it, thy power will prooue it nought.

Thus spake the Gods amongst themselues: set was the seruent sunne;
 And now the great worke of the Greeks was absolutely done.
 Then slew they oxen in their tents, and strength with food reuinde;
 When out of Lemnos a great fleete of odorous wine arruide,
 Sent by Euneus, Iasons sonne, borne of Hypsophile.
 The fleete containid a thousand tunne: which must transported be,
 To Atreus sons as he gaue charge, whose marchandise it was.
 The Greeks bought wine, for shining steele, and some for sounding brasie;
 Some for Oxen hydes: for Oxen some, and some for prisoners.
 A sumptuous banquet was preparted, and all that night the peeres,
 And faire kayrde Greeks consumde in feast: so Troians and their aide.
 And all the night Ioue thundred lowde; pale feare all thoughts dismayde.
 While they were gluttonous here in earth, Ioue wrought their banes in heaven:
 They pourde full cups upon the ground, and were to offrings druien,
 In steade of quaffings: and to drinke, none durst attempt, before
 In soleyme sacrifice they did almighty Ioue adore.
 Then to their rests they all repairde: bould Zeale their feare bereade:
 And sodaine sleepes refreshing gift, securely they receiu'd.

The ende of the seauenth Booke.

THE



THE EIGHT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



VVhen Ioue to all the Gods had giuen command
That none, to either hoast, should helpful stand
To Ida he descends : and sees from thence
Iuno and *Pallas* hastē the Greeks defence :
Whose purpo'e his command by Iris giuen,
Doth interuent; then came the silent Euen;
When *Hector* chargde fires should consume the night,
Least Greekes in darkenes tooke suspected flight.

Another Argument.

In Theta gods a Counsell have,
Troyes conquest, glorious *Hectors* Braue.

THe chearefull Ladie of the light, deckt in her saffron robe,
Disperst her beames through euery part of this enflowred Globe,
When thundring Ioue a Court of Gods assembled by his will,
In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th' Olympian hill.
He spake, and all the Gods gaue eare: Hearre how I stand inclinde:
That God nor Goddess may attempt t'infringe my soueraigne minde:
But all giue suffrage that with speed, I may these discords end.
What God, o euer I shall finde, indeuour to defend
Or Troy or Greece, with w: unds to heauen, he (shamde) shall reascend;
Or (taking him with his offence) Ile cast him downe as deepe

As Tattarus (the brood of night) where Barathrum doth steepe
 Torment in his profoundest sinkes; where is the flore of brasie,
 And gates of iron: the place, for depth, as far doth hell surpasſe,
 As heauen (for height) exceedes the earth; then ſhall he know from thence,
 How much my power, paſt all the Gods, hath ſoueraigne eminence.

In dangeſer it, the whiles and ſee: let downe our golden chaunes;
 And, at it, let all deities their vtmoſt strengths conſtraine,
 To draw me to the earth from heauen: you neuer ſhall preuaile,
 Though with your moſt contention ye dare my ſtate affaile:
 But when my will ſhall be diſpoſe, to draw you all to me;
 Euen with the earth it ſelfe, and ſeaſ, ye ſhall enforced be.
 Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine binde,
 And by it euerie thing ſhall hang by my command enclinde:
 So much I am ſupreme to Gods, to men ſupreme as muſh.
 The Gods ſat ſilent, and admirde; his dreadfull ſpeech was ſuch.

At laſt, his blue-eyde daughter ſpake: O great Saturnides,
 O Father, O heauens highest king, well know we the exceſſe
 Of thy huge power, comparde with all: yet the boldē Greeks eſtate
 We needs muſt mourne: ſince they muſt fall, beneath ſo hard a fate:
 For if thy graue command enioyne, we wil abſtaine from fight:
 But to afforde them ſuſh aduife, as may relieu their plig特,
 We wil (with thy conſent) be bould; that all may not ſuſtaine
 The fearefull burthen of thy wrath, and with their ſhimes be ſlaine.
 He ſmilde and ſaid; Be conſident, thou art belon'd of me:
 I ſpeakē not this with ſerious thoughts, but will be kind to thee.

This ſaid, his brasie hou'd winged horſe, he did to Charriot binde,
 Whose creſts were fring'de, with manes of gold, and golden garments ſbinde
 On his rich ſhoulders; in his hand, he tooke a golden ſcourge,
 Diuinely fashiond, and with blowes their willing ſpeed did urge,
 Mid way betwixt the earth and heauen; to Ida then he came,
 Abounding in delitious ſprings, and nurse of beaſts vntame;
 Where (on the mountaine Gargatus) men did a Fane erect,
 To his high name; and altars ſweet; and there his horſe he chekct;
 Diſſolute them from his Charriot, and in a clowde of ieate
 He couered them, and on the top tooke his triumphant ſeatē;
 Behoulding Priams famous towne, and all the Fleet of Greſſe.
 The Greeks tooke breakfast ſpeedily, and armde at euerie peceſſe:
 So Troians; who though fewel farre, yet all to fight tooke armes:
 Dire Need enforſt them, to auert their wiues and childrens harmes.
 All gates flew open, all the hoaſt did iſſue, foote and horſe,

In mightie tumult: straite one place adioynd each aduerse force:
 Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strength against strength op-
 The boſſe-pikt Targets were thrust on, and thundred as they cloſde (posde:
 In mightie tumult, grone for grone, and breath for breath aid breath:
 Of men then slaine and to be slaine, earth flowde with fruits of death.
 While the faire mornings beautie held, and day increast in height;
 Their lauelines mutually made death, transport an equall freight:
 But when the hote Meridian point, bright Phœbus did ascend,
 Then loue his goulden Ballances did equally extend:
 And of long-reſt-conferring death, put in two bitter fates.
 For Troy and Greece he held the midſt: the day of finall dates
 Fell on the Greeks: the Greeks hard lots ſunk to the flowrie ground.
 The Troians leapt as high as heauen, then did the claps reſound:
 Of his fierce thunder lightning leapt, amongſt each Grecian troope:
 The fight amasde them; pallid feare made bouldeſt ſtomacks ſtoope:
 Then Idomen durſt not abide, Atrides went his way,
 And both th' Aiaces Nestor yet, againſt his will did stay
 (That graue Protector of the Greeks): for Patis with a dart
 Enrage de one of his Charriot horſe, he ſmote the upper part
 Of all his ſkull, euen where the hayre, that made his foretop, ſprung:
 The hurt was deadly, and the paine ſo ſore the Courſer ſtung,
 (Pierſt to the braine) he ſtamp̄t and plungeo: one on another beares:
 Entangled round about the beame, then Nestor cuts the geres
 With his new drawen autentique ſword; meane while the firſt horſe
 Of Hector brake into the preafe, with their bold rulers force:
 Then good old Nestor had been ſlaine, had Diomedē not eſpied;
 Who to Ulyſſes as he fled, importunately cryed,
 Thou that in counſell doſt abound, O Laertiades,
 Why flyeſt thou? why thus cowardlike ſhunſt thou the honord preafe?
 Take heed, try backe take not a dart: stay, let vs both intend
 To driue this cruell enimie, from our deare aged friend.

He ſpake, but marie Ithacus would find no patient eare:
 But fled forthright, euen to the Fleet: yet though hee ſingle were,
 Braue Diomedē mixt amongst the fight, and stood before the ſteeds
 Of old Neleides, whose estate thus kingly he areedes:
 O father, with theſe youths in fight, thou art vnequall plaſt,
 Thy willing ſinewes are unknit, graue age pursues thee fast,
 And thy unruſt horſe are ſlow: my charriot therefore uſe;
 And trie how ready Troian horſe can ſlie him that pursues.
 Pursue the ſlyer, and every way perorme the varied fight:

I forst them from Anchyles sonne, well skild in cause of flight.
 Then let my Squire lead hence thy horse: mine thou shalt garde, whilst I
 (By thee aduanc't) assay the fight; that Hectors selfe may trie
 If my Lance dote with the defects, that fayle best minds in age,
 Or find the Palsey in my hands, that doth thy life engage.

This, noble Nestor did accept; and Diomeds two friends,
 Eurymedon, that valour loues, and Sthenelus, ascends
 Old Nestors Coach: of Diomedes horse, Nestor the charge sustaines,
 And Tydeus sonne tooke place of fight; Neleides held theraines,
 And scourgde the horse; who swiftly ran direct in Hectors face,
 Whom fierce Tydides brauely chargde: but he turnd from the chace:
 His iaueline Eniopeus smit, mighty Ihebaxus sonne,
 And was great Hectors Charriotere; it through his breast did run,
 Neere to his pappe; he fell to earth; back flew his frightened horse;
 His strength and soule were both dissolute. Hector had deep remorse
 Of his mishap: yet left he him, and for another sought;
 Nor long his steels did want a guide: for straight good fortune brought
 Bold Archeptolemus, whose life did from Iphytis spring;
 He made him take the raynes and mount: then soules were set on wing,
 Then high exploits were vndergone; then Troians in their wals
 Had been infolded like meek Lambs, had loue winkt at their fals;
 Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings fly
 Into the earth, before the horse, that Nestor did apply.
 A dreadfull flash burnt through the aire, that sauord sulphur like,
 Which downe before the Charriot, the daised horse did strike:
 The fayre raignes fell from Nestors hands, who did (in feare) intreat
 Renownd Tydides, into flight to turne his furies heate.
 For knowest thou not, said he, our aide is not supplyed from loue?
 This day he will giue fame to Troy, which when it fit's his loue
 We shall injoy; let no man tempt his vnresisted will,
 Though he exceed in gifts of strength: for he exceeds him still.

Father (replied the king) t'is true: but both my hart and soule
 Are most extreamely grieu'd to think, how Hector will controule
 My valour with his vaunts in Troy: that I was terror-sicke
 With his approche: which when he boasts, let earth devoure me quick.

Ah warlike Tydeus sonne (said he) what needless words are these?
 Though Hector should report thee faint, and amorous of thy ease,
 The Troians nor the Trojan wiues, would neuer giue him trust,
 Whose youthfull husbands thy free hand hath smotherd so in dust.

This sayd, he turnde his one-hou'de horse to flight, and troope did take;

When

When Hector and his men with bowts did greedie pursute make,
 And pourd on darts, that made ayre sigh: then Hector did exclaime;
 O, Tydeus sonne, the Kings of Greece doe most renowne thy name
 With highest place, feasts and full cups; who now will doe thee shame:
 Then shalt be like a woman vsde, and they will say, Depart
 Immortal mynion; since to stand Hector, thou hadst no hart:
 Nor canst thou skale our turrets tops, nor lead the wiues to Fleet
 Of valiant men; that wifelike fear'ſt, my adverse charge to meeete.
 This, two waies meou'd him; still to flie, or turne his horse and fight:
 Thrise thrust he forward to assault, and every time the fright
 Of loues fell thunder, draue him back: which he proposde for signe
 (To shew the change of victorie) Troians should victors shine.
 Then Hector comforted his men; All my adventurous friends,
 Be men, and of your famous strengtb, thinkē of the honored ends.
 I know, beneuolent Iupiter did by his becke professe
 Conquest, and high renowne to me; and to the Greekes distresse.
 O fooles, to raise ſuchſilly forts, not worth the leaſt account,
 Nor able to reſift our force; with eaſe our horse may mount,
 Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their Fleet I reach,
 Let Memory to all the world, a famous bonefire teach:
 For, I will all their ſhips inflame; with whose infestiuſe smoke
 (Feare-ſhrunk & hidden neer their keeles) the conquerd Greeks ſhal choke.
 Then cheiſt he his famous horſe: O Xanthus now, ſaid he,
 And thou Podargus: Aethon to, and Lampus, deare to me;
 Make me ſome worthy recompence, for ſo much choice of meat,
 Giuen you by faire Andromache; bread of the pureſt wheat;
 And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wiſhed cheere,
 Still ſerving you before my ſelfe (her husband young, and deere):
 Purſue and viſe your ſwifteſt ſpeed, that we may take for priſe
 The (bield of old Neleides, which Fame lifts to the ſkies;
 Euen to the handles, teling it, to be of maſſy Gold:
 And from the ſhoulders let vs take, of Diomedē the bold,
 The roiall Curace Vulcan wrought, with art ſo exquisite.
 These if we make our ſacred ſpoile, I doubt not, but this Night,
 Euen to thir Dauiſe to enforce the Greekes vnturned flight.
 This Iuno tooke in high diſdaine; and mad Olympus ſhake,
 As ſhe but ſtird within her throne, and thus to Neptune ſpake;
 O Neptune, what a ſight is this? thou God ſo huge in power,
 Afflicts it not thy honord hart, to ſee rude ſpoile deuoure
 These Greekes that haue in Helice, and Aege, offred thee

14 THE EIGHT BOOKE OF

So many and such wealthy gifts, let them the victors be;
 If we that are the sides of Greece, would beat home these of Troy,
 And hinder bread-eyde loues prou'd will, it would abate his toy.

He (angry) told her she was rash, and he would not be one,
 Of all the rest, should stiue with one, whose power was matcht by none :
 Whiles they conferd thus, all the space, the trench contaynde before,
 (From that part of the fort that flankt the nauie-anchoring shore)
 Was fild with horse and targateirs, who therfor refuge came,
 By Mars-swift Hectors power engayde; loue gaue his strength the fame ;
 And he with spoylefull fire had burnd the fleet, if Iunos grace
 Had not inspirde the king himselfe, to run from place to place,
 And stir vp euerie souldiers power to some iustisirate deed,
 First visiting their leaders tents; his ample turplic weed
 He wore, to shew all who hee was, and did his station take
 At wile Vlisses fable barkes, that did the battell make,
 Of all the fleete : from whence his speech might with more ease be driven,
 To Ajax and Achilles shippes, to whose chiefe charge were guuen
 The Vanteguard and the Reregardre both : both for their force of hand,
 And trufflie bosomes. There arriu'd, thus urgde he to withstand
 Th' insulting Troians; O what shame ye emptie harted 'ords,
 Is this to your admirea formes? where are your glorious words?
 In Lemnos vaunting you the best of all the Grecian host?
 We are the strongest men (ye sayd) we wil command the most:
 Eating most flesh of high-hornd beeues and drinking cups full crounde,
 And euerie man a hundred foes, two hundred, wil confound:
 Now all our strength, darde to our worst one Hector cannot tame,
 Who presently with horria fire will all our fleet inflame.
 O father loue, hath euer yet, thy most unsafferd hand
 Afflicted, with such spoyle of soules, the king of any land?
 And taken so much fame from him? when I did never faile
 (Since under most unhappy stars, this fleete was under sayle)
 Thy glorious altars I protest; but aboue all the Gods,
 Haue burnd fat thibes of buls to thee, and prayd to race th' abodes
 Of rape-defending Ilions : yet grant (almightie loue)
 One fauor, that we may at least, with life from hence remoue;
 Not under such inglorious hands, the hands of death imploy,
 And where Troy should be stoopt by Greece, let Greece fall under Troy.
 To this ouen weeping king, did loue remorsefull audience gine,
 And shooke great heauen to him, for signe his men and he should lise:
 Then quickly cast he off his hauk, the Eagle prince of aire,

That

That perfects his unspotted vowes, who seads in her repayre
 A sucking kind caste; which she trust in her enforcive seeres,
 And by Ioues altar let it fall, amongst th'amased peeres,
 Where the religious Achiae kings with sacrifice did please
 The author of all oracles, diuine Saturnides.

Now when they knew the birde of loue, they turnd couragious head;
 When none (though many kings put on) could make his vaunt, he leade
 Tydides to renewde assault: or issued first the dike,
 Or first did fight: but far the first, ston dead his Lance did strike
 Armd Agelias, by discent, surnamde Phradmonides;
 He turnd his ready horse for flight, and Diomedes Lance did seaze
 His backe betwixt his shoulder blades, and lookt out of his breast;
 He fell, and his armes rang his fall. The Atrides next addrest
 Themselues to fight; th'Aiaxes next, with vehement strength endude:
 Idomeneus and his friend, stout Merion, next pursudes;
 And after these Euripilus, Euemons honored race;
 The ninth, with backward wreathed bowe had little Teucer places;
 He still fought vnder Ajax shield, who sometimes held it by,
 And then he lookt his obiect out, and let his arrow flie:
 And whomsoever in the prease he wounded, him he slew;
 Then vnder Ajax seauen fold shield he presently withdrew.
 He farde like an unhappy child, that doth to mother run,
 For succour, when he knowes full well he some shrewde turne hath done.
 What Troyans then were to their deaths by Teucers shafts imprest?
 Hapless Ory, lochus was first, Ormenus, Ophelest,
 Detor, and hardie Cronius, and Lycophon diuine;
 And Amopaon, that did spring from Polyemons lyne,
 And Menalippus: alton heaps, he tumbled them to ground.
 The king reioyft to see his shaftes, the Phrygian rankes confound:
 Who straight came neere and spake to him; O Teucer louely man,
 Strike still so sure, and be a grace to every Grecian,
 And to thy Father Telamon, who tooke thee kindly home,
 (Although not by his wife, his sonne, and gave thee foster roome,
 Euen from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remou'd,
 Make good fame reach; and to thy selfe, I vow what shal be prou'd:
 If he that dreadfull Egis beares, and Pallas, grant to me
 Th'expugnance of wel-builded Troy, I first will honor thee,
 Next to my selfe with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
 A three-foot vessel, that for grace, in sacred Fanes doth stand:
 Or two horse and a Charriot, or else a louely dame,

That may ascend one bed with thee; and amplifie thy Name.

Teucer right nobly answerd him: Why (most illustrate King) I beeing thus forward of my selfe, doost thou adioyne a sting? Without which, all the power I haue, I cease not to imploy: For, from the place where we repulst the Troians, towards Troy, I all the purple field haue strowde, with one or other slaine: Eight shafts shot, with long steele heads; of which not one in vaine: All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well skild in warres constraint: Yet this wilde dogge, with all my aime, I haue no power to taunt. This said, another arrow forth from his stiffe string he sent, At Hector, whom he longd to wound; but still amiss it went: His shaft smit faire Gorgythion, of Priams princelie race, Who in Aepina was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace) By Caltianira; that, for forme, was like celestiall breed. And as a Crimson poppy flower, surcharged with his seed, And vernal humors falling thick, declines his heauie brow; So, of one side, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow: Yet Teucer would another shaft at Hectors life dispose; So farne he such a marke would hit: but still beside it goes; Apollo did auert that shaft: but Hectors chariotere Bold Archeptolemus he smit, as he was rushing neere To make the fight: to earth he fell, his swift horseback did flie, And therewere both his strength and soule exilde eternally. Huge grieve, for Hector's slaughtered friend: pincht in his mighty mind: Yet was he forc't to leaue him there, and his void place resign'd To his sad brother, that was by; Cebione: whose eare Receiving Hectors charge, he straight the waightie raignes did beare; And Hector, from his shining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on, To wreake his friend on Teucers hand; and vp he tooke a stone, With which he at the Archer ran; who, from his quiver, drew A sharpe-pylde shaft, and nockt it sure: but, in great Hector flew, With such fell speed, that in his draught, he his right shoulder strooke, Where twixt his necke and breast, the ioynt his natuine closure tooke: The wound was wondrous full of death; his string in sunder flees; His nummed hand fell strengthlesse downe, and he upon his knees. Ajax neglected not to aide his brother thus deprest; But came and safte him with his Shield, and two more friends addrest To be his aide, tooke him to Fleet, Mecistius, Echius son, And gay Alastor: Teucer sight, for all his seruice done. Then did Olympus, with fresh strength, the Troian powers reviue;

Who,

Who to their trenches once againe the troubled Greeks did drine.
 Hector brought terror with his strength, and euer fought before.
 As when some highly stomakt hound, that hunts a syluan boye,
 Or kingly Lion loues the hanch, and pincheth oft behinde,
 Bould of his feet, and still obserues, the game to turne inclinde,
 Not vtterly dissolute in flight: so Hector did pursue;
 And whoe euer was the last, he euer did subdue:
 They fled: but when they had, their dike, and Palesados past,
 (A number of them put to sword) at ships they staide at last:
 Then mutual exhortations flew, then all with hands and eies,
 Aduanst to all the Gods, their plagues wrang from them open cries.
 Hector with his fower rich-man'd horse, assaulting alwayes rode;
 The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and wars vermillion God.
 The Goddesse that all Goddesses (for snowye armes) out shinde,
 Thus spake to Pallas; to the Greeks, with gratioues ruth inclinde.

O Pallas, what a griefe is this? is all our succour past
 To these our perishing Grecian friends? at least withheld at last?
 Euen now, when one mans violence must make them perish all
 In satisfaction of a Fate, so full offunerall?
 Hector Priamides now raues, no more to be indurde,
 That hath alreadie on the Greeks, so many harmes inurde.

The Azure Goddesse answerd her; This man had surely found
 His fortitude and life dissolute, euen on his fathers ground,
 By Grecian valour; if my Syre, infested with euill moods,
 Did not so dote on these of Troy, too ielous of their bloods:
 And euer an vnjust repulse, stands to my willing powers;
 Little remembryng what I did in all the desperate hower
 Of his affected Hercules: I euer rescued him,
 In labours of Euristheus,untoucht in life or lim.
 When he (heauen knowes) with drowned eyes, lookt vp for helpe to heauen;
 Which euer at command of Ioue, was by my suppliance giuen:
 But had my wisedome reacht so farre, to know of this event,
 When to the solid-ported depths of hell his sonne was sent,
 To hale out hatefull Plutoes dogge, from darkesome Erebus,
 He had not scapt the stremes of Styx, so deepe and dangerous:
 Yet Ioue hates me, and shewes his loue in doing Thetis will,
 That kist his knees, and strok't his chinne; prayd, and importunde still,
 That he would honour with his ayde her Citty-razing sonne,
 Displeasde Achilles; and for him our friends are thus undone:
 But time shall come againe, when he (to doe his friends some ayde)

Will call me his Glaukopides, his sweet and blaw-eyde maide;
 Then harnesse thou thy horse for me, that his bright Palace gates
 I soone my enter, arming me, to order these debates:
 And I will trie if Priams sonne will still maintaine his cheare,
 When in the crimson paths of warre, it dreadfully appeares;
 For some proud Troians shall be sure to nourish dogs and foules,
 And paue the shore with fatte, and flesh, deprynd of liues and soules.

Juno prepared her horse, whose manes, Rybanas of gold enlac't :
 Pallas her partie cullored robe, on her bright shoulders cast,
 Diuinely wrought with her owne hands, in th' entrie of her Syre;
 Then put she, on her ample breast, her under-arming tyre:
 And on it her celestiall armes, the Charriot streight she takes,
 With her huge heauie violent Lance, with which she slaughter makes
 Of armes, fatall to her wrath: Sturnia whipt her horse;
 And heauen gates, guarded by the trowers, opte by their proper force :
 Through which they flew: whom when loue saw, set neere th' Idalian springs,
 Highly displeasd, he Iris cald, that hath the golden wings,
 And said; Flie Iris, turne them back, let them not come at me;
 Our meetings (seuerally disposed) will nothing gratiouse be.
 Beneath their o'rethrown chariot, Ile shiuier their proud steds;
 Hurle downe them selues, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,
 In ten whole yeeres they shall not heale the wounds I will impresse
 With horrid thunder; that my maide may know, when to addresse
 Armes aginst her father: for my wife, she doth not so offend,
 Tis but her vse to interrupt what euer I intend.

Iris, with this, left Ida shils, and vpt Olympus flew,
 Met (neere heauen gates) the Goddesses, and thus their haste with-drew.

What course intend you? why are you rapt with your fancies storme?
 Ioue likes not ye should aide the Greeks, but threats, and will performe
 To crush in peeces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,
 Hurle downe your felues, your chariot breake: and those imposioned strokes
 His wounding thunder shall imprint, in your celestiall parts,
 In ten full springs ye shall not cure; that she that tames proud harts
 Thy selfe, Minerua, may be taught, to know for what, and whence
 Thou doost against thy father fight; for sometimes childeeren
 May with discretion plant them selues, against their fathers wils;
 But not where humors onely rule, in works beyond their skils;
 For, Juno, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much;
 For, tis her vse to crosse his will, her impudence is such:
 The habite of offence in this, she onely doth contract,

And

And so grieues or incenseth lesse, though nere the lesse her fact:
 But thou most grieu'st him (dogged dame) whom he rebukes in time,
 Least licence shoulde pernvert thy will, and pride too highly clyme
 In thy bold boosome (desperate cyrle) if seriously thou dare,
 Lift thy unwieldie Lance gainst Ioue, as thy pretences are.

She left them, and Saturnia sayd, Ay me thou seede of Ioue
 By my aduice we will no more, unfit contention moue
 With Iupiter for mortal men; of whom, let this man die
 And that man live, who euer he pursues with destinie:
 And let him (plotting all euent) dispose of either hoast,
 As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become vs most.

Thus turnde she backe, and to the Horres her rich man'd horse resignde,
 Who them t'immortall mangers bound; the charriot they inclinde,
 Beneath the Crystall walls of heauen, and they in goulden thrones
 Consorted other deities, replete with passions.

Ioue, in his bright wheeld Charriot, his fierie horse now beates,
 Up to Olympus; and aspirde the Gods eternall seates.
 Great Neptune loo'd his horse; his Carre upon the Altar plast,
 And heauenly-linnen Couerings did round about it cast.

The farre-seer vsde his throne of gould: the vast Olympus shooke
 Beneath his feete; his wife, and mayde, apart their places tooke;
 Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts and said;
 Why do ye thus torment your selues? you need not sit dismaide
 With the long labours you haue vsde, in your victorious fight,

Destroying Troians; gainst whose liues, you heape such high despight.

Ye should haue held your glorious course; for be assur'd, as farre

As all my powers (by all meanes vrg'd) could haue sustaind the warre;

Not all the hoast of Deities shoulde haue retride my hand,

From vowe infiictions on the Greeks, much lesse you two withstand.

But you before you saw the fight, much lesse the slaughter there,

Had all your goodly lineaments possest with shaking feare;

And never had your Charriot borne their charge to heauen againe:

But thunder should haue smit you both, had you one Trojan slaine.

Both Goddes ses let fall their chynnes vpon their Iuory breasts,

Set next to Ioue; contriuing still afflicted Troys unrests;

Pallas for anger could not speake; Saturnia, contrary,

Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bould reply;

Not-to-be-suffred Iupiter, what needst thou still inforce

Thy matchlesse power? we know it well, and we must yeeld remorse.

To them that yeeld vs sacrifice : nor needst thou thus deride
 Our kind obedience, nor our grieses; but beare our powers applyde
 To iust protection of the Greeks; that anger toomb not all
 In Troys fowle gulf of periurie, and let them stand, should fall.

Greeue not (say a loue) at all done yet: for if thy fayre eyes please,
 This next red morning they shall see the great Saturnides
 Bring more destruction to the Greeks; and Hector shall not cease,
 Till he haue rowsed, from the Fleet, swift-foote Eacides,
 in that day, when before their shippes, for his Patroclus slaine,
 The Greeks in great distresse shall fight; for so the Fates ordaine:
 I waign not thy displeased spleene, though to th'extremest bounds
 Of earth and seas it carrie thee, where endles night confounds
 Iapet, and my deiecte Syre, who sit so farre beneath,
 They never see the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,
 Neere to profoundest Tartarus; nor thither if thou went,
 Wond'ld I take pittie of thy moodes, since none more impudent.

To this, she nothing did reply: and now Solis glorious light
 Fell to the sea, and to the land drew vp the drowsie night:
 The Troians grieu'd at Phœbus fall, which all the Greeks desirde;
 And sable Night (so often wylt) to Earths firme Throne aspirde.

Hector, intending to consult, neere to the gulfie floode
 Farre from the Fleet, led to a place, pure and exempt from blood,
 The Trojan forces: from their horse, all lighted and did heare
 Th' Oration loue-lou'de Hector made, who held a goodly speare,
 Eleauen full cubites long; the head was brasse, and did reflect
 A wanton light before him still; it round about was deckt
 With strong hoops of new burnisht gold, on this he leand, and saide,
 Heare me my worthie friends of Troy, and you our honorde aide;
 A little since, I had concept, we shold haue made retreate,
 By light of the inflamed fleete, with all the Greeks escheate;
 But darkenes hath preuented vs, and safte, with special grace,
 These Achiuues, and their shore-hal'd fleet. Let vs then render place,
 To sacred Night, our suppers dress, and from our charriots free
 Our faire-man'de horse, and meat them wel: then let there conuoide be,
 From forth the Cittie presently, Oxen, and well fed sheepes;
 Sweet wine, and bread, and fell much wood, that all night we may keep
 Plenty of fires, euen till the light bring forth the louely morne;
 And let their brightness glase the skies, that night may not suborne
 The Greeks escape, if they, for flight, the seas broade backe would take;

At least they may not part with ease; but as retreat they make,
 Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,
 Made with a shaft or sharpened speare; and others feare to come,
 With charge of lamentable warre, aginst souldiers bred in Troy:
 Then let our Herralds, through the towne, their offices employ,
 To warne the youth, yet short of warre, and time-white fathers, past;
 That in our god-built towers they see strong courts of guardē be plaste,
 About the wals; and let our dames, yet flourishing in years,
 That (having beauties to keep pure) are most inclinde to feares
 (Since darkenes in distressfull times more dreadfull is then light)
 Make loftie fires in euerie house: and thus the dangerous night
 Field with strong watch, if th enemie haue ambuscados layd
 Neere to our walls (and therefore seeme in flight the more dismaide,
 Intending a surprise, while we are all without the towne)
 They euerie way shall be impugnde to euerie mans renoune.
 Performe all this branc Troian friends: what now I haue to say,
 Is all exprest; the chearefull morne shall other things display;
 It is my glorie (putting trust in loue, and other Gods)
 That I shall now expulse these dogs fates sent to our abodes;
 Who bring ostenys of destinie, and black their threatening fleet.
 But this night let vs hold strong guardes: to morrow we will meeete
 (With fierce-mde warre, before their shippes, and Ile make knowne to all
 If strong Tydides, from their ships, can drine me to their wall,
 Or I can pierce him with my sword, and force his bloody spoyle;
 The wished morne shall shewe his powre, if he can shun his foyle,
 I running on him with my Lance; I thinke when day ascends,
 He shall lie wounded with the first, and by him many friends.
 O that I were as sure to liue immortall, and sustaine
 No fraileties, with increasing yeares, but euermore remaine
 Adore like Pallas, or the Sun, as all doubts dye in me,
 That heauens next light shall be the last the Greeks shal euer see.

This speech all Troians did applaude; who from their traces losde
 Their sweating horse; which seuerally with headstales they reposde,
 And fastned by their chariots; when others brought from towne,
 Fat sheepe and Oxen, instantly, bread, wine, and hewed downe
 Huge store of wood: the winds transferd, into the friendly sky,
 Their suppers sauor, to the which they sat delightfully,
 And spent all night in o' en field; fires round about them shinde;
 As when about the siluer moone, when aire is free from winde,

And stars shine cleare, to whose sweet beames, high prospects and the brows
Of all steepe hills, and pinacles, thrust vp themselves for shoures;
And euen the lowly valleis ioy to glitter in their sight,
When the vnmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the Signes in heauen are seene, that glad the shepheards hart,
So many fires disclosde their beames, made by the Troian part,
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets showde;
A thousand courts of guard kept fires: and euerie guarde allowde
Fiftie stout men, by whome their horse eate oates and hard white corne,
And all did wishfully expect the siluer-throned Morne.

The ende of the eight Booke.





THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



TO Agamemnon (vrging hopeless flight)
Stand Disme and Nestor opposite:
By Nestors counsaile Legates are dismiss'd,
To Thetis sonne, who still denies t' assist.

Another Argument.

In Epsilon, the Ambassie,
And great Achilles sterne replie.

So held the Troians sleepless guard; the Greeks to flight were giuen:
The feeble consort of cold feare (strangely infusde from heauen)
Griefe, not to be indurde, did wound all Greeks of greatest worth.
And as two laterall-sited windes (the westwinde and the North)
Meete at the Thracian seas black breast; ioyne in a sodaine blare;
Tumble together the darke waues, and powre vpon the shore
A mightie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground:
So Ioue and Troy did driue the Greeks and all their mindes confound;
But Agamemnon most of all, was grieved at his hart,

S 3

Who

Who to the voiceful Herralds went, and bade them cite, apart,
 Each Grecian leader severally, not openly proclaim;
 In which he laborde with the first: and all together came.
 They sadly sat; the king arose, and pourd out teares as fast
 As from a loftie Rock, a spring doth his blacke waters cast;
 And deepeley sighing, thus bespake the Achiuess; O my friends,
 Princes, and Leaders of the Greekes; heauens aduerse king extends
 His wrath, with too much detriment to my so iust designe;
 Since he hath often promist me, and bound it with the signe
 Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands should race,
 And safte returne: yet now engagde, he plagues vs with disgrace,
 When all our trust to him hath drawne so much blood from our friends.
 My glorie, nor my Brothers wreake, were the proposed ends,
 For which he drew you to these toyles; but your whole countries shame,
 Which had been huge, to leare therape, of so diuine a dame,
 Made in despight of our reuenge: and yet not that had mou'de
 Our powers to these designes if Ioue had not our drifts approu'de;
 Which since we see he did for blood, tis desperate fight in vs
 To striue with him; then let vs flie, tis flight he urgeth thus.
 Long time still silence held them all; at last did Diomed rise:
 Attides, I am first must crosse thy indiferet advise,
 As may become me, being a king in this our martiall court.
 Be not displeasde then: for thy selfe didst broadly misreport,
 In open field, my fortitude, and calde me faint and weakes;
 Yet I was silent, knowing the time; loth any rites to break,
 That appertainde thy publike rule: yet all the Greeks knew well
 (Of euerie age) thou didst me wrong. As thou then didst resell
 My valour first of all the boist, as of a man dismaide:
 So now, with fit occasion giuen, I first blame thee affraid;
 Inconstant Saturns son hath giuen inconstant spirits to thee,
 And with a scepter ouer all, an eminent degree:
 But with a scepters soueraigne grace, the chiefe power, fortitnde
 (To briale thee) he thought not best, thy breast shoulde endude.
 Unhappy king, thinkst thou the Greeks are such a silly sort,
 And so excessiue impotent as thy weake words import?
 If thy mind moue thee to be gon, the way is open, go:
 Mycenian shippes now ride neere, that brought thee to this woe;
 The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till Troy be overcome,
 With full euersion; or if not, but (doters of their home)
 Will put on wings to flie with thee; my selfe and Sthenelus

Will

Will fight, till (trusting fauouring Ioue) we bring home Troy with vs.
 This, all applauded, and admirde the spirit of Diomed;
 When Nestor (rising from the rest) his speech thus seconded;
 Tydides, thou art (questionless) our strongest Greek, in warre,
 And grauest in thy counsailes too, of all that equall are
 In place with thee, and stand on strength; Nor is there any one
 Can blame, or contradict thy speech; And yet thou hast not gone
 So farre, but we must further goe; th' art yong, and well mightst be
 My youngest sonne; though still I yeeld, thy words had high degree
 Of wisedome in them to our kings, since wel they did become
 Their right in question, and refute inglorious going home;
 But I (well knownen thy senior far, will speak, and handle all
 Yet to propose; which none shall check, no not our Generall.
 A hater of Societie, vnjust and wilde is he
 That loues intestine warre, being stuft with manless crueltie:
 And therefore in persuading peace, and home-flight, we the lesse
 May blame our General; as one lothe, to wrap in more distresse
 His loued souldiers: but because they brauely are resolu'd
 To cast liues after toyles, before they part in shame inuolu'd,
 Pronide we for our honored stay; obay black night, and fall
 Now to our Suppers; then appoint our guards without the wall,
 And in the bottome of the dike; which guards I wish may stand
 Of our braueyouth: and (Atreus sonne) since thou art in command
 Before our other Kings; be first in thy commands effect:
 It well becomes thee: since tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;
 And in the royll right of things, is no empaire to thee;
 Nor shall it stand, with lesse then right, that they invited be
 To Supper by thee; all thy Tents are amply storde with wine,
 Brought dayly in Greek shippes from Thrace; and to this grace of thine
 All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to weight;
 And many meeting there, thou maiest heare every mans conceipt,
 And take the best; it much concerns all Greeks to vse aduice
 Of grauest nature; since, so neere our shippes, our enimies
 Haue lighted such a sort of fires: with which, what man is ioyde?
 Looke, how all beare themselues this night, so liue or be destroyde.
 All heard and followed his aduise: there was appointed then
 Seauen Captaines of the watch, who forth did march with all their men.
 The first was famous Thrasymed, aduicefull Nestors sonne;
 Alcalaphus and Ialmen, and mighty Merion;
 Alphateus and Deipyrus, and lounely Lycomed,

Old Creons ioy: those seauen bold Lords, an hundred souldiers led
 In euerie seuer de company: and euery man his pike;
 Some placed on the rampeirs top, and some anidst the dyke:
 All fires made, and their suppers tooke: Atrides to his tent
 Invited all the Peeres of Greece, and foode sufficient
 Oppoſde before them, and the Peeres appoſde their hands to it.
 Hunger and thirst being quicklye quencht, to counſaile ſtill they ſit.
 And firſt ſpake Nestor, who they thought of late aduife ſo well;
 A father graue and rightly-wiſe, who thus his tale did tell.

Moſt high Atrides, ſince in thee I haue intent to end,
 From thee will I begin my ſpeech; to whom loue doth command
 The Empyre of ſo many men, and puts into thy hand
 A ſcepter and eſtabliſh lawes, that thou maſt well command
 And counſaile all men under thee. It therefore doth behoue
 Thy ſelfe to ſpeakemost ſince of all, thy ſpeeches moſt will moue;
 And yet to heare as well as ſpeakē: and then perorme as well
 A free iuft Counſaile; in thee ſtil muſt ſtiche what others tell:
 For me, what in my iudgement ſtands the moſt conuenient
 I wil aduife; and am aſſurde aduice more competent
 Shall not be giuen: the generall prooſe, that hath before beene made
 Of what I ſpeakē, confirmeſ me ſtill, and now may well perſwade,
 Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou (moſt royal King)
 Euen from the tent, Achilles Loue, diſdiſt violently bring,
 Againſt my counſaile, vrging thee, by ali meanes to relent:
 But you (obaying your high minde) would venture the euent,
 Diſhonoring our ablef Greek: a man th' immortals grace;
 Againe, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace
 Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field:
 Both which; kind words, and pleaſing gifts, muſt make his vertues yeeld.
 Of aſter (answering the king) my wrongs thou tellefte me right;
 Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue graunts; one man muſt ſtand in fight
 For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him Loue loues from his hart:
 He ſhewes it in thus honoring him, who liuing thus apart
 Prones vs but number: for his want makes all our weakenies ſcene:
 Yet after my confeſt offence, ſoothing my humorous ſpleene,
 He ſweeten his affects againe, with preſents infinite;
 Which (to approue my firme intent) he openly recite;
 Seauen ſacred Tripods, free from fire, ten talents of fyne gold;
 Twentie bright caldrons, twelve young horſe, well ſhap't and well controlde,
 And victors too, for they haue wonne the prize at many a race:

That

That man shoulde not be poore, that had but what their winged pase
 Hith added to my treasure, nor feele sweet golas defect:
 Seauen Lesbian Lasses he shall haue, that were the most select,
 And in their needles rarely skyld: whom (when he tooke the towne
 Of famous Lesbos) I did choose: who wonne the chiefe renoune,
 For beautie from their whole fayrefex; amongst whom Ile resigne
 Fayre Brysis; and I deepeley sweare (for any fact of mine
 That may discourage her receipt) she is vtoucht, and rests
 As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if loue to our requestes
 Yonchsafe performance, and afford the worke for which we waite;
 Of winning Troy) with braffe and gold, he shall his Nauie freight;
 And (entering when we be at spoyle) that princely hand of his
 Shall choose him twentie Trojan Dames, excepting Tyndaris,
 The fayrest Pergamus enfouldes: and if we make retreat
 To Argos (cald, of all the world, the Nauill, or chiefe seat)
 He shall become my sonne in law, and I will honor him
 Euen as Orestes my sole sonne, that doth in honor swym.
 Three daughters, in my wel-built Court, unmarried are and fayre,
 Laodice, Chrylothe: nis, that hath the golden hayre,
 And Iphianassa: of all three, the worthiest let him take
 Al ioynitureless, to Peleus Court: I will her ioyniture make;
 And that so great, as neuer yet did any maide preferre;
 Seauen citties right magnificent, I will bestow on her;
 Enope and Cardamile, Hyra for her herbs renounde,
 She fayre Epaea, Pedalus, that doth with grapes abound:
 Antea, girdled with greene Meades: Phera, surnamde Diuine;
 All whose bright Turrets, on the seas, in sandie Pylos shine:
 Th' inhabitants, in flocks, and heards, are wondrous confluent;
 Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts present,
 And to his thronе will contribute, what tribute he will rate;
 All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:
 Let him be milde and tractable: it is for the God of ghosts
 To be vnrulede, impacable, and seeke the blood of hoasts;
 Whom therefore men do much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me;
 I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeares then he.

Braue King (said Nestor) these rich gifts must make him needs relent:
 Chuse then fit legates instantly, to greet him at his tent;
 But stay, admit my choice of them, and let them strait be gone:
 Loue-loued Phoenix shall be chiefe, then Ajax Telamon,
 and Prince Vlysles; and on them, let these two herralds wait,

*Graue Odys and Euribates: come Lords, take water strait,
Make pure your hands, and with sweet words appease Achilles minde,
Which we will pray; the king of Gods may gently make inclinde.*

*All likt his speech, and on their hands, the Herralds water shed;
The youths crownde cups of sacred wine, to all distributed;
But, having sacrifice and drunke, to euerie mans content,
(With many notes by Nestor giuen) the Legates forward went;
With courtship infit gestures vsde, he did prepare them well;
But most Vlysses; for his grace, did not so much excell;
Such rytes beseeeme Ambassadors, and Nestor urged these,
That their most honors might reflect enrag'd AEacides.
They went along the shore, and prayed the God that earth doth bind
In brackish chaines, they might not faile but bow his myghtie minde.
The quarter of the Myrmidons they reacht, and found him set
Delighted with his soleinne harpe, which curiously was fret
With workes conceived, through the verdge: the bawdrick that embrasse
His lofie necke, was siluer twist: this (when his hand laide waste
Actions citie) he did chuse, as his especiall prize,
And (louing sacred musicke wel) made it his exercise;
To it he sung the glorious deeds of great Heroes dead,
And his true mind, that practise fayld, sweet contemplation fead.
With him alone and opposite, all silent sat his friend,
Attentive, and beholding him, who now his song did end.
The Ambassadors did forwards prease renown'd Vlysses red,
And stood in view: their suddaine sight, his admiration bred,
Who with his Harpe and all arose: so did Menetius sonne,
When he beheld them: their receipt, Achilles thus begun.
*Health to my Lords: right welcome men assure your selues ye be,
Though some necessarie I know, doth make you visite me,
Incest with iust cause gainst the Greeks. This said, a seuerall seat
With purple cushions he set forth, and did their ease entreat;
And sayd: Now friend our greatest bovrle, with wine unmixt, and neate,
Oppose these Lords; and of the depth, let every man make prooфе;
These are my best-esteemed friends, and underneath my rooſe.**

*Patroclus did his deare friends wil: and he that did desire
To cheare the Lords (come faint from fight) set, on a blasing fire
A great braſſe pot; and into it, a chine of mutton put,
And fat goates flesh; Automedon held, while he peeces cut
To roſt and boile, right cunningly: then, of a well fed swine,
A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine;*

His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once past,
 he laid the spit, lowe, neere the coales, to make it browne at last:
 Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and tooke it from the rakes:
 This rosted, and on dresser set, his friend Patroclus takes
 Bread in faire baskets; which, set on, Achilles brought the meat,
 And to diuinest Ithacus, tooke his opposed seat
 Vpon the banch: then did he will his friend to sacrifice;
 Who cast sweet incense in the fire, to all the deities.
 Thus fell they to their readie food: hunger and thirst allайд,
 Ajax to Phenix made a sygne, as if too longe they stayd,
 Before they told their legacie. Ulisses saw him wink,
 And (filling the great boule with wine) did to Achilles drink.

Heath to Achilles; but our plights stand not in need of meat,
 Who late sупt at Attides tent, though for thy loue we eate
 Of many things, whereof a part would make a compleat feast;
 Nor can we ioy in these kind rites, that haue our harts opprest
 (O Prince) with feare of utter spoyle: t'is made a question now
 If we can sauie our fleete or not, unless thy selfe in dow
 Thy powers with wanted fortitude; now Troy and her consorts,
 Bould of thy want, haue pitcht their tents close to our fleet and fortes;
 And made a firmament of fires; and now no more they say
 Will they be prisond in their wals, but force their violent way
 Euen to our shippes; and Ioue himselfe hath with his lightnings showde
 Their bould aduentures happy signes; and Hector growes so proude
 Of his huge strength, borne out by Ioue; that fearfully he rauies;
 Presuming neither men nor Gods can interrupt his rauies.
 Wilde rage infades him, and he prayes, that soone the sacred morne
 Would light his fury; boasting then, our streamers shal be torne,
 And all our nauall ornaments fall by his conquering stroke,
 Our shippes shall burne, and we our selues ly stifted in the smoke.
 And I am seriously affraid, heauen will performe his threats;
 And that t'is fatall to vs all, far from our native seates
 To perish in victorious Troy: but rise, though it be late;
 Deliuer the afflicted Greeks, from Troyes tumultuous hate;
 It will hereafter be thy grieve, when no strength can suffice
 To remedy th' effected threats, of our calamities;
 Consider these affaires in time, while thou maist use thy power,
 And haue the grace to turne, from Greece, fates vnrecovered howre;
 O friend thou knowest, thy royll Syre forwarnd what shoulde be done,
 That day he sent thee from his Court to honor Atteus sonne:

My sonne (said he) the victorie let loue and Pallas vse
 At their high pleasures; but do thou no honor de meanes refuse
 That may aduance her; in fit boundes, containe thy mightie mind,
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength, be factiously enclinde,
 Contriuing mischiefes; be to fame, and generall good profest;
 The more will all sorts honor thee; Benignity is best.
 Thus chargde thy Syre, which thou forgetst; yet now those thoughts appease
 That torture thy great spirit with wrath: which if thou wilt surcease,
 The king will merite it with gifts; (and if thou wilt gine eare)
 Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou sitst angrie here.
 Seauen tripods that no fire must touch; twise ten pans fit for flame:
 Ten talents of fine gold, twelve horse, that euer ouercame,
 And brought huge prises from the field, with swiftnes of their feet:
 That man shold beare no poore account, nor want golds quickeing sweete,
 That had but what he won with them: seauen worthiest Lesbian dames
 Renownde for skil in hyswiferie, and beare the soueraigne fames,
 For bewtie, from their generall sex; which at thy ouerthrow
 Of well-built Lesbos he did chuse: and these he will bestow;
 And, with these, her hee tooke from thee: whom (by his state since then)
 He sweares he toucht not, as faire dames vse to toucht by men.
 All these are ready for thee now: and if at length we take,
 By helps of Gods, this wealthy towne, thy ships shal burthen make
 Of gould and brasse at thy desires, when we the speyle diuide;
 And twentie beutious Trojan dames, thou shalt select beside,
 (Next Hellen) the most beautifull; and (when returnde we be
 To Argos) be his sonne in law; for he will honor thee
 Like his Orestes, his sole sonne, maintaing in height of blisse:
 Three daughters beautifie his court, the faire Crylothemis,
 Laodice, and Iphianels; of all, the fayrest take,
 To Peleus thy graue fathers court, and neuer ioincture make:
 He will the ioincture make himselfe, so great as neuer Syre
 Gau to his daughters muptials; seuen cities left entire;
 Cardamile and Enoppe and Hyra full of flowers;
 Anthæa, for sweet meadowes pray'd, and Phera deckt with towers;
 The bright Epea, Pedassus, that doth God Bacchus please,
 All on the Sandie Pylos soyle, are seated neere the seas:
 Th' inhabitants, in droues and flocks, exceeding wealthy be,
 Who like a God with worthy gifts, will gladly honor thee,
 And tribute of especiall rate, to thy high scepter pay:
 All this he freely wil performe, thy anger to allay.

But if thy hate to him be more then his gifts may reppresse,
 Yet pittie all the other Greeks,in such extreame distresse ;
 Who with religion honor thee: and to their desperate ill,
 Thou shalt triumphant glorie bring, and Hector thou maist kill,
 When pride makes him incounter thee, fild with a banefull spirit;
 Who vaunts, our whole fleete-brought not one, equal to him in fight.

Swift foot Æacides replyde, diuine Laertes sonne,
 Tis requisite I shoule be hort, and shewe what place hath won
 Thy seruous speech : affirming nought, but what you shal approove
 Establisht in my settled hart ; that in the rest I mooue
 No murmure nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath,
 Who holde, not in his words and thoughts one indistinguysht troth.
 What fits the freeness of my mind, my speech shall make displayde;
 Nor Atreus sonne nor all the Greeks shal winne me to their aide:
 Their sute is wretchedly enforst to free their owne despaires;
 And my life neuer shal be hirde with thankless, desperate prayers:
 For never had I benefit, that euer foilde the foe ;
 Eauen share hath he that keeps his tent, and he to field doth goe;
 With equall honor Cowards dye, and men most valiant ;
 The much performer, and the man that can of nothing vant.
 No ouerplus I euer found, when with my mindes most strife,
 To do them good, to dangerous fight, I haue exposde my life.
 But euen as to vnfeatherd birds, the carefull dam brings meate,
 Which when she hath bestowde, her selfe hath nothing left to eate:
 So when my broken sleepes haue drawne the nights t'extremest length,
 And ended manie bloudie dayes, with still-employed strength,
 To guard their weakenes, and preserue their wiues contents infract,
 I haue beene rob'd before their eyes; twelue citties I haue sackt,
 Assailde by sea: cleauen by land, while this siege held at Troy :
 And of all these, what was most deare, and most might crowne the ioy
 Of Agamemnon ; he enjoyde, who here behinde remainde;
 Which when he tooke, a few he gaue, and many things retainde:
 Other, to Optimates and Kings he gaue, who hold them fast,
 Let mine he forceth; only I sit with my losse disgrastes;
 But so he gaine a louely dame, to be his beds delight,
 It is enough ; for what cause else doe Greeks and Troians fight ?
 Why brought he hither such an host ? was it not for a dame ?
 For fayre-hayrde Hellen? and doth loue alone the harts inflame
 Of the Atrides to their wiues, of all the men that moue ?
 Euery discreete and honest minde cares for his priuate loue,

As much as they: as, I my selfe lou'd Brysis as my life,
 Although my captiue; and had will to take her for my wife:
 Whom, since he forste preuenting me, in vaine he shall prolong
 Hopes to appease me; that know well the deepenes of my wrong.
 But good Vlysses, with thy self, and all you other Kings,
 Let him take stomacke to repell Troys fierie threatnings:
 Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,
 Cut a dyke by it, pitcht with pales; broad, and of deep import:
 And cannot all these helpes reppresse this kil-man Hectors fright?
 When I was armde amongst the Greeks, he would not offer fight
 It iabout the shadow of his walls; but to the Scaean ports,
 Or to the holy beech of loue, come, backt with his consorts;
 Where once he stood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;
 And to make new prooef of our powers, the doubt is not so great:
 To morrow then, with sacrifice performe de t' imperiall loue
 And all the gods, ile lanch my fleet, and all my men remoue;
 Which (if thou wilt vs so thy sight, or thinkst it worth respect)
 In forhead of the morne thine eyes shall see with sayles erext
 Amidst the fishie Hellespont, heipt with laborious ores;
 And if the sea-god send free sayle, the fruitfull Pthian shores
 Within three dayes we shall attaine, where I haue store of prise,
 Left, when with prejudice I came to these indignities
 There haue I gold as well as here, and store of ruddy brasse,
 Dames slender, elegantly girt, and steele as bright as glasse;
 These will I take as I retyre, as shares I firmely haue;
 Though Agamemnon be so base to take the gifts he gaue.
 Tell him all this, and openly, ton your honors charge;
 That others may take shame to heare his lusts command so large;
 And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceiue
 (Being dyde in endless impudence) that man may learne to leaue
 His trust and Empire: but alas, though like a Wolfe he be
 Shameless, and rude; he durst not take my prise and looke on mee.
 I neuer will partake his works, nor counsails, as before;
 He once deceau'de, and iniurde me, and he shall neuer more
 Tye my affections with his words; enough is the encrease
 Of one successe in his deceipts; which let him ioy in peace,
 And beare it to a wretched end; wise loue hath rest his braine
 To bring him plagues; and these his gifts I (as my foes) disdaine;
 Euen in the numnes of calme death, I will reuengefull be;
 Thoughten or twentie times so much, he would bestow on me:

All he hath here, or any where; or Orchomen contains;
To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the store remaines
In circuite of AEgyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lyes,
Whose wals containe an hundred ports, of so admirde a fise;
Two hundred soldiers may, afront, with horse and charriots passe:
Nor, would he amplifie all this, like sand, or dust, or grasse,
Should he reclaine me, till his wreake paide me for all the paines,
That, with his contumelie, burnde, like poysen in my vaines;
Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although she might contend
With golden Venus for her forme, or if she did transcend
Blew eyde Minerua for her works: let him a Greek select
Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect
My safette to my fathers court; he shall chuse me a wife.
Many faire Achiuue Princesses, of unimpeached life,
In Helle and in Pthia liue, whose Syres doe citties hold,
Of whom I can haue whom I wil. And more, an hundred fold,
My true minde in my countrie likes, to take a lawfull wife,
Then in another Nation; and there delight my life
With those goods that my father got; much rather then dye here;
For all the wealth of wel-built Troy, possest when peace was there;
All that Apilos marble Fane, in stony Pthos holds,
I value equall with the life, that my free breast enfolds.
Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, crest-deckt horse, though lost, may come againe;
But, when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe
Our humane soule; away it flies; and once gone, neuer more
To her fraile manjon any man can her lost powrs restore.
And therfore since my mother-qucene (fam'de for her siluer feet)
Told me two Fates about my death, in my airection meet:
The one, that if I here remaine t' assist our victorie,
My safet returne shall neuer line, my fame shall neuer die:
If my returne obtaine successe, much of my fame decayes,
But death shall linger his approche, and I liue many dayes:
This being reuealde, t' were foolish pride, t' abridge my life for prayse.
Then with my selfe, I will aduise others to hoyse their saile;
For, gainst the height of Ilion you neuer shall preuale:
Ioue with his hand protecteth it, and makes the soldiars bould.
This tell the king in euerie part: for so graue Legates shoudl;
That they may better counsails use, to sauē their Fleet and friends
By their owne valours; since this course drownde in my anger ends:
Phoenix may in my tent repose; and, in the morne, stere course

For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, lie vse no force.

All wondred at his sterne reply; and Phoenix, full of feares
His words woulde be more weak then iust supplied their wants with teares.

If thy retурне incline thee thus (Peleus renowned ioy)
And thou wilt let our shippes be burnde with harmfull fire of Troy,
Since thou art angrie, O my sonne; how shal I after be.
Alone in these extreames of death, relinquished by thee?
I, whom thy roiall father sent as orderer of thy force,
When to Attides from his Court, he left thee, for this course
Yet young, and when in skill of armes thou didst nor so abound,
Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renorwnde:
In al which, I was sent by him, to instruct thee as my sonne,
That thou mightst speak when speech was fit, and doe when deeds were done;
Not sit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:
I would not then be left by thee, deere sonne begot in loue;
No not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my bosome and my browes, and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth; as when at first, I left sweet Helles shore
Deckt with fayre dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore,
Who was the fayre Atmyntor cald, surnamde Oimenides;
And for a fayre-hayrde harlots sake, that his affects could please,
Contemnde my mother his true wife, who ceasless urged me
To vse his harlote Clytia, and still would clasp my knee
To doe her will, that so my Syre might turne his loue to hate
Of that lewde dame, conuerting it, to comfort her estate;
At last I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers loue; who straight suspicio[n] stood,
Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies prayde
No dame might loue nor bring me seede; the deities obaide
That governe hell: infernall loue, and sterne Pelephone.
Then durst I, in no longer date, with my sterne Father be:
Yet did my friends, and weere allies enclose me with desires
Not to depart: kilde sheepe, bores, beeves: rost them at solemn[e] fires:
And from my fathers tunnes, we drunke exceeding store of wine:
Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did ceaselesse shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber; but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,
I brake my chambers thicke-framde dores, and through the hals guarde past,
Vnseene of any man or maid: through Greec[ia], then rich, and vast,
I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheepe, and came to Peleus court,

Who

Who entertaind me hartily, and in as gratiouis sort
 As any Syre his onely sonne borne when his strengthis spent,
 And blest with great possessions to leaue to his descent:
 He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commend:
 I dwelt in th' vtmost region, rich Pthia doth extend;
 And gouernde the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,
 O thou that like the Gods art framde: since (dearest to my hart)
 I vsde thee so, thou lou'dst none els, nor any where wouldst eate,
 Till I had cround my knee with thee, and keru'd thee tenderly meate;
 And giuen thee wine so much, for loue, that in thy infancie
 (Which still discretion must protect and a continuall eye)
 My besome louingly sustaine the wine thine could not beare:
 Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
 Much haue I suffred for thy loue, much labourde, wished much;
 Thinking since I must haue no heyre (the Gods decrees are such)
 I would adopt thy selfe my heyre: to thee my hart did giue
 What any Syre could giue his sonne; in thee I hop't to liue:
 O mitigate thy mightie spirits: it fits not one that mooues
 The harts of all, to liue unmou'd, and succour hates for loues:
 The Gods themselues are flexible; whose vertues, honors, powers
 Are more then thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.
 Perfumes, benigre deuotions, fauors of offrings burnde,
 And holy rites, the engines are, with which their harts are turnde,
 By men that pray to them; whose faiths, their sinnes haue falsified:
 For, pray'rs are daughters of great loue, lame, wrinkled, ruddy ey'd;
 And euer following iniurie; who (strong and sound of feet)
 Flies through the world, afflicting men: pray'rs yet obtain their cure;
 And whosoever reuerenceth that seed of loue, is sure
 To haue them heare, and helpe him to: but if he shall refuse
 And stand inflexible to them; they flye to loue, and use
 Their powrs against him; that the wrongs he does to them may fall
 On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he fayles to call.
 Then great Achilles honor, thou, this sacred seed of loue,
 And yeeld to them: since other men, of greatest mindes they moue:
 If Agamemnon would not giue the selfe same gifts he vowed,
 But offer others afterwards, and in his still-bent browes
 Entombe his honor, and his word; I would not thus exhort
 (With wrath appeasde) thy ayde to Grecce, though plagude in heauiest sort:
 But much he presently will giue, and after yeeld therest:

For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, Ile use no force.

All wondred at his sternereply; and Phoenix full of feares
his words would be more weak then iust, supplied their wants with teares.

If thy retурne incline thee thus (Peleus renowned ioy)

And thou wilt let our shippes be burnde with harmfull fire of Troy,

Since thou art angrie, O my sonne; how shal I after be

Alone in these extremes of death, relinquished by thee?

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When to Attides from his Court, he left thee, for this course

Yet young, and when in skill of armes thou didst not so abound,

Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renownde:

In all which, I was sent by him, to instruct thee as my sonne,

That thou mightst speak when speech was fit, and doe when deeds were done;

Not sit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:

I would not then be left by thee, deere sonne begot in loue;

No not if God would promise me, to raz the prints of time

Careld in my bosome and my browes, and grace me with the prime

Of manly youth; as when at first, I left sweet Helles shore

Deckt with fayre dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore,

Who was the fayre Amyntor cald, surnamde Ormenides;

And for a fayre-hayrde harlots sake, that his affects could please,

Contemnde my mother his true wife, who ceasles vrged me

To use his harlote Clytia, and still would clasp my knee

To doe her will, that so my Syre might turhe his loue to hate

Of that lewde dame, conuerting it, to comfort her estate;

At last, I was content to proue, to do my mother good,

And reconcile my fathers loue; who straight suspicioous stood,

Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies prayde

No dame might loue nor bring me seede; the deities obaide

That gouerne hell: infernall loue, and sterne Persephone.

Then durst I, in no longer date, with my sterne Father be:

Yet did my friends, and we're allies enclose me with desires

Not to depart: kildesheepe, bores, beeues: rost them at solemne fires:

And from my fathers tunnes, we drunke exceeding store of wine:

Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did ceaslessshine,

One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,

Before my chamber; but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,

I brake my chambers thicke-framde dores, and through the hals guarde past,

Vnseene of any man or maide: through Greece, then rich, and vast,

I fled to Pthia, purse of sheepe, and came to Peleus court,

Who

Who entertaind me hartily, and in as gratioust sort
As any Syre his onely sonne borne when his strength is spent,
And blest with great possessions to leauue to his descent:
He made me rich, and to my charge did much command command:
I dwelt in th' vtmost region, rich Pthia doth extend;
And gouernde the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,
O thou that like the Gods art framde: since (dearest to my hart).
I vsde thee so, thou lou'dst none els, nor any where wouldst eate,
Till I had cround my knee with thee, and keru'd thee tenderst meate;
And giuen thee wine so much, for loue, that in thy infancie
(Which still discretion must protect and a continuall eye)
My bosome louingly sustaine the wine thine could not beare:
Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
Much haue I suffred for thy loue, much labourde, wished much;
Thinking since I must haue no heyre (the Gods decrees are such)
I would adopt thy selfe my heyre: to thee my hart did give
What any Syre could give his sonne; in thee I hop't to liue:
O mitigate thy mightie spirits: it fits not one that mooues
The harts of all, to liue vnmou'd, and succour hates for loues:
The Gods themselves are flexible; whose vertues, honors, powers
Are more then thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.
Perfumes, benigne deuotions, sauors of offrings burnde,
And holy rites, the engines are, with which their harts are turnde,
By men that pray to them; whose faiths, their sinnes haue falsified:
For, pray'rs are daughters of great loue, lame, wrinkled, ruddy ey'd;
And euer following iniurie; who (strong and sound of feet)
Flies through the world, afflicting men: pray'rs yet obtain their cure;
And whosoeuer reverenceth that seed of loue, is sure
To haue them heare, and helpe him to: but if he shall refuse
And stand inflexible to them; they flye to loue, and vse
Their powrs against him; that the wrongs he does to them may fall
On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he fayles to call.
Then great Achilles honor, thou, this sacred seed of loue,
And yeeld to them: since other men, of greatest mindes they moue:
If Agamemnon would not giue the selfe same gifts he vowed,
But offer others afterwards, and in his still-bent browes
Entombe his honor, and his word; I would not thus exhort
(With wrath appeasde) thy ayde to Greece, though plague in heaviest sort:
But, much he presently will giue, and after yeeld the rest:

To assure which, he hath sent, to thee, the men thou louest best,
 And most renounde of all the host, that they might soften thee:
 Then let not both their paines, and prayers lost and despised bee;
 Before which, none could reprehend the tumult of thy hart:
 But now, to rest expiate, were much too rude a part.
 Of ancient Worthies we haue heard when they were most displeasde:
 (To their high fames) with gifts and prayers they stil haue beeene appeasde:
 For instance I remember well, a facte performide of old,
 Which to you all my friends Ile tell. The Curets wars did hold
 With the well-fought Etolians; where mutuall lines had end
 About the citie Calidon; Th' Etolians did defend
 Their flourishing countrie; which to spoyle, the Curets did contend:
 Diana with the golden throne (with Oeneus much incenſt,
 Since with his plentious lands first fruits she was not reuerenſt;
 Yet other Gods, with Hecatombs, had feasts; and ſhe alone,
 Great Ioues bright daughter, left vnteru'd; or by obliuion,
 Or vndue knowledge of her dues) much hurt in hart ſhe ſwore:
 And ſhe, enrag'd, excited much: ſhe ſent aſyluan Bore
 From their greene groves, with wounding tuskes, who uſually did ſpoyle
 King Oeneus fieldes; his lofty woods laide prostrate on the foyle;
 Rent by the roots Trees fresh, adorn'd with fragrant appleflow'r's:
 Which Meleager (Oeneus ſonne) ſlew with assembled pow'r's
 Of hunters and of fiercest houndes, from many cities brought:
 For ſuch he was, that with few liues his death could not be bought;
 Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, in funerall piles applide:
 Yet (ſlaine at laſt) the goddeſſe ſtird about his head and hyde
 A wondrouſ tumult; and a war, betwixt the Curets wrought
 And braue Etolians: all the while fierce Meleager fought,
 Ill farde the Curets: neere the walls, none durſt advance his creſt
 Though they were many: but when wrath inflamde his haughty breast,
 (Which oft the firme minde of the wife with paſſion doth infest)
 Since twixt his mother Queene and him, arose a deadly ſtrife;
 He left the court, and priuately liu'd with his lawfull wife;
 Faire Cleopatra, ſemall birth of bright Marpillas paine
 And of Ideus; who, of all terrefriall men, did raigne
 (At that time) King of fortitude; and, for Marpillas ſake,
 Gaiſt wanton Phœbus king of flames, his boaw in hand did take,
 Since he had rauisht her, his joy; whom her friends, after, gaue
 The ſurname of Alcyone, because they could not ſave
 Their daughter from Alcyones Fate: in Cleopatra's armes

Lay Meleager, feeding on his anger for the harmes
 His Mother prayd might fall on him; who, for her brother slaine
 By Meleager, grieu'd, and pray'd the Gods to wreak her paine,
 With all the horror could be poured, vpon her furious birth;
 Stil knockt she, with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth,
 To vrge sterne Pluto and his Queene, to incline their vendgefull eares,
 Fell on her knees, and all her breast, deawde with her fierie teares,
 To make them massacre her sonne, whose wrath enrag'd her thus;
 Erinnis (wandering through the aire) heard, out of Erebus,
 Prayers, fit for her unpleas'd minde; yet Meleager lay,
 Obscurde in furie; then the bruit of the tumultuous fray,
 Rung through the turrets as they skal'd; then came the AEtolian peeres,
 To Meleager with low suites, to rise and free their feares:
 Then sent they the chiefe priests of Gods, with offered gifts t' attone
 His differing furie; bad him chuse, in sweet-sould Calydon,
 Of the most fat and yeeldie soyle, what with an hundred steares,
 Might in a hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares,
 And halfe of naked earth to plow: yet yeelded not his ire.
 Then to his loftie chamber dore, ascends his royll Syre
 With ruthfull plaints: shooke the strong barres; then came his sisters cries;
 His mother then, and all entreat; yet still more stiffe he lies;
 His friends most reverend, most esteemde: yet none impression tooke,
 Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber shooke
 With the invading enemies; who now forst dreadfull way
 Along the cittie; then his wife (in pitifull dismay)
 Besought him weeping, telling him the miseries sustaint
 By all the citizens, whose towne, the enemie had gaind;
 Men slaughtered; children bondslaves made; sweet ladies forst with lust,
 Fires climbing towers, and turning them to heapes of fruitlesse dust.
 These dangers softned his steele hart: up the stout prince arose,
 Indew'd his bodie with bright armes, and freedeth AEtolians woes,
 His smothered anger giuing ayre, which Gifts did not asswage,
 But his owne perill. And because he did not disingage
 Their liues for gifts, their gifts he lost: but for my sake (deare friend)
 Be not thou bent to see our plights to these extremes descend,
 Ere thou assist vs: be not so, by thy ill angell, turnde
 From thine owne honor: it were shame to see our Nany burnde,
 And then come with thy timeless aide: for offerde presents come,
 And all the Greeks will honor thee, as of celestiall rome.
 But if without these gifts thou fight, forst by thy priuate woe;

Thou wilt be nothing so renounde, though thou repell the foe.

Achilles answerd the last part of this oration, thus ;
 Phoenix, renounde and reverend ; the honors urgde on vs
 We need not ; loue doth honor me, and to my safetie sees,
 And will whiles I retaine a spirit, or can command my knees.
 Then doe not thou, with teares and woes, impasse my affects,
 Becoming gratiouse to my foe : nor fits it the respects
 Of thy vow'd loue, to honor him that hath dishonord me ;
 Leaft such loose kindnes lose his heart, that yet is firme to thee.
 It were thy prayse to hurt, with me, the hurter of my state,
 Since halfe my honor and my Realme, thou maist participate.
 Let these Lords then returne th'event, and doe thou here repose ;
 And when darke sleep breaks with the day, our counsails shall disclose
 The course of our returne or stay ; this said, he with his eye
 Made to his friend a couert signe, to hasten instantly
 A good soft bed, that the old Prince, sonne as the Peeres were gone,
 Might take his rest ; when souldierlike braue Ajax Telamon
 Spake to Vlysses, as with thought, Achilles was not worth
 The high direction of his speech, that stood so sternly forth
 Vnmou'de with th'other Orators : and spake not to appease
 Pelides wrath, but to depart : his arguments were these ;

*High-issued Laertiades, let vs insist no more
 On his perswasion ; I perceiue, the world will end before
 Our speeches end, in this affaire : we must with vtmost haste
 Returne his answere, though but bad : the Peeres are els where plaste,
 And will not rise till we returne ; great Theris sonne hath storde
 Prowd wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implorde,
 Rude that he is, nor his friends loue respects, doe what they can :
 Wherein past all we honour a him. O vnremorseful man !*
*Another for his brother slaine, another for his sonne,
 Accepts of satisfaction : and he the deed hath done
 Liues in belou'd societie, long after his amends ;
 To which, his foes high hart for gifts, with patience condiscends :
 But thee a wilde and cruell spirit, the gods for plague haue giuen,
 And for one gyrtle, of whose sayre sex, we come to offer seauen,
 The most exempt for excellency, and many a better prise.
 Then put a sweet minde in thy breast, respect thine owne allies
 Though other's make thee not remisse : a multitude we are,
 Sprung of thy royall familie, and our supreamest care
 Is to be most familiar, and hold most loue with thee,*

Of all the Greeks; how great an hoast so euer here there be.

He answered, Noble Telamon, Prince of our souldiers here;
 Out of thy hart I know thou speakeſt, and as thou holdſt me deare:
 But ſtill as often as I thinke, how rudely I was uide,
 And like a ſtranger for all rites, fit for our good, refuſeſt;
 My hart doth ſwell againſt the man, that durſt be ſo profane
 To violate his ſacred place; not for my priuate bane,
 But ſince wrackt vertues generall lawes, he ſhameleſs did infringeſt:
 For whose fake I wil looſe the raignes, and giue mine anger ſwindgeſt,
 Without my wiſdomes leaſt impeach. He is a foole, and baſe,
 That pitties vice-plagude mindeſt, when paines, not loue of right giueſt place.
 And therefore tell your king, my Lords, my iuft wrath will not careſt
 For all his careſt, before my tents and nauie charged are
 By warlike Hector, making way through flockes of Grecian lines,
 Enlightned by their nauall fire: but when his rage arrives
 About my tent, and ſable barke, I doubt not but to ſhield
 Them and my ſelfe; and make him ſlie the thereſtrong bounded field.

This ſayd, each one but kiſt the cuppe, and to the ſhips retirdeſt;
 Vlyſſes firſt: Patroclus then, the men and mayds requirdeſt
 To make graue Phœnix bed with speed, and ſee he nothing lacks:
 They ſtraiſt obaydeſt; and laide thereon the ſubtle fruit of flax
 And warme ſheep-fels for couering: and there the old man ſlept,
 Attending till the golden Morne her uſuall station kept.
 Achilles lay in th'inner roome of his tent richly wrought,
 And that faire Lady by his ſide, that he from Lesbos brought,
 Bright Diomeda, Phorbas ſeede; Patroclus did imbraceſt
 The bewtious Iphis giuen to him, when his bold friend did raceſt
 The loftie Syrus, that was kept in Enyeus hold.

Now at the tent of Atreus ſonne, each man with cups of gold
 Receiu'd th' Ambaſſadors returndeſt; all cluſterd neere to know
 What newes they brought: which firſt the King would haue Vlyſſes ſhoweſt.
 Say moſt prayſe worthy Ithacus, the Grecians great renoune,
 Will he defend vs? or not yet will his proude ſtomacke downeſt?

Vlyſſes made reply; Not yet, will he appeaſed beſt,
 But growes more wrathfull, prizing light thy offerd gifts and theeſt,
 And wiſt thee to conſult with vs, and take ſome other courseſt
 To ſauue our Armie and our Fleet; and ſayes with all his forceſt,
 The morne ſhall light him on his way, to Pthyas wiſhed ſoyleſt;
 For neuer ſhall high-seated Troy be ſackt with all our toyleſt;
 Loue holdes his hand twixt vs and it: the ſouldiers gather hart.

Thus he replies: which Ajax here can equally impart,
And both these heralds: Phoenix stayes, for so was his desire
To goe with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.
All wondred he shoulde be so sterne: at last, bold Diomede spake;
Would God Atrides thy request were yet to undertake;
And all thy gifts vnoffered; hees proude enough beside:
But this ambassage thou hast sent, will make him burst with pride.
But let vs suffer him to stay, or goe at his desire,
Fight when his stomacke serues him best, or when loue shall inspire:
Mesne while our watch being strongly held, let vs a little rest.
After our foode: strength liues by both, and vertue is their guest.
Then, when the rosy-fingerd Morne holds out her siluer light,
Bring forth thy boast, encourage all, and be thou first in fight.
The kings admirde the fortitude, that so diuinely mou'd
The skilfull horseman Diomede, and his advice approu'd:
Then with their nightly sacrifice, each tooke his severall tent;
Where all receiu'd the soueraigne gifts, soft Sompus aid present.

The end of the ninth Booke.





THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



TH' Atrides, watching, wake the other Peeres:
And in the Fort, consulting of their feares,
Two kings they send, most stout, and honorde most,
For roiall skowts, into the Trojan host:
Who meeting Dolon (Heltors brybed Spie)
Take him; and learne how all the Quarters lie.
He tolde them in the Thracian regiment
Of rich King Rhesus, and his roiall Tent:
Striuing for safetie; but they end his strife,
And ridde poore Dolon of a dangerous life;
Then with digressiue wyles, they vse their force
On Rhesus life, and take his snowie horse.

Another Argument.
Kappa the Night exploits applies,
Rhesus and Dolons tragedies.

THe other Princes at their shippes soft fingerd sleep did binde,
But not the Generall; Somyns silkes bound not his laboring minde,
That turnde and returnde many thoughts. And as quick lightnings flie
From wel-deckt lynos soueraigne, out of the thickned skie,
Preparing some exceeding rayne, or hayle the fruit of cold,
Or down-like snow, that sodainely makes all the fields looke old;
Or opes the gulfe mouth of warre, with his ensulphurde hand
In asfelng flashes, pourde through clowds, on any punisht land:

So from Attides troubled hart, through his darke sorrowes, flew
 Redoubled sighes; his entrayles shooke, as often as his view
 Admirde the multituue of fires, that gilt the Phrigian shade,
 And heard the sounds of fife's, and shawmes, and tumults soldiers made:
 But when he saw his fleet and hoast kneele to his care and loue,
 He rent his hayre vp by the rootes, as sacrifice to loue,
 Burnt in his fierie sighes, still breath'd, out of his roiall hart;
 And first thought good, to Nestors care, his sorrowes to impart;
 To trie if royal diligence, with his approu'd aduise,
 Might fashion counsailes, to prevent their threatned miseries:
 So vp he rose, attirde himselfe, and to his strong feet tyde
 Rich shooes, and cast vpon his backe, a ruddy Lions hide
 So ample, it his ankles reacht, then tooke his roiall speare:
 Like him was Menelaus pierst with an industrious feare,
 Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes, lest bitter Fates should quite
 The Greeks high fauours, that for him resolu'd such endles fight.
 And first a freckled Panthers hyde, hid his brode backe athwart:
 His head, his brazen helme did arme; his able hand, his dart,
 Then made he all his hast to rayse his brothers head as rare,
 That he who most excelde in rule, might helpe t' effect his care;
 He found him at his shippes crookt sterne putting himself in armes;
 Who ioyde to see his brothers spirits awak't without alarmes,
 Well wavyng th' importance of the time, and first the yonger spake;
 Why, brother, are ye arming thus? is it to vnaertake
 The sending of some ventrous Greek, to explore the foes intent?
 Alas I greatly feare, not one will giue that worke consent,
 Exposde alone to all the feares, that flowe in gloomy night.
 He that doth this, must know death well; in which ends euerie fright.

Brother (sayd he) in these affaires we both must vs'e aduise;
 Ioue is against vs, and accepts great Hectors sacrifice;
 For I haue neuer seene, nor heard, in one day and by one,
 So many high attempts well vrg'de, as Hectors power hath done
 Against the hapless sons of Greece: being chiefly deare to Ioue;
 And without cause being neither fruite of any Goddesse loue,
 Nor helpefull God: and yet I feare the deepnesse of his hand.
 Ere it berac't out of our thoughts will, many yeeres withstand.
 But brother, hie thee to thy shippes, and Idomen disease
 With warlike Ajax: I will haste, to graue Neleides,
 Exhorting him to rise, and giue the sacred watch commands;
 For they will specially embrase incitement at his hand;

And

And now, his sonne, their captaine is, and Idomens good friend
Bould Merion, to whose discharge, we did that charge command.

Commandst thou then (his brother askt) that I shall tarry here
Attending thy resolu'd approach, or els the message beare
And quicklye make returne to thee? He answerd: Rather stay,
Leaſt otherwise we faile to meet: for many a diſſerent way
Lies through our labyrinthian hoaſt; ſpeake euer as you goe;
Command ſtrong watch, from Syre to ſonne, urge all to obſerue the foe;
Familiarly, and with their prayſe exciting euerie eye;
Not with unſeaſon'd violence of proud authoritie.
We muſt our patience exerciſe, and worke our ſelues with them:
Joye in our births combinde ſuch cares to eithers Diademē.

Thaſt he diſmift him, knowing well his charge before: he went
Himſelfe to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent;
By him, his damaske curets hung, his bield, a paire of darts,
His ſhining caske, his arming waſte in theſe he led the harts
Of his apt ſouldiers to ſharpe warre, not yeelding to his yeareſ:
He quickeſt ſtarted from his bed, when to his watchfull eares
Intimelye feet tolde ſome approach: he tooke his Lance in hand,
And ſpake to him; Ho, what art thou, that walkſt at midnight? ſtand;
Is any wanting at the guardes, or lackſt thou any peere?
Speake; come not ſilent towards me; ſay what intendſt thou heere?

He answerd, O Neleides, graue honor of our hoaſt:
Tis Agamemnon thou maſt know, whom loue afflieth moſt
Of all the wretched men that liue, and wil whilſt any breath
Gives motion to my toyled lims, and beares me vp from death.
I walke the round thus, ſince ſweet ſleepe cannot incloſe mine eyes,
Nor ſhut thoſe Organs care breaks ope, for our calamities;
My feare is vehement for the Greeks: my hart (the fount of heat)
With his extreme affects made cold, without my breast doth beat;
And therefore are my ſynewes strooke with trembling: every part
Of what my friends may feele, hath act in my diſperſed hart.
But if thou thinkſt of any course may to our good redounde,
(Since neither thou thy ſelfe canſt ſleepe,) come walke with me the round;
In way whereof we may conſer, and looke to euerie guardes:
Leaſt watching long, and wearineſs, with labouring ſo hard,
Drownes their oppreſſed memories of what they haue in charge:
The libertie we give the foe (alas) is ouerlarge;
Their Campe is almoſt mixt with ours, and we haue forth no ſpies,
To learene their drifts; who may perchance this night intend ſurprise.

Graue Nestor answerde: Worthy king, let good hearts beare our ill:
 Ioue is not bound to perfect all this busie Hectors will;
 But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much dismaide
 With feare lest our distresse incite Achilles to our aide,
 And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.
 But I will gladly follow thee, and stir vp more beside:
 Tidides, famous for his Lance, Vlisses, Telamon,
 And bould Phyleus valiant heire: or else if any one
 Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their saile
 Lie so remou'd; with much good speed, it might our haste auaille.
 But (though he be our honor de friend) thy brother I will blame,
 Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his vtter shame
 He shoulde commit all paines to thee, that shoulde himselfe employ,
 Past all our princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;
 And be so farre from needing spurres to these his due respects,
 He shoulde applie our spirits himselfe, with prayers, and vrge affects.
 Necessity (a law to lawes, and not to be indurde)
 Makes prooef of all his faculties, not sound, if not inurde.

Good father (said the King) sometimes you know I haue desirde
 You would improue his negligence, too oft to easer retirde;
 Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compasse of his braine;
 But with obseruing my estate, he thinks, he shoulde abstaine,
 Till I commanded, knowing my place; vnwilling to assume,
 For being my brother, any thing might proue he did presume;
 But now he rose before me farre, and came, t' auoide delaies;
 And I haue sent him for the man, your selfe desirde to raise;
 Come, we shall finde them at the guardes we plaste before the fort;
 For thither my direction was, they shoulde with speed resort.

Why now (said Nestor) none will grudge, nor his iust rule withstands;
 Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command.

Thus put he on his arming trusse, faire shooes vpon his feet,
 About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meeke
 Of purple, large and full of fouldes; curld with a warmefull nap;
 A garment that aginst colde in nights did soldiers use to wrap:
 Then tooke he his strong Lance in hand, made sharpe with sharpned steele,
 And went along the Grecian fleet. First at Vlysses keele,
 He cald, to breake the sylken fumes that did his fences binde:
 The voice through th' Organes of his eares straight rung about his minde.
 Forthcame Vlysses, asking him; Why stirre yee thus so late?
 Sustaine we such enforciue cause? He answerde; Our estate

Doth force this perturbation; vouchsafe it worthy friend,
 And come, let us excite one more, to counsaile of some ende.
 To our extreames, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his shielde,
 And both tooke course to Diomede; they found him laid in fielde
 Far from his tent: his armour by; about him was dispread
 A ring of souldiers; euery man, his shielde beneath his head,
 His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground:
 The point, that bristled the darke earth, cast a reflection round,
 Like pallid lightnings throwen from loue; thus this Heroe lay
 And under him a big oxe hyde; his roiall head had stay
 On Arras hangings, rowled vp: whereon he slept so fast
 That Nestor stird him with his foot, and chid to see him cast
 In such deep sleep, in such deep woes: and askt him why he spent
 All night in sleep, or did not heare the Troians neere his tent?
 Their Campe drawne close vpon their dike, small space twixt foes and foes?

He starting vp, sayd, Strange old man, that never tak'st repose,
 Thou art too patient of our toyle; haue we not men more yong,
 To be imployde from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong.

Said like a king, replied the Syre: for I haue sonnes renounde,
 And there are many othermen might goe this toylesome round;
 But you must see, imperious Neede hath all at her command;
 Now on the eager rasors edge, for life or death, we stand:
 Then goe (thou art the younger man) and if thou loue my ease,
 Call swift-foot Ajax vp thy selfe, and young Phyleides.

This said, he on his shoulders cast a yeallow Lions hide
 Bigge, and reacht earth, then tooke his speare, and Nestors will applyde;
 Raisde the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the Round they went,
 And found not any Captaine there, asleep or negligent;
 But wakynge, and in armes, gaue eare to any little sound:
 And as keene dogs keep sheepe in Cotes, or folds, of Hurdles bound,
 And grinne at euerie breach of aire, enuious of all that moues;
 Still lystning when the rauenous beast, stalks through the hilly groues:
 Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mighty tumults make,
 Sleepe wanting waight to close one winke: so did the captaines wake,
 That kept the watch, the whole sadnight; All with intentiue eare
 Conuerted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare
 If they were stirring to surprise: which Nestor ioyde to see:
 Why so deare sonnes, maintaine your watch, sleepe not a winke said he,
 Rather then make your fames, the scorne of Troian periurie.
 This sayd, he for most past the dyke; the others seconded;

Euen all the kings that had beeene cald to counsaile, from the bed ;
And with them went Meriones, and Nestors famous sonne:

For both were calde by all the Kings, to consultation.

Beyond the dyke they chusde a place, neere as they could from blood ;
Where yet appearde the falls of some, and whence (the crims'on floode
Of Grecian liues being pourde on earth by Hectors furious chace)

He made retreate, when night repourd grim darknes in his face.

There sat they downe, and Nestor spake ; Of friends remaines not one,
That will relie on his bold mind, and view the Campe alone

Of the prowde Troians? to approue if any stragling mate
He can surprise neere th'utmost tents, or learne the brieffe estate

Of their intentions for the time ; and mixe like one of them

With their outguards, expiscating if therenownde extreame,

They force on vs, will serue their turnes, with glorie to retire,

Or still encampe thus farre from Troy ? This may he well enquire,

And make a braue retreate vntoucht : and this would winne him fame
Of all men canapyed with heauen ; and euerie man of name

In all this hoast shall honor him, with an enriching meede;

A blacke Ewe and her sucking Lambe (Rewards that now exceed

All other best possessions, in all mens choyce requests)

And still be bidden by our kings, to kinde and roiall feastes.

All reuerentl one anothers worth ; and none woulde silence breake,
Lest worst should take best place of speech : at last did Diomede speake ;

Nestor, thou askst if no man heere haue hart so well inclinde
To worke this stratageme on Troy : yes, I haue such a minde :

Yet if some other prince would ioyne, more probable will be

The strengthned hope of our exploite : two may together see

(One going before another still) lie danger euerie way ;

One spirit upon another workes ; it takes with firmer stay

The benefit of all his powers : for though one knew his course,

Yet might he well distrust himselfe, which th'other might enforce.

This offer euerie man assayde ; all woulde with Diomede goe ;
The two Aiaces, Merion, and Menelaus too :

But Nestors sonne enforst it much, and hardie Ithacus,

Who had to euerie ventrous deede a minde as venturous.

Amongst all these thus spake the king, Tydides most belou'd ;

Chuse thy associate worthyly, a man the most approu'd

For use and strength in these extremes. Many thou seeft stand forth :

But chuse not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth ;

Least with thy nice respect of right to any mans degree,

Thou

Thou wrongst thy venture, chusing one least fit to ioyne with thee,
Although perhaps a greater king: this spake he with suspect,
That Diomed (for honors sake) his brother would select.

Then sayd Tydides; Since thou giu'st my iudgement leue to chuse,
How can it so much truth forget Vlysses to refuse,
That beares a minde so most exempt, and vigorous in th' effect
Of all high labors; and a man Palias doth most respect?
We shall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine;
He sets strength in so true a course, with counsailes so diuine.

Vlysses, loth to be esteemde a louer of his praise,
With such exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raise:
And sayd; Tydides prayse me not, more then free truth will beare,
Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks that giue iudicall eare.
But come, the morning hastes; the stars are forward in their course,
Two parts of night are past; the third is left t' employ our force.
Now borrowed they for haste some armes: bold Thrasymedes lent
Aduentrous Diomede his sword (his owne was at his tent)
His shielde, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or crest,
And cald a murrian; archers heads, it vse'd to inuest.
Meriones lent Ithacus his quiuere and his bowe;
His helmet fashioned of a hide: the workeman did bestow
Much labor in it, quilting it, with boawstrings: and without,
With snowie tuskes of white-mouthde Bores, t' was armed round about
Right cunningly; and in the midſt, an arming cap was plaste,
That with the fixt ends of the tuskes, his head might not be rafe.
This (long ſince) by Autolycus, was brought from Eleon,
When he laid waste Amintors houſe, that was Ormenus ſonne.
In Scandia, to Cytherius, ſurnamde Amphydamas,
Autolycus did giue this Helme: he, when he feasted was
By honord Mолос, gaue it him, as preſent of a Guest:
Mолос to his ſonne Merion, did make it his bequeſt.
With this, Vlysses armde his head, and thus they (both addreſſt)
Tooke leue of all the other kings: to them a glad oſtent,
(As they were entring on their way) Minerua did preſent;
A Herneshaw consecrate to her; which they could ill diſcerne
Through ſable night: but by her clange they knew it was a Herne.
Vlysses ioyde, and thus inuok't: Heare me great ſeede of loue,
That euer doſt my labors grace, with preſence of thy loue:
And all my motions doſt attend, ſtill loue me (ſacred dame)

Especially in this explayte, and so protect our fame,
We both may safely make retreat, and thriftily imploy
Our boldnesse in some great affaire, banefull to them of Troy.

Then prayd illustrate Diomede: Vouchsafe me likewise eare,
O thou unconquered Queene of Armes: be with thy fassors neare,
As to my roiall fathers steps, thou wente abountious guide,
When th' Achiuues, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would haue paciside,
Sent as the Greeks Ambassador, and left them at the floode
Of great AEsopus, whose retreate thou mad'st to swim in blood
Of his enambusht enemies: and if thou so protect
My bold endeuors; to thy name an Hesser, most select,
That never yet was tamde with yoke, broad fronted, one yeare old,
He burne in zealous sacrifice, and set the hornes in gold.

The Goddesse heard, and both the Kings their dreadless passage bore,
Through slaughter, slaughtered carcases, armes, and discolored gore.

Nor Hector let his Princes sleepe, but all to counsaile calld:
And askt, What one is here to vow, and keep it unapold,
To haue a gift fitte for his deed, a Charriot and two horse
That passe for spedde therest of Greece? what one dares take his course,
For his renowne (besides his gifts) to mixe amongst the foe,
And learne if still they hold their guards? or with th' overthowre
Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold vs longer warre?

All silent stood; at last stood forth, one Dolon, that did dare
This dangerous worke; Eumedes heyr, a Herrald muchrenownde:
This Dolon did in gold and brasse exceedingly abounde,
But in his forme was quite deforme; yet passing swifte to run:
Amongst five sisters he was left, Eumedes onely son;
And he toold Hector, his free hart would undertake to explore
The Greeks intentions; but (sayd he) thou shalt be sworne before,
By this thy scepter, that the worse of great AEacides
And his strong charriot, bounde with brasse, thou wilst before all these
Resigne me as my valares prise: and so I rest unmov'd
To be thy spie, and not returne, before I haue approu'd
(By venturing to Accides ship, where their consults are held)
If they resolute still to resist, or flee, as quite expeld.

He put his scepter in his hand, and calld the thunders God
(Satunias husband) to his oath, those horse shoulde not be rode
By any other man then he, but he for ever ioy
(To his renowne) their seruices for his good done to Troy.

Thus

Thus swore he, and forswore himselfe, yet made base Dolon bould :
Who on his shoulders hung his bowe, and did about him fould
A white woulues hide ; and with a helme of wesels skins did arme
His weasels head ; then tooke his darte, and neuer turnd to harme
The Greeks with their related drifts : but, being past the troupes
Of horse and foote, he promptly runs, and as he runs he stoupes
To undermine Achilles horse ; Vlysles straight did see,
And said to Diomedē, This man makes footing towards thee
Out of the tents ; I know not well if he be vsde as spie
Bent to our fleet, or come to rob the slaughtered enemie :
But let vs suffer him to come a little further on
And then pursue him. If it chance that we be ouergone
By his more swiftnesse ; urge him still, to run upon our fleet,
And (least he scape vs to the towne) still let thy laueline meeete
With all his offers of retreate. Thus stopt they from the plaine
Amongst the slaughtered carcases ; Dolon came on amaine
Suspecting nothing ; but once past, as far as mules outdraw
Oxen at plow ; being both put on, neither admitted law,
To plow a deep soild furrow forth : so far was Dolon past ;
Then they pursue, which he perceiu'd, and staid his speedlesse hast ;
Subtily supposing Hector sent to counterman his spie ;
But in a lauelins throw or lesse, he knew them enemie ;
Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursue like winde.
As when a brace of greyhounds are laide in with hare or hinde,
Close-mouth'd and skild to make the best of their industrious course,
Serue eithers turne, and put on hard ; lose neither ground nor force :
So constantly did Tydeus sonne, and his town-racing peere,
Pursue this spie ; still turning him, as he was winding neere
His couert ; till he almost mixt, with their out-courts of guarde.

Then Pallas prompted Diomedē, least his due worths rewarde
Should be empairde, if any man did vant he first did sheath
His sword in him, and he be cald but second in his death ;
Then spake he (threatning with his Lance) Or stay or this comes on,
And long thou canst not run, before thou be by death outgone.

This said, he threw his laueline forth : which mist, as Diomedē would ;
Aboue his right arme it made way ; the pile stukke in the moule :
He staid and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head ;
They came in blowing, seisde him fast ; he, weeping, offered
A wealthy ransome for his life, and tolde them he had brasse,

Much

Much gold and iron, that fit for use, in many labors, was ;
 From whose rich heapes his father woulde a wondrous portion giue,
 If, at the great Achaian fleet, he bearde his sonne did liue.

Vlysses bad him cheare his hart. Thinke not of death sayd he ;
 But tell vs true, why runst thou forth, when others sleeping be ?
 Is it to spoyle the carcases ? or art thou choicely sent
 To explore our drifts ? or of thy selfe, seek'st thou some wiſt event ?

He trembling anſwerd : Much reward did Hectors oþr propose,
 And urg'd me much againſt my will, t' endenor to diſclose,
 If you determinde ſtill to ſtay, or bent your course for flight,
 As all diſmaide with your late foyle, and wearied with the fight ;
 For which exploite, Pelides horſe and chariot, he diſweare,
 I onely euer, ſhould inioy. Vlysses ſmilde to heare
 So base a swaine haue any hope ſo high a price t' aſpire ;
 And ſaid, his labors diſ affect a great and pretious hyre,
 And that the horſe Pelides raignde, no mortall hand could uſe
 But he himſelfe ; whose matchleſſe life, a Goddeſſe diſ produce.
 But tell vs and report but truth, where leftſt thou Hector now ?
 Where are his armes ? his famous horſe ? on whom doth he beſlow
 The watches charge ? where ſleepe the Kings ? intend they ſtill to lyce
 Thus neere encamp't, or turne ſuffiſde with their late victorie ?

All this, ſayd he, ſle tell moſt true. At Ilus monument
 Hector with all our princes ſit, t' aduife of this event ;
 Who chuse that place remou'd, to ſhun the rude confused ſounds
 The common ſouldiers throwe about ; but, for our watch and rounds
 Whereof (braue Lord) thou makſt demaund, none orderly wee keepe ;
 The Troians that haue roofes to ſave, onely abandon ſleepe ;
 And priuately without commaund, each other they exhort
 To make preuention of the worſt ; and in this ſlender ſort
 Is watch and guarde maintaing with vs : th' auxiliarie bandes
 Sleep ſoundly, and commit their cares into the Troians hands ;
 For they haue neither wiues with them, nor children to protect ;
 The leſſe they need to care, the more, they ſuccour dull neglect.

But tell me (ſayd wiſe Ithacus) are all theſe foraigne powers
 Appointed quarters by themſelues, or elſe comwixt with yours ?

And this (ſayd Dolon) too (my Lords) Ile ſeriously vnfald :
 The Peons with the crooked bowes, and Cares, quarters hold
 Next to the Sea ; the Leleges, and Caucons ioynde with them,
 And braue Pelasgians ; Thimbers Meade, remoude more from the ſtreame,

Is quarter to the Licians; the lofrie Misian force;
 The Phrygians, and Meonians, that fight with armed horse.
 But what neede these particulars? if ye intend surprise
 Of any in our Troian campe; The Thracian quarter lies
 Vmost of all, and uncommixt with Troian regiments,
 That keepe the voluntarie watch; new pitcht are all their tents.
 King Rhesus, Eioneus sonne commands them, who hath steedes
 More white then snow; huge, and well shapte; their fierie pase exceeds
 The windes in swiftnes: these I saw; his Charriot is with gold
 And pallid siluer richly framde, and wondrous to behold:
 His great and golden armour is not fit a man should weare;
 But for immortall shoulders framde: come then and quickly bearre
 Your happy prisoner to your fleete: or leue me here fast bound
 Till your well vrgde and rich returne, proue my relation sound.

Tyrides dreadfully replide; Thinke not of passage thus,
 Though of right acceptable newes, thou hast aduertisde vs,
 Our handes are houlds more strict then so: and should we set thee free
 For offerd ransome; for this scape, thou still wouldst scouting be
 About our ships; or do vs skathe in plaine opposed armes;
 But if I take thy life, no way can we repent thy harmes.

With this, as Dulon reaht his hand to vse a suppliants part
 And stroake the beard of Diomede; he stroake his necke a hwart,
 With his forst sworde, and both the nerues he did in funder woundz;
 And suddenly his head, deceiu'd, fell speaking on the ground;
 His wesels helme they tooke, his bowe, his wolues skin, and his Lance:
 Which to Minerua, Ithacus did zealously aduance
 With lifted arme into the aire; and to her thus he spake;
 Goddesse, triumph in thine owne spoyles: to thee we first will make
 Our invocations, of all powers, thronde on th' olympian hill;
 Now to the Thracians, and their horse, and beds, conduct vs stil.

With this, he hung them vp aloft, upon a Tamricke bow,
 As eyfull trophies: and the spriges that did about it grow,
 He preynd from the leauy armes, to make it easier viewde,
 When they shold hastily retire, and be perhaps pursude.
 Forth went they, through blacke blood and armes and presently aspirde
 The guardlesse Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleepe and tyrde:
 Their armes lay by, and triple rankes they as they slept did keepe,
 As they shold watch and guarde their king; who, in a fatall sleepe,
 Lay in the midst, their charriot horse, as they coach fellowes were,

Fedde by them; and the famous steeds, that did their Generall beare,
Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich charriot tyed.

Vlysses saw them first, and said: Tydides I haue spied
The horse that Dolon (whom we slew) assurde vs we shold see:
Now use thy strength, now idle armes are most unsit for thee:
Prise thou the horse; or kill the guard, and leauet the horse to me.

Minerua with the Azure eyes breathde strength into her king,
Who fild the tent with mixed death: the soules, he set on wing,
Issued in grones, and made ayre swell into her stormy flood:
Horror, and slaughter had one power; the earth did blushe with blood.
As when a hungrie Lion flies, with purpose to deuoure
> On flockes unkept, and on their liues doth freely use his power;
So Tydeus sonne assailde the foe. twelve soules before him slew;
Vlysses wayted on his sword, and euer as he slew,
He drew them by their strengthless heelles, out of the horses sight;
That when he was to lead them forth, they should not with affright
Bogle, nor snore, in treading on the bloodyed carkases;
For, being new come, they were vnuse to such sterne sights as these.
Through foure ranks now did Diomede the king himselfe attaine;
Who (snoring in his sweetest sleepe) was like his soldiers slaine.
An ill dreame by Minerua sent, that night, stood by his head,
Which was Oenides roiall sonne, unconquer'd Diomede.

Meane while Vlysses loosed his horse, tooke all their raines in hand,
And led them forth: but Tydeus sonne did in contention stand
With his great minde, to doe some deede, of more audacitie;
If he should take the Charriot, where his rich armes did lie,
And draw it by the beame away; or beare it on his backe;
Or if of more dull Thracian liues, he should their bosomes sacke.

In this contention with himselfe, Minerua did suggest,
And bad him thinke of his retreats; least from their tempted rest
Some other God should stirre the foe, and send him backe dismaide:
He knew the voice; tooke horse, and fled; the Troians heauenly aide
(Apollo with the siluer boaw) stood no blinde sentinel
To their secure and drowsie host, but did discouer well
Minerua following Diomede; and angrie with his act,
The mighty host of Ilion he entred, and awak't
The couengermane of the king, a Counsailor of Thrace,
Hopocoon: who when he rose, and saw the desert place
Where Rhesus borse did use to stand; and th' other dismal harmes,

Men strugling with the pangs of death : he shrieckt out thicke alarmes ;
 Calde Rhesus Rhesus ; but in vaine : then still, arme arme he cryde :
 The noyse and tumult was extreme, on every startled side
 Of Troyes huge hoast ; from whence in throngs all gatherd and admirde,
 Who could performe such harmefull facts, and yet be safere tyrde.
 Now comming where they slew the skowte, Vlysses stayde the steeds ;
 Tydides lighted, and the spoyles (hung on the Tamricke reedes)
 He tooke and gaue to Ithacus, and vp he got againe :
 Then flew they ioyfull to their Fleet : Nestor did first attaine
 The sounds the horse hoofs strook through ayre, and sayd ; My royal Peeres
 Doe I but dote ? or say I true ? methinks about mine eares
 The sounds of running horses beate. O would to God they were
 Our friends thus soone returnde with spoyles : but I haue hartie feare,
 Least this high tumult of the foe, deth their distresse intend.
 He scarce had spoke when they were come ; both did from horse descend ;
 All, with embraces and sweet words, to heauen their worth did raise.
 Then Nestor spake ; Great Ithacus, eu'en heapt with Grecian prayses,
 How haue you made these horse your prise ? pearst you the dangerous hoast,
 Where such gemmes stand ? or did some God your high attempts accoast,
 And honord you with this reward ? why shew they be like the Rayes
 The Sunne effuseth. I haue mixt with Troians all my dayes ; 5
 And now, I hope you will not say, I alwayes lye aborde,
 Though an old soldier I confesse : yet did all Troy afforde
 Neuer the like to any sence, that euer I possest ;
 But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours blest :
 For he that shadowes heauen with clowds, loues both as his delights :
 And she that supples earth with blood, can not forbeare your fightes.

Vlysses answerd, Honor de Syre, the willing Gods can giue
 Horse much more worth, then these men yeeld, since in more power they liue.
 These horse are of the Thracian breed; their King, Tydides slew,
 And twelue of his most trusted guard and of that meaner crew
 A skowte for thirteenth man we kild, whom Hector sent to spie
 The whole estate of our designes, if bent to fight or flie.

Thus (followed with whole troopes offriens) they with applauses past
 The spacious dike, and in the tent of Diomede they plast
 The horse without contention, as his deseruings meede :
 Which (with his other horse set vp) on yeallow wheat did feed.
 Poore Dolons spoiles Vlysses had; who shrinde them on his stern,
 As trophies vowde to her that sent the good-aboding Herne.

Then entred they the meere maine sea, to clense their honordes sweat
From off their feet, their thighes and neckes: and when their vehement heate
Was calmde, and their swolne harts refresht, more curious baths they vsde;
Where odorous and dissoluing Oyles, they through their lims diffusde.
Then, taking breakfast, a big bowle, fild with the purest wine,
They offerd to the mayden Queene, that hath the azure eyne.

The ende of the tenth Booke.



THE



THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



Atrides and his other Peeres of name
Leade forth their men ; whom *Eris* did inflame.
Hector (by *Iris* charge) takes deedeles breath,
Whiles *Agamemnon* plyes the worke of death ;
Who with the first bears his imperiall head :
Himselfe, *Ulysses*, and King *Diomede*,
Euripylus, and *Esculapius* sonne
(Enfore't with wounds) the furious skirmish shun.
Which Martiall sight, when great *Achilles* viewes,
A little his desire of fight renues :
And forth he sends his friend to bring him word
From old *Neleides*, what wounded Lord
He in his Chariot from the skirmish brought :
Which was *Machaon*; *Nestor* then besought,
He would perswade his friend to wreake their harmes ,
Or come himselfe, deckt in his dreadfull armes.

Another Argument.

Lambda presents the Generall,
In fight the worthiest man of all.

AVrora, out of restfull bed, did from bright Tython rise,
To bring each deathlesse essence light, and vse, to mortall eyes ;
When Ioue sent *Eris* to the Greeks, sustaining in her hand
Sterne signes of her designes for warre : shee tooke her horrid stand

Vpon Vlysses huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,
 Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds might ring on euerie side,
 Both to the tents of Telamon, and th' author of their smarts,
 Who helde for fortitude and force, the nauies utmost parts.

Thereby Goddesse seated there, thundred the Orithian song,
 High and with horror, through the eares of all the Grecian throng;
 Her verse with spirits invincible, did all their breasts inspire;
 Blew out all starkenes from their lims, and set their hearts on fire;
 And presently was bitter warre more sweet a thousand times
 Then any choice, in hollow keeles, to greet their native climes.

Atrides summond all to armes, to armes himselfe disposede:
 First on his legs he put bright Greaves, with siluer buttons closde;
 Then with rich Curace armde his breast, which Cyniras bestowde.
 To gratifie his royall guest; for euen to Cyprus flowde
 Th' unbounded fame of those designes the Greeks proposde for Troy,
 And therefore gave he him those armes, and wisht his purpose ioy.
 Ten rowes of azur mixt with blacke: twelue golden like the Sun:
 Twise ten of tin, in beaten pathes did through this armour run.
 Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like three rainebowes blinde,
 Such as by loue are fixt in clowdes when wonders are diuinde.
 About his shoulders hung his sworde, whereof the hollow hilt
 Was fashion'd all with shinning bays exceeding richly gilt;
 The scaberd was of siluer plate, with golden hangers graft;
 Then tooke he vp his waightie shield, that round about him cast
 Defensiu shadowes; ten bright zones of gold-affecting brasse
 Were driuen about it; and of tin (as full of glosse as glasse)
 Sweld twentie bosses out of it; In center of them all,
 One of blacke mettall, had engrauen full of extreame apall,
 An vgly Gorgon compassed with Terror and with Feare:
 At it, a siluer Bawdricke hung, with which he vsde to beare
 (Wounde on his arme) his ample shield; and in it there was woun
 An azure Dragon, curld in fouldes; from whose one necke was clouen
 Three heads contorted in an orbe; then plaste he on his head
 His fower-plum'd caske; and in his hands two darts he managed
 Armd with bright steele that blasde to heauen: then Juno and the maide
 That conquers empires; trumpets seru'd, to summon out their aide
 In honor of the Generall: and on a sable cloude
 (To bring them furious to the field) sat thundring out aloude.

Then all enioynde their Charrioters to rapke their charriot horse
 Close to the dike: forth marcht the foot, whose front they did r'enforce

With

With some horse troupes : the battaile then was all of Charioters
Linde with light horse : but lupiter disturbd this forme with feares ;
And from ayres upper region did bloudy vapors raine,
For sad ostent, much noble life shouldere their times be slaine.
The Trojan hoast, at Ilus tombe, was in Battalia led
By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchiles seed,
Who Godlike was esteem'd in Troy ; by graue Antenors race,
Diuine Agenor, Polybus, unmaried Acamas,
Proportionde like the states of heauen : in front of all the field
Troys great Priamides did beare his al-wayes-equall shield,
Still plying th' ordering of his power. And as amids the skie
We sometimes see an ominous star blase cleare and dreadfully,
Then run his golden head in cloudes, and straight appeare againe ;
So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vauntgarde, shining plaine :
Then in the rereguard hid himself ; and laboree euerie where
To order and encourage all : his armour was so cleare,
And he applide each place so fast, that like a lightning throwne
Out of the shield of Lupiter, in euerie eye he shone.
And as upon a rich mans crop of barley or of wheat,
Oppos'd for swiftnes at their worke, a sort of Reapers sweat,
Beare downe the furrowes speedily, and thicke their handfuls fall ;
So at the ioyning of the hoasts ran slaughter through them all :
None stoopt to any fainting thought of soule inglorious flight,
But equall bore they vp their heads, and farde like wolves in fight ;
Sterne Eris, with such weeping sights, yeioyst to feed hereies ;
Who onely showde her selfe in field, of all the deities.
The other in Olympus tops, sat silent and repinde
That loue to do the Troians grace should beare so fixt a minde.
He carde not, but (enthronde apart) triumphant sat in sway
Of his free power ; and from his seat tooke pleasure to display
The cittie so adorne with tow'rs ; the sea with vessels fild ;
The splendor of resplendent armes, the killer and the kild.
As long as bright Aurora rulde, and sacred day increast,
So long their darts made mutuall woundes, and neither had the best :
But when in hill-enuirond vales, the timber-feller takes
A sharpe set stomacke to his meat, and dinner ready makes
His sinnowes fainting and his spirits, become surcharg'd and dull ;
Time of accustomde ease arriuide shis hands with labor full ;
Then by their valures Greeks brake through the Trojan ranks, and cheer'd
Their generall Squadrons through the hoast : then first of all appearde

The

The person of the king himselfe; and then the Troians lost
 Byanor, by his roiall charge, a leader in the host:
 Who, being slaine, his charioter, Oileus, did alight
 And stood in skirmish with the king; the king did deadly smite
 His forehead with his eager launce, and through his helme it ranne
 Enforcing passage to his braine, quite through the hardned panne;
 His braine mixt with his clotted bloud, his body strowd the ground.
 There left he them; and presently, he other obiects found
 Ilus and Antiphus, two sonnes king Priam did beget;
 One lawfull, th' other wantonly; both in one chariot met
 Their roiall foe; the baser borne, Ilus, was chariotere,
 And famous Antiphus did fight: both whiche king Peleus heire
 Whilome in Ida keeping flockes did deprehend and binde,
 With pliyant Osiers; and for prize, them to their Sire resignde.
 Atrides, with his wel-aimde lance, smote Ilus on the brest
 Aboue the nipple; and his sword, a mortall wound imprest
 Beneath the eare of Antiphus: downe from their horse they fell.
 The king had seene the youths before, and now did know them well,
 Remembryng them the prisoners of swift Æacides,
 Who brought them to the sable fleete, from Idas footie leas.
 And as a Lion hauing found the furrow of a Hinde
 Where shee hath eat' d two little twinnes; at will and ease doth grinde
 Their ioints snatched in his sollide lawes, and crusheth into mist
 Their tender liues; their dam (though neere) not able to resist;
 But, shooke with vehement feare her selfe, flies through the Oken chase
 From that fell saudage; drownd in sweate, and seeks some couert place:
 So when with most unmatched strength the Grecian Generall bent
 Gainst these two Princes, none durst ayde their native kings descent;
 But fled them selues before the Greeks: and where these two were slaine,
 Pylander, and Hypolochus, not able to restraine
 Their head-strong horse; the silken raines being from their hands let fall;
 Were brought by their vnruyl guides before the Generall;
 Antimachus begat them both, Antimachus that tooke
 Rich guiftes and gold of Hellens loue, and would by no meanes brooke
 Just restitution shoulde be made of Menelaus wealth,
 Bereft him, with his rauisht Queene by Alexanders stealth.
 Atrides Lion-like did charge his sonnes, who on their knees
 Fell from their chariotte, and besought regarde to their degrees;
 Who being Antimachus his sonnes, their father would afforde
 A worthy ransome for their liues; who in his house did hoorde.

Much

Much hidden treasure; brasse and gold, and steele, wrought wondrous choise.
 Thus wept they, using smoothing tearms, and heard this rugged voice
 Breath'd from the unrelenting king; If you be of the breed
 Of stout Antimachus, that staid the honorable deed
 The other Peeres of Ilion incounsaile had decreeed,
 To render Hellen and her wealth: and would haue basely slaine
 My brother and wise Ithacus, Ambassadors t' attaine
 That most due motion; now receive, wreak for his shamefull part.
 This said, in poore Pylanders breast he fixt his wreakfull dart;
 Who upwards spred th' oppressed earth: his brother croucht for dread:
 And as he lay, the angrie king cut off his armes and head,
 And let him like a football lie, for euerie man to spurne.
 Then to th' extreamest heat of fight, he did his valure turne,
 And led a multitude of Greeks; where foote did foote subdue,
 Horse slaughter'd horse; Neede fether'd flight; the battred center flew
 In clouds of dust about their eares, raisde from the horses hooves,
 That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as loues.
 The king (perswading speedy chace) gave his perswasions way
 With his owne valour, slaughtering still. As in a stormy day,
 In thicke-set woods a rauenous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire
 The shaken trees; and by the rootes, doth tosse them into ayre;
 Euen so beneath Atrides sword, flew vp Troyes flying heeles:
 Their horse drew empie Charriots, and sought their thundring wheeles.
 Some fresh directors through the fielde, where least the pursute drives:
 Thicke fell the Troians, much more sweet to vultures, then their wiues.
 Then loue drew Hector from the darts, from dust, from death and blood,
 And from the tumult: still the king firme to the pursute stood;
 Till at old Ilus monument, in midſt of all the fielde,
 They reacht the wilde Figtree, and longd to make their towne their shield.
 Yet there they rested not; the king, still cride, Pursue, pursue;
 And all his vnreproud hands, did blood and dust embrue.
 But when they came to Sceas ports, and to the Beach of loue,
 There made they stand; there euerie eye, fixt on each other, stroue
 Who should outlooke his mate amaz'de: through all the field they fled.
 And as a Lion, when the night becomes most deafe and dead,
 Invades Oxe herdes, affrighting all, that he of one may wreak
 His dreadfull hunger, and his neck he first of all doth breake,
 Then laps his blood and entrailes vp: so Agamemnon plyde
 The manage of the Troian chace, and still the last man dyed;
 The other fled; a number fell by his imperiall hand:

Som groueling downwards from their horse, some upwards strowd the sand.
 High was the furie of his launce: but hauing beat them close
 Beneath their walls, the both worlds Syre did now againe repose
 On fountaine-flowing Idas tops, being newly slid from heauen,
 And held a lightning in his hand: from thence this charge was gisen.
 To Iris with the golden wings; Thaumantia, flye (said he)
 And tell Troys Hector, that as long as he enragde shall see
 The souldier-louing Atreus sonne, amongst the foremost fight,
 Depopulating troopes of men: so long he must excite
 Some other to resist the foe, and he no armes aduance:
 But when he, wounded, takes his horse, attainde with shaft or Lance;
 Then will I fill his arme with death, euen till he reach the Fleet,
 And peacefull night treads busie day, beneath her sacred feet.

The wind-foot swift Taumantia obayde, and vsde her wings
 To famous Ilion, from the mount enchaste with siluer springs:
 And found, in his bright Chariot, the hardy Trojan knight,
 To whom she spake the words of loue, and vanisht from his sight.
 He leapt upon the sounding earth, and shooke his lengthfull dart,
 And euerie where he breathd exhorts, and stird vp enerie hart:
 A dreadfull fight he set on foot, his souldiers strait turnde head;
 The Greeks stood firme; in both the hoastes the field was perfected:
 But Agamemnon, foremost still, did all his side excede;
 And would not be the first in name, unlesse the first in deed.

Now sing faire presidents of verse, that in the heauens embowre,
 Who first encountered with the king, of all the aduense powres;
 Iphydamas, Antenors sonne, ample and bigly set,
 Brought vp in pasture-springing I brace, that doth soft sheepe beget:
 In grane Cisseus noble house, that was his mothers Syre,
 (Faire Theano) and when his breast was hightned with the Syre
 Of gaysome youth; his grandire gave his daughter to his loue:
 Who straight his bridall chamber left: Fame with affection stroue,
 And made him furnish twelue faire shippes, to lend fayre Troy his hand:
 His shippes he in Percope left, and came to Troy by land:
 And now he tried the fame of Greece, encountring with the king,
 Who threw his royll launce and mist: Iphidamas did fling,
 And strooke him on the arming waste, beneath his coat of brasse,
 Whch forst him stay upon his arme, so violent it was:
 Yet pierst it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazie head
 Tried hardnes with his siluer waste, it turnde againe like lead.
 He followed grasping the ground end: but with a Lions wyle,

That

That wretches away an Hunters staffe, he caught it by the pyle,
 And pluckt it from the caſters hand, whom with his ſword he strooke
 Beneath the eare, and with his wound his timeles death he tooke ;
 He fell, and ſlept an iron ſleepe wretched young man, he dyde
 Farre from his newly-married wife, in ayde of forraine pride,
 And ſaw no pleasure of his lone ; yet was her ioynture great :
 An hundred Oxen gaue he her, and vow'd in his retreate
 Two thouſand head of ſheep and Goates ; of which he ſtore did leauſe :
 Much gaue he of his loues firſt fruites ; and nothing did receiuē.
 When Coon (one that for his forme, mighte feaſt an amorous eye,
 And elder brother of the ſlaine) beheld his tragedie,
 Deep ſorrow ſate upon his eyes, and (ſtanding laterally)
 And to the Generall vndiſcernde) his laueline he let flie ;
 That twixt his elbow and his wrist, tranfixt his armeleſs arme ;
 The bright head ſhinde on th' other ſide. The unexpeted harme
 Impreft ſome horror in the king : yet ſo he ceaſt not fight,
 But ruſht on Coon with his Lance, who made what haſte he might,
 (Sealing his ſlaughtered brothers foote) to draw him from the field,
 And cald the ableſt to his aide ; when under his round ſhield
 The kings braſſe laueline, as he drew, did ſtrike him helpleſſe dead,
 Who made Iphydamas the blocke, and cut off Coons head.
 Thus under great Atrides arme Antenoris iſſue thrinde,
 And to ſuffiſe preciſeſt Fate, to Plutos mansion diu'd.
 He with his Lance, ſword, myghtie ſtones, poured his Heroick wreak
 On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme blood did breake
 Through his cleſt vaines : but when the wound was quite exhaust and crude,
 The eager anguſh did approue his princely fortitude .
 As when moſt ſharpe and bitter pangſ distract a laboring dame,
 Which the diuine Ilithiae, that rule the painefull frame
 Of humane child-birth poure on her : th' Ilithiae that are
 The daughters of Saturnia : with whose extreame repaire
 The woman in her trauel ſtrives, to take the worſt it giues :
 Which though it muſt be ; t' is loues fruit, the end for which ſhe liues ;
 The meane to make her ſelfe new borne : what comforts will redounde,
 So Agamemnon did ſustaine the torment of his wound.
 Then tooke he Charriot, and to Fleet b' thafe his Charriotere,
 But firſt poure out his highest voice, to purchafe euerie care :
 Princes and Leaders of the Greeks, braue friends, now from our Fleet
 Doe you expell this boiſtrous ſway : loue will not let me meet
 Illustrate Hector, nor give leauue, that I ſhall end the day

In fight against the Ilian power : my wound is in my way.

This said, his ready Chariotere did scourge his sprightfull horse,
That freely to the sable Fleet, performde their fierie course,
To beare their wounded Soueraigne, apart the Martiall thrust,
Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with fome, and snowing on the dust.

When Hector heard of his retreat, thus he for fame contends ;
Troians, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends,
Thinke what it is to be renownde : be souldiers all of name ;
Our strongest enemie is gone, loue vowe to doe vs fame ;
Then in the Grecian faces druze your one-hou'd violent steeds,
And farre above their best be best, and glorfie your deeds.

Thus as a dog-giu'en Hunter sets, vpon a brace of Bores,
His white-toothd hounds : puffs, shwts, breath terms, & on his emprese pores,
All his wilde art to make them pinche : so Hector vrg'd his boast,
To charge the Greeks, and he himselfe most bold and actiue most :
He brake into the heat of fight, as when a tempest raues,
Stoopes from the clouds, and all on heapes, doth cuffe the purple waues.
Who then was first and last he kilde, when loue did gracie his deed :
Aesseus, and Autonous, Opys and Clytus seed ;
Prince Dolops, and the honordre Syre of sweet Euryalus
(Opheltes) Agelaus next, and strong Hipponous ;
Orus, Essytmus ; all of name the common souldiers fell,
As when the hollow flood of ayre in Zephyres cheeks doth swell,
And sperseth all the gathred clouds, white Notus power did draw ;
Wraps waues in waues, hurls vp the froth beat with a vehement flaw :
So were the common soldiers wrackt in troops, by Hectors hand.
Then ruine had inforst such workes as no Greeks could withstand ;
Then in their fleet they had beene housde ; had not Laertes sonne
Stird vp the spirit of Diomede with this impression.

Tydydes, what do we sustaine, forgetting what we are ?
Stand by me (dearest in my loue) twere horrible impaire
For our two valures to endure a customarie flight,
To leaue our nauie still engag'd, and but by fits to fight.

He answered ; I am bent to stay, and any thing sustaine :
But our delight to proue vs men, will proue but short and vaine.
For loue makes Troians instruments, and virtually then
Wieldes arms himselfe ; our crosse affaires are not twixt men and men.
This said, Thimbraeus with his lance, he tumbled from his horse,
Neere his left nipple wounding him : Ulysses did enforce
Faire Molion, minion to this king, that Diomede subdude :

Both

Both sent they thence till they returnde, who now the king pursude
 And furrowed through the thickned troupes. As when two chafed bores
 Turn head againt kennels of bould hounds, and race way through their gores:
 So (turnd from flight) the forward kings shew'd Troians backward death;
 Nor fled the Greeks but by their wils to get great Hector breath.
 Then tooke they horse and charriote from two bould Cittie foes,
 Merops Percolius mightie sonnes: their father could disclose,
 Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not giue consent
 To their egression to these wars: yet wilfully they went;
 For fates, that order fable death, enforst their tragedies:
 Tydides slew them with his lance, and made their armes his prize.
 Hypporochus, and Hyppodus, Vlysses rest of light:
 But loue, that out of Ida lookt, then equallisde the fight;
 A Grecian for a Trojan then, paide tribute to the fates;
 Yet roiall Diomede slew one, eu'en in those eu'en debates,
 That was of name more then the rest; Paons renowned sonne,
 The prince Agastrophus; his lance, into his hip did run:
 His Squier detaind his horse apart, that hindred him to flye;
 Which he repented at his hart: yet did his feet apply
 His scape with all the speed they had, alongst the formost bands;
 And there his loued life dissolu'd. This, Hector understands,
 And rust with clamors on the king; right soundly seconded
 With troupes of Troians: which perceiu'd by famous Diomede,
 The deep conceit of loues high will styned his roiall haire;
 Who spake to neere-fought Ithacus. The fate of this affaire
 Is bent to vs: come let vs stand, and bound his violence:
 Thus threw he his long Iaueline forth, which smot his heads defence
 Full on the top, yet pierst no skin; brasse tooke repulse with brasse;
 His helme (with three fouldes made and sharpe) the gift of Phœbus was;
 The blowe made Hector take the troupe; sunke him upon his hand
 And strooke him blinde; the king pursude before the formost band
 His darts recoverie: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:
 By which time, Hector was reuiu'd, and taking horse againe
 Was far commixt within his strength, and fled his darksome grane.
 He followed with his thirsie lance, and this elusine byrue;
 Once more be thankefull to thy heeles (proud dog) for thy escape;
 Mischief sat neere thy bosome now; and now another rape
 Hath thy Apollo made of thee, to whom thou well maist pray
 When through the singing of our darts, thou findst such guarded way:
 But I shall meet with thee at length, and bring thy latest hower,

If with like fauor any God be fautor of my power;
 Meane while some other shall repay what I suspend in thee:
 This said, he set the wretched soule of Paeons iſſue free;
 Whom his late wound not fully flew: but Priams eldest birth,
 Against Tydides bent his bowe, hid with a hill of earth,
 Part of the ruined tombe, for honordellus built:
 And as the Curace of the slaine (engrauen and richly gilt)
 Tydides from his breast had spoyl'd, and from his ſhoulders raft
 His target and his ſolide helme; he shot, and his keene ſhaft
 (That neuer flew from him in vain) did nayle unto the ground
 The kings right foot: the ſplenefull Knight laught sweetly at the wound,
 Crept from his couert and triumpht; Now art thou maimd (ſaid he)
 And would to God my happy hand had ſo much honordeme,
 To haue infixt it in thy breast, as deep as in thy foot;
 Euen to th' expullſure of thy ſoule; then bleſt had beene my ſhoot
 Of all the Troians: who had then breathde from their long vreſts;
 Who feare thee as the braying goats abhor the king of beaſts.

Vndaunted Diomedē replyde: You, Brauer, with your bowe;
 You ſlicke hayrd louer: you that hunt and fleere at wenches ſo:
 Durſt thou but stand in armes with me, thy ſilly archerie
 Would giue thee little cauſe to vaunt: as little ſuffer I
 In this ſame tall exploite of thine performde when thou werſt hid,
 As if a woman or a childe, that knew not what it did,
 Had toucht my foote: a cowards ſteele hath neuer any edge:
 But mine (t' affiſſe it ſharpe) ſtill layes dead carcaſes in pledge;
 Touchit: it renders liueleſſ ſtraight: it ſtrikes the fingers ends
 Of hapleſſ wiſhawes in their cheeks, and children blinde of friends:
 The ſubiect of it makes earth red, and aire with ſighes inflames,
 And leaues lims more embræſte with birdes, then with enamored dames.
 Lance-famde Vlyſſes, now came in; and ſlept before the king,
 Kneeld opposite, and drew the ſhaft: the eager paine did ſting
 Through all his bodie: ſtraight he tooke his royll chariot there,
 And with direiction to the fleete, did charge his charioter.

Now was Vlyſſes deſolate, feare made no friend remaine:
 He thus ſpake to his mighty minde; What doth my ſtate ſustaine?
 If I ſhould flie this ods in feare that thus comes cluſtering on,
 Twere high diſhonor: yet twere worse to be ſurpride alone;
 Tis loue that drives the reſt to flight: but that's a faint excuse;
 Why do I tempt my mind ſo much? pale cowardeſ fight refufe:
 He that affects renoune in war, muſt like a rocke be fixt,

Wound,

Wound, or be wounded: valures truth puts no respect betwixt.
In this contention with himselfe, in flew the shadie bandes
Of targateres; who siegde him round with mischiefe-filled hands.
As when a crew of gallants watch the wilde muse of a Bore;
Their dogs put after in full crie, he rusbeth on before;
Whets, with his lather-making lawes, his crooked tuskes for blood;
And (holding firme his usuall haunts) breaks through the deepned wood;
They charging, though his hote approach be neuer so abhorde:
So, to assaile the loue-lou'd Greek, the Ilians did accord,
And he made through them: first he hurt upon his shoulder blade
Deiops a blameleſſe man at armes: then sent to endless shade
Thoon and Eunomus, and strooke the strong Chetidamas,
As from his Chariote he leapt downe, beneath his tardge of brasse;
Who fell and erawnde upon the earth, with his sustaining palmes,
And left the fight: nor yet his lance left dealing Martiall almes;
That, Socus brother by both sides, yong Carops did impresse:
Then princely Socus to his aide, made brotherly accessse,
and (comming neere) spake in his charge; O great Laertes sonne
Inſatiate in ſlye stratagems, and labors neuer done;
This hower, or thou ſhalt boast to kill the two Hypasides
And prize their armes, or fall thy ſelfe in my reſolu'd accessse.
This ſaid, he threw quite through his ſhield his fell and wel-driven Lance:
Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance,
Plowing the flesh alongſt his ſides; but Pallas did repell
All inward paſſage to his life. Vlyſſes knowing well
The wound undeadly, (ſetting backe his foot to forme his ſtand)
Thus ſpoke to Socus: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand,
That ſlayeft my victorie on Troy: and where thy charge was made
In doubtfull tearms (or this or that) this (bal thy life inuade.
This frightened Socus to retreat; and in his faint reuereſe,
The Lance betwixt his ſhoulders fell, and through his breſt did perſe:
Downe fell he ſounding, and the king thus plaide with his miſeafe.
O Socus, you that make by birth the two Hypasides:
Now may your house and you perceiue death can ouſtly the flier;
Ah wretch thou canſt not ſcape my vowed: old Hypatus thy Syre,
Nor thy well honorde mothers hands, in both which lies thy worth,
Shall cloſe thy wretched eyes in death, but vultures dig them forth,
And hide them with their darkſome wings: but when Vlyſſes dies,
Divineſt Greeks ſhall tombe my course, with all their obsequies.
Now from his boſie and his ſhield the violent launce he drew,

That

That princely Socus had infixt: which drawne, a crimson deaw
 Fell from his bosome on the earth: the wound did dare him sore.
 And when the furious Troians saw Vlysles forced gore;
 (Encouraging themselves in grosse) all his destruction vowde;
 Then he retirde and summond ayde: thrise shewted he alowde,
 (Which did denote a man engagde) thrise Menelaus eare
 Obseru'd his aide suggesting voice: and Ajax being neere,
 He told him of Vlysles shewts, as if he were enclosde
 From all assistance; and aduisde their aides might be disposde,
 Against that Ring that circled him: least, charg'd with troopes alone
 (Though valiant) he might be opprest, whom Greece so built upon.

He led, and Ajax seconded: they found their loue-lou'd king
 Circled with foes. As when a den of bloodie Lucerns cling
 About a goodly palmed Hart, hurt with a hunters boaw;
 Whose escape, his nimble feet inforce, whilst his warme blood doth flow,
 And his light knees haue power to moue; but (maistred with his wound,
 Emboste within a shadie hill) the Lucerns charge him round,
 And teare his flesh; when instantly fortune sends in the powers
 Of some sterne Lion; with whose fight, they flie, and he devours:
 So charge the Ilians Ithacus, many and mightie men:
 But then made Menelaus in: and horride Ajax then,
 Bearing a target like a Tow'r: close was his violent stand,
 And euerie way the foe dispersit; when, by the roiall hand,
 Kinde Menelaus led away the hurt Laertes sonne,
 Till his faire Squire had brought his horse; victoriouse Telamon
 Still pleyd the foe, and put to sword a young Priamides,
 Doriclus, Priams bastard sonne: then did his Lance impresse
 Pandocus, and strong Pyrasus, Lysander, and Palertes.
 As when a torrent from the hills, swolne with Saturnian showers,
 Fals on the fieldes: beares blasted Oakes and withred rosine flowers,
 Loose weedes, and all dispersed filth, into the Oceans force:
 So, matchlesse Ajax beat the field, and slaughtered men and horse.
 Yet had not Hector heard of this, who fought on the left wing
 Of all the host, neere those sweet herbs, Scamanders flood doth spring;
 Where many forheads trode the ground, and where the skirmish burnd;
 Neere Nestor, and king Idomen; where Hector ouerturnde
 The Grecian squadrons, authoring high service with his lance
 And skilfull manadge of his horse: nor yet the discrepance
 He made in death betwixt the hosts, had made the Greeks retire,
 If faire-hayrde Helens second spouse had not represt the fire

Of bould Machaons fortitude; who with a three forkt head
 In his right shoulde wounded him; then had the Grecians dread,
 Lest in his strength declinde, the foe shoulde slaughter their hurt friend;
 Then Idomen urg'd Neleides his charriote to ascend,
 And getting neare him take him in; and beare him to their tents;
 A surgeon is to be preferd, with physicke ornaments,
 Before a multitude. his life giues hurt liues native bounds,
 With sweet inspersion of fit balmes, and perfect search of wounds.

Thus spake the roiall Idomen: Neleides obeyd,
 And to his charriote presently, the wounded Greek conuaide:
 The sonne of Esculapius, the great physition:
 To fleet they flew. Cebtriones perceiu'd the slaughter don
 By Ajax on the other troupes; and spake to Hector thus:
 Whiles we encounter Grecians here, sterne Telamonius
 Is yonder raging, turning vp in heapes our horse and men;
 I know him by his spacious shielde: let vs turne charriote then
 Where both of horse and foote the fight most hotely is proposde,
 In mutuall slaughters: harke, their throats from cries are neuer closde.
 This said with his shrill scourge, he stroke the horse that fast enswerde,
 Stung with his lashes; stoffing shields and carcases embrewde:
 The charriote tree was dround in blood, and th' arches by the seat
 Disperpled from the horses houes, and from the wheelebands beat.
 Great Hector longd to breake the rankes, and startle their close fight;
 Who horribly amasde the Greeks; and plyed their suddaine fright
 With busie weapons, euer wingd: his lance, sword, weightie stones:
 Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreaxfull Telamons,
 With whom he wisely shund fowle blowes: but loue (that weighes aboue
 All humaine powers) to Ajax breast, diuine repressions troue,
 And made him shun, who shunde himselfe: he ceast from fight amasde:
 Cast on his back his seauen-folde shielde, and round about him gasde,
 Like one turnde wylde; lookt on himselfe, in his distract retreate;
 Knee before knee did scarcely moue; as when from heards of Neate
 Whole threaues of Bores and mungrils chace a Lion skulking neere,
 Loth he shoulde taint the wel-prisde fat of any stall-fed steere
 Consuming all the night in watch; he (greedy of his prey)
 Oft thrusting on, is oft thrust off; so thicke the lauelins play
 On his bould charges, and so hot the burning firebrands shine,
 Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;
 And earely his great heart retires: so Ajax from the foe,

For feare their fleet shold be inflam'd, gainst his swolne hart did goe.
 As when a dull mill Ass coms neere a goodly field of corne
 Kept from the birdes by children scries; the boyes are ouerborne
 By his insensible approach, and simply he will eate:
 About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beate;
 And still the self-prouiding ass, doth with their weakenesse beare,
 Not stirring till his wombe be full, and scarcely then will st eare
 So the huge sonne of Telamon, amongst the Troians farde;
 Bore showers of darts vpon his shield, yet scornd to flye, as skarde;
 And so kept softly on his way, nor would he mend his pase
 For all their violent pursutes, that still did arme the chace
 With singing lances: but at last, when their Cur-like presumes,
 More urgde, the more forborne; his spirits, did rarifie their fumes,
 And he reuok't his active strength; turna head and did repell
 The horse troupes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew sell,
 And by degrees he stole retreate; yet with such puissant stay
 That none could passe him to the fleet: in both the armies sway
 He stooode, and from strong hands receiu'd sharpe lauelins on his shield;
 Where many stucke throwne on before, many fell short in field
 Ere the white bodie they could reach; and stucke, as telling how
 They purpos'd to haue pierst his flesh: his perill pierced now
 The eyes of Prince Eurypilus, Euemons famous sonne;
 Who came close on, and with his dart strook Duke Apisaon,
 Whose surname was Phausiades, even to the concrete blood
 That makes the lyuer: on the earth, out gush't his vitall flood:
 Eurypilus made in, and easde his shoulders of his armes:
 Which Paris seeing, he drew his Bowe, and wreake in part the harmes
 Of his good friend Phausiades: his arrow he let flye,
 That smote Eurypilus, and brake, in his attainted thye:
 Then tooke he troope, to shun blacke death, and to the flyers cryde;
 Princes, and Leaders of the Greeks, stand, and repulse the tyde
 Of this our honor-wracking chace; Ajax is drownde in darts,
 If eare past scape; turne, honord friends, helpe out his ventrous parts:
 Thus spake the wounded Greeks; the sound, cast on their backs their shelds,
 And raisde their darts: to whose relieve Ajax his person wields;
 Then stood he firmly with his friends, retiring their retyre:
 And thus both hastes indifferent ioynde, the fight grew hote as fire.
 Now had Neleides sweating steeds, brought him and his hurt friend
 Amongst their Fleet; Eacides, that wifly did intend,

(Standing)

(Standing afterne his tall neckt ship) how deepe the skyrmiss drew
 Amongst the Greeks, and with what ruth the infecution grew;
 Saw Nestor bring Machaon hurt, and from within did call
 His friend Patroclus: who like Mats in forme celestiall
 Came forth with first sound of his voice (first spring of his decay)
 And askt his princely friends desire: Deare friend, said he, this day
 I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to swarne about my knees;
 I see unsuffred neede imployde in their extreamities:
 Goe sweet Patroclus and enquire of old Neleides,
 Whom he brought wounded from the fight: by his backe parts I ghesse
 It is Machaon: but his face I could not well deserie,
 They past mee in such earnest spedde. Patroclus presently
 Obeyde his friend and ran to know: they now descended were;
 And Nestors squire, Eurimidon, the horses did ungearre:
 Themselues stood neere th'extreme st shore, to let the gentle aire
 Drie vp their sweat; then to the tent; where Hecamede the faire
 Set chayres, and for the wounded prince a potion did prepare.
 This Hecamede, by wars hard fate, fel to old Nestors share
 When Thetis sonne saekt Tenedos. Shee was the princely seede
 Of worthy king Arsynous, and by the Greeks decreede
 The prize of Nestor, since all men, in counsails he surpast:
 First, a faire table she apposde, of which the feet were graffe
 With blewiss mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the same she put
 A brasse fruit dish; in which she seru'd a holosome onion, cut,
 For pittance to the potion, and henny newly wrought;
 And bread, the fruit of sacred meale: then to the borde she brought
 A right faire cup, with gold studs drinen, which Nestor did transfer
 From Pylos; on whose swelling sides, fowre handles fixed were;
 And upon every handle sate a paire of doves of gold;
 Some billing, and some pecking meat. Two gilt feet did uphold
 The antique body: and withall so weightie was the cup,
 That being propode brim full of wine one scarse could lift it vp;
 Yet Nestor drunke in it with ease, spight of his yeares respect;
 In this the Goddesse-like faire dame, a potion did confect
 With good old wine of Pramnus; and scrap't into the wine
 Cheese made of goates milke; and on it, sperst flow'r, exceeding fine:
 In this sort for the wounded Lord, the potion she preparde
 And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old Nestor sharde.
 Thus physically quencht they thirst, and then their spirits reuiu'de

200 THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF

With pleasant conference. And now, Patroclus being arriu'd,
 Made stay at th' entrie of the tent : old Nestor seeing it,
 Rose, and receiu'd him by the hand, and faine would haue him sit.
 He set that curtesie aside, excusing it with hast ;
 Since his much to be reuerenst friend, sent him to know who past,
 (Wounded with him in charioate) so swiftly through the shore ;
 Whom now said he I see and know, and now can stay no more :
 You know good Father, our great friend is apt to take offence :
 Whose fierie temper will inflame, sometimes with innocence.

He aunswerd, When will Peleus sonne, some roiall pittie show
 On his thus wounded countrimen ? Ah, is it yet to know
 How much affliction tyres our hoast ? how our especiall aide
 (Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miserably laide ?
 Vlisses, Diomede, our king, Euryppylus, Machaon,
 All hurt, and all our worthiest friends ; yet no compassion
 Can supple thy friends friendlesse breast. Doth he reserue his eye
 Till our fleet burne, and we our selues, one after other die ?
 Alas, my forces are not now, as in my younger life.
 Oh would to God, I had that strength, I used in the strife
 Betwixt vs and the Elians, for Oxen to be driuen ;
 When Iulmonius lofty soule, was by my valure giuen
 As sacrifice to destinie ; Hypporocus strong sonne,
 That dwelt in Elis, and fought first in our contention.
 We forragde (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boote ;
 And he, in rescue of his Herdes, fell breathlesse at my foote.
 All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled, our prey was rich and great,
 Twice fiftie and twentie flockes of sheepe, as many herds of neate ;
 As many goates, and nastie swine ; a hundred fiftie mares,
 All sorrel ; most, with sucking foales ; and these soone-monied wares,
 We draue into Neileus towne, sayre Pylos, all by night.
 My fathers hart was glad to see so much good fortune quite
 I he forward minde of his young sonne, that vsde my youth in deeds,
 And would not smoothen it in moodes. Now drew the Suns bright steedes
 Light from the hils ; our Herraldes now, accited all that were
 Endamag'd by the Elians ; our princes did appeare ;
 Our boote was parted ; many men, th'Epeians much did owe,
 That (being our neighbors) they did spoyle ; afflictions did so flowe
 On vs poore Pyleans, though but few : in brake great Hercules
 To our sad confines of late yeares, and wholly did supprese

Our hapless princes: twice sixe sonnes, renouwd Neleius bred;
 Onely my selfe am left of all: the rest subdue and dead.
 And this was it that made so proud the base Epeian bands,
 On their neare neighbors, being opprest, to lay iniurious hands;
 A herd of Oxen for himselfe: a mightie flocke of sheepe:
 My Syre selected, and made choice of shepheards for their keep:
 And from the generall spoyle, he culd three hundred of the best:
 The Elians ought him infinite, most plague of all the rest:
 Fower wager-winning horse he lost, and charriots interuented
 Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was presented
 Was a religious threefoote vrne: Augeas was the king,
 That did detaine them, and dismiss their keeper sorrowing
 For his lou'd charge, lost with fowle words. Then both for words and deedes
 My Syre being worthyly incensit, thus iustly he proceedes
 To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthie prize;
 And as he shar'd much, much he left, his subiects to suffice;
 That none might be opprest with power, or want his portion due:
 Thus for the publike good we sharde; then we to temples droue
 Our compleat cittie: and to heauen, we thankefull rights did burne
 For our rch conquest: the third day, ensowing our retурne
 The Elians flew on vs, in heapes; their generall leaders were
 The two Moliones; two boyes, untrayned in the feare
 Of horrid warre, or use of strenght. A certayne cittie shines
 Vpon a loftie praminent; and in th'extreme confins
 Of sandie Py os, seated, where Alpheus flood doth run;
 And cald Ithryella; this they sieg'd, and gladly would haue won:
 But (hauing past through all our fields) Minerua, as our spie,
 Fell from Olympus in the night, and arm'd vs instantly:
 Nor mustred she unwilling men, nor vnpreparde for force:
 My Syre yet would not let me arme: but hid away my horse;
 Esteeming me no souldier yet: yet shynde I nothing lesse
 Amongst our Gallants, though on foote: Minerua's mightinesse
 Led me to fight, and made me heare a souldiers worthy name.
 There is a floud fals into sea, and his crookt course doth frame
 Close to Arena, and is cald bright Mynieus streame:
 There made we halt: and there the Sun cast many a glorious beam
 On our bright armours: horse and foote insead together there:
 Then marcht we on: by fiery noone, we saw the sacred cleare
 Of great Alpheus; where to loue, we did faire sacrifice,

And to the azure God, that rules the underliquid skies,
 We offerd vp a solemne bull; a bull i' Alpheus name,
 And to the blew eyde mayde we burnd a heffer never tame.
 Now was it night, we supt, and slept about the flood in arms;
 The foel laide hard sledge to our towne, and shooke it with alarmes:
 But for preuention of their splenes, a mightie worke of warre
 Appeard behinde them. For as soone, as Phœbus fierie Carre
 Cast nights foule darknes from his wheeles (inuoking reuerend Ioue,
 And the unconquered maide his birth) we did th' euent approue,
 And gaue them battaile; first of all I slew (the armie saw)
 The mightie souldier Mulius, Augeus sonne in law,
 And spoyl'd him of his one-hou'de horse: his eldest daughter was
 Bright Agamede, that for skill in simples did surpasse;
 And knew as many kinde of drugs, as earths broad center bred:
 Him chargde I with my brasse armde lance, the dust receiu'd him dead:
 I (leaping to his chariote) amongst the formost prest;
 And the great hearted Elyans, fled frightened, seeing their best
 And loftie souldier taken downe, the Generall of their horse.
 I followed like a blacke whirlwinde, and did for prize enforce
 Full fiftie charriots, euerie one furnishit with two armde men,
 Who eat the earth, slaine with my lance; and I had slaughterd then
 The two young boyes Moliones, if their world circling Syre,
 (Great Neptune) had not safte their liues, and couered their retire
 With unpierst clowdes: then Ioue bestowde a haughtie victorie
 Vpon vs Peleans. For so long we did the chase apply,
 Slaughtering and making spoyle of armes, till sweet Buprasius soile,
 Alelius, and Olenia, were famde with our recoile;
 For there Minerua turnd our power: and there the last I slew;
 As when our battaile ioynde, the first: the Peleans then withdrew
 To Pylos, from Buprasius. Of all the immortalls then,
 They most thankt Ioue for victorie; Nestor, the most of men:
 Such was I euer, if I were, employde with other Peeres,
 And I had honor of my youth, which dies not in my yeares.
 But Great Achilles onely ioyes habilitie of act
 In his braue Prime, and doth not daine t' impart it where t'is lacks;
 No doubt he will extreamely mourne, long after that blacke hower,
 Wherein our ruine shall be wrought, and rue his ruthles power.
 O friend, my memorie revives the charge Menerius gaue
 Thy towardnes; when thou setst forth to keepe out of the grane

Our wounded honor; I my selfe, and wise Vlysses were
Within the roome, where euerie word then spoken we did heare:
For we were come to Peleus court, as we did mustering passe
Through rich Achaia, where thy Syre, renownde Menetius was,
Thy selfe and great Æacides; when Peleus the King
To thunder-louing Ioue did burne an Oxe for offering,
In his Court-yard: a Cup of gold crownde with red wine he held
On th' holy Incensorie powrde: you, when the Oxe was feld,
Were dressing his diuided lims; we in the Portall stooode:
Achilles seeing vs come so neere, his honorable blood
Was strooke with a respectiue shame; rose, tooke vs by the hands,
Brought vs both in, and made vs sit, and vs de his kinde commands,
For seemely hospitable rights; which quickeley were apposde.
Then (after needfulnesse of foode) I first of all disclosde
The royall cause of our repaire; mou'd you and your great friend,
To consort our renownde designes: both straight did condiscend;
Your fathers knew it, gaue consent, and graue instruction
To both your valours. Peleus chargde his most vnequald sonne,
To gouerne his victorious strength, and shone past all the rest
In honor, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings blest
With deere' aduises from thy Syre. My loued sonne, sayd he
Achilles by his grace of birth, superiour is to thee,
And for his force more excellent, yet thou more ripe in yeares;
Then with sound counsailes (ages fruits) implore his honor de cares,
Command and ouerrule his moodes; his nature will obey
In any charge discreetly giuen, that doth his good assay:
Thus charg'd thy Syre, which thou forgetst; yet now at last approue
(With forced reference of these) th' attraction of his loue.
Who knowes if sacred influence may blesse thy good intent,
And enter with thy gracious words, euен to his full consent?
The admonition of a friend is sweet and vehement.
If any Oracle he shun, or if his mother Queene
Hath brought him some instinct from Ioue, that fortifies his splene;
Let him resigne command to thee, of all his Myrmidons,
And yeeld by that meanes some repulse, to our confusions;
Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his resembled forme
May haply make thee thought himselfe, and calme his hostile storne:
That so a little we may ease our ouercharged hands;
Draw some breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly stands

Beneath

Ieneath his labors; and your charge, being fierce, and freshly giuen,
They easly from our tents and Fleet, may to their walls be driuen.

This mou'd the good Patroclus minde; who made his vtmost haste
T'informe his friend; and as the Fleet of Ithacus he past,
(At which their markets were dispose de, counsails and Martiall corts,
And where to th' Altars of the Gods, they made diuine resorts)

He met renownde Eurypilus, Euemons noble sonne

Halting his thigh hurt with a shaft: the liquid sweat did run
Downe from his shoulders, and his browes: and from his raging wound
Forth flowde his melancholie blood, yet still his minde was sound:
His sight, in kinde Patroclus breast, to sacred pittie turnde,

And (nothing more immartiall for true ruyh) thus he mournde,
Ah wretched progenie of Greece, Princes, deieected kings:

Was it your Fates to nourish beasts, and stretch the out cast wings
Of sauage vultures here in Troy? Tell me, Euemons fame,
Doe yet the Greeks withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame?
Or are they hopelesse throwne to death, by his resifless lance?

Divine Patroclus (he replyde) no more can Greece aduance
Defensiu weapons; but to Fleet, they headlong must retire:

For those that to this hower haue held our Fleet from hostile fyre,
And are the bulwarks of our hoast, lie wounded at their tents;

And Troys unuanquishable power, still as it toyles, augments:
But take me to thy blacke sternde ship, sau me, and from my thye
Cut out this arrow; and the blood that is engor'd and dry,
Wash with warme water from the wou'd: then gentle salues apply,
Which thou knowest best; thy princely friend hath taught thee surgeries;
Whom (of all Centaures the most iust) Chyron did institute:

Thus to thy honorable hands my ease I prosecute,
Since our Physitians cannot helpe: Machaon at his tent
Needes a Physitian himselfe, being Leach and patient:

And Podalirius, in the field, the sharpe conflict sustaines.

Strong Menetiades replyde; how shall I easie thy paines?

What shall we doe, Eurypilus? I am to use all hast,
To signifie to Thetis sonne occurrents that haue past
At Nestors honorable sute: but be that worke atchieu'd,
When this is done; I will not leauethey torments vnrelieu'd.

This said, athwart his backe he cast, beneath his breast, his arme,
And nobly helpt him to his tent: his seruants seeing his harme,
Dispreade Oxe-hides upon the earth, whereon Machaon lay:

Patroclus

Patroclus cut out the sharpe shaft, and clearely wash't away
With luke-warme water, the black blood: then twixt his hands he brus'de
A sharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infus'de
Into the greene well-cleansed wound, the paines he felte before
Were well and instantly allaid'e, the wound did bleed no more.

The ende of the Eleuenth Booke.



Bb

THE

9



THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



THe Troians, at the Trench, their powers engage,
Though greeted by a bird of bad presage.
In fise parts they diuide their powre, to skale,
And prince Sarpedon forceth downe the pale;
Great *Hector* from the Port teares out a stone,
And with so dead a strength he sets it gone
At those brode gates the Grecians made to guard
Their Tents and shippes; that, broken, and vnbarde,
They yeld way to his powre; when all contend
To reach the shippes: which all at last ascend.

Another Argument.

My, workes the Troians all the grace,
And doth the Grecian Fort deface.

PAtroclus, thus employ'd in cure of hurt Eurypilus;
Both hoafts are all for other wounds, doubly contentious;
One, all wayes labouring to expell; the other to inuade:
Nor could the brode dike of the Greeks, nor that strong wall they made,
To guard their fleete, be long unrac't; because it was not raisde,
By graue direction of the Gods, nor were their deities prayse

(When

(When they begun) with Hecatombes, that then they might be sure,
 (Their strength being season'd well with heau's) it should haue force t' endure;
 And so, the safeguard of their fleete, and all their treasure there
 Infallibly had beeene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarkes were
 Not onely without powre of checke, to their assaulling foe
 (Even now; as soone as they were built) but apt for ouerthrows;
 Such as, in verie little time, shall burie all their sight
 And thought, that euer they were made; as long as the despight
 Of great Æacides held vp, and Hector went not downe;
 And that by those two meanes stood safe, king Priams sacred Towne;
 So long their Rampire had some use, (though now it gane some way);
 But when Troys best men sufferd Fate, and many Greeks did pay
 Deare for their sufferance; then the rest, home to their Countrie turnd,
 The tenth yeare of their warres at Troy, and Troy was sackt and burn'd,
 And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres employ
 To ruine their worke, and left lesse of that, then they, of Troy.
 Neptune and Phœbus tumbl'd downe, from the Idalian hills,
 An inundation of all floods, that thence the brode sea fills
 On their huge rampire; in one glut, all these together rorde,
 Rhesus, Heptaporus, Rhodius, Scamander (the adorde)
 Carelus, Simois, Grenicus, Ælepus; of them all,
 Apollo open'd the rough mouths, and made their lustie fall
 Ranish the dustie champain, where as many a helme and shield,
 And halfe-god race of men were strow'd: and that all these might yeeld
 Full tribute to the heauenly worke; Neptune and Phœbus won
 Ioue to unburthen the blacke wombes of clouds (fill'd by the sun)
 And poure them into all their stremes, that quickly they might send
 The huge wal swimming to the sea. Nine dayes their lights did spend
 To nights; in tempests; and when all, their vtmost depth had made;
 Ioue, Phœbus, Neptune, all came downe, and all in state did wade
 To ruine of that impious fort: Great Neptune went before,
 Wrought with his trident, and the stones trunkes, roots of trees he tore
 Out of the Rampire; tost them all into the Hellespont;
 Euen all the proud toyse of the Greeks, with which they durst confront
 The to-be-shunned Deities; and not a stone remainde,
 Of all their huge foundations; all with the earth were plainde.
 Which done; againe the Gods turnd backe the siluer-flowing floods,
 By that vast channell, through whose vaults, they pourd abrode their broods,
 And coverd all the ample shore againe with dustie sand;
 And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand

Was emptied of stones, and darts, contending to inuade ;
 Where clamor spent so high a throat, and where the fell blowes made
 The new-built wodden Turrets grone. And here the Greeks were pent
 Tam'd with the Iron whip of Ioue, that terrors vehement
 Shooke ouer them by Hectors hand; who was (in euerie thought)
 The terror-master of the field, and like a whirlewinde fought ;
 As fresh as in his morns first charge. And as a savage Bore
 Or Lion, hunted long; at last with hounds and hunters store,
 Is compast round; they charge him close, and stand (as in a Towre
 They had inchac't him) pouring on of darts an Iron shou're ;
 His gloriouſ hart yet, nought appall'd, and forcing forth his way ;
 Here ouerthrowes a troope ; and there a running ring doth stay
 His vtter paſſage ; when againe that stay he ouerthrowes ;
 And then, the whole field frees his rage : so Hector wearies blowes ;
 Runs out his charge upon the Fort; and all his force would force
 To paſſe the dike. Which being ſo deepe, they could not get their horſe
 To venture on ; but trample, ſnore, and on the verie brinke,
 To neigh with ſpirit ; yet ſtill ſtand off : nor would a humane thinke
 The paſſage ſafe ; or if it were, twa leſſe ſafe for retreate ;
 The dike being euerie where ſo deep, and (where twa leaſt deep) ſet
 With stakes exceeding thick, ſharpe, ſtrong, that horſe could neuer paſſe ;
 Much leſſe their Charriots, after them : yet for the foote there was
 Some hopefull ſeruice, which they wiſt, Polydamas then ſpoke ;

Hector, and all our friends of Troy, we indiſcretly make
 Offer of paſſage, with our horſe : ye ſee the stakes, the wall
 Imposſible for horſe to take, nor can men fight at all,
 The place being ſtreight ; and much more apt, to let vs take our bane
 Then giue the enemie : and yet if Ioue decree the wane
 Of Grecian glorie utterly, and ſo bereauē their harts,
 That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts ;
 I would with all ſpeed, wiſh th' assault ; that ougly shame might ſhed
 (Thus farre from home, theſe Grecians bloods. But, if they once turne head
 And ſally on vs from their fleete, when in ſo deepe a dike
 We ſhall lyē ſtruggling ; not a man of all our hoaſt is like
 To liue, and carrie backe the newes : and therefore, be it thus ;
 Here leauē we horſe, kept by our men, and all on foot let vs
 Hold cloſe together, and attend the grace of Hectors guide,
 And then they ſhall not beare our charge ; our conqueſt ſhall be died
 In their lines purples. This aduice pleasd Hector, for twa ſound ;
 Who firſt obay'd it ; and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground ;

And

And then all left their Chariots, when he was scene to lead,
 Rushing about him; and gaue vp each Chariot, and steed
 To their directors to be kept, in all precinct of warre;
 There, and on that side of the dike: and thus the rest prepare
 Their onset in fwe regiments. They all their powre diuide:
 Each Regiment allow'd three Chieffes; of all which, euen the pride,
 Seru'd in great Hectors Regiment; for all were set on fire
 (Their passage beaten through the wal) with hazardous desire,
 That they might once, but fight at fleet. With Hector Captaines were,
 Polydamas, and Cebriones; who was his Chariotere:
 But Hector found that place a worse. Chieffes of the second band
 Were Paris, and Alcathous, Agenor. The command
 The third strong Phalanx had, was giuen to th' angure Hellenus,
 Deiphobus, that God-like man, and mightie Asius;
 Euen Asius Hyrtacides, that from Arisba rode
 The huge bay horse; and had his house where riuer sellers flowd.
 The fourth charge, good Æneas led, and with him were combinde
 Archelochus, and Acamas (Antenors dearest kinde)
 And excellent at euerie fight. The fist braue companie,
 Sarpedon had to charge; who chus'de for his commands supply,
 Asteropoeus, great in arms, and Glaucus; for both these
 Were best of all men, but himselfe: but he was fellowles.
 Thus fitted with their well-wrought shields, downe the steep dike they goe;
 And (thirstie of the walls assault) belieue in ouerthrowe;
 Not doubting but with headlong fals to tumble downe the Greeks,
 From their blacke Naue; in which trust all on; and no man seeks
 To crosse Polydamas aduice, with any other course,
 But Asius Hyrtacides, who (pronde of his bay horse)
 Would not forsake them; nor his man that was their manager,
 (Foole that he was) but all to fleete, and little knew how neere
 An ill death sat him, and a sure; and that he never more
 Must looke on lofty llion, but lookes, and all, before,
 Put on th' all-covering mist of Fate, that then did hang vpon
 The Lance of great Deucalides: he fatally rusht on
 The left hand way; by which the Greeks, with horse and Chariot,
 Came vsually from field to fleete: close to the gates he got;
 Which both unbard, and ope he found; that so the easier might
 An entrie be for any friend that was behind in flight;
 Yet not much easier for a foe, because there was a guard
 Maintaind vpon it; past his thought, who still put for it hard,

Eagerly shorwing, and with him, were fwe more friends of name
That would not leauē him, though none else would hant that way for fame
(In their free choice) but he himselfe. Orestes, Iamenus,
And Acamas, Afades, Thoon, Oenomaus,
Were those that followed Asius: within the gates they found
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renound
Of the right valiant Lapithes deriu'd their high descent.
Fierce Leonteus, was the one, like Mars in detriment;
The other mightie Polepæt, the great Pirithous sonne:
These stood within the loftie gates, and nothing more did shun,
The chardge of Asius, and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,
Well rooted in the binding earth, obay the ayerie strokis
Of winde and weather, standing firme, gainst euerie seasons spight;
Yet they poure on continued shoutes, and beare their shelds upright;
When in the meane space, Polypæt and Leonteus cheerd
There souldiers to the fleetes defence: but when the rest had heard
The Troians in attempt to skale, clamor and flight did flowe,
Amongst the Grecians; and then (therest dismaide) these two
Met Alius entring; thrust him backe, and fought before their doores:
Nor far'd they then like Okes that stood. But as a brace of Bores
Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare a sort of hunters shoute,
And hounds in hot trayle, comming on, then from their dens break out,
Trauerse their force, and suffer not in wildnes of their way,
About them any plant to stand: but thickets, offering stay,
Breake through, and rend vp by the roots; whet gnashes into aire,
Which tumult fils, with shouts, hounds, hornes, and all the hote affaire
Beates at their bosomes: so their armes rung with assailing blowes;
And so they stirr'd them in repulse; right well assur'd that those
Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew
They now fought for their tents, fleetes, liues, and fame; and therfore threw
Stones from the walls and towrs, as thicke, as when a drift winde shakes
Blacke-clouds in peeces; and pluckes snow, in great and plumie flakes.
From their soft bosomes; till the ground be wholly cloth'd in white;
So earth was hid with stones, and darts: darts from the Trojan fight;
Stones from the Greeks; that on the helms and boſſie Trojan shields
Kept such a rapping, it amaz'd great Asius, who now yields,
Sighes, beats his thighs: and in a rage, his fault to loue applyes.
O loue (said he) now cleere thou shouſt, thou art a friend to lyes;
Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the making of it good;
To all their ruines: which I thought, could never be withſtood;

Yet

Yet they ; as yellow Wasps, or Bees (that, hauing made their nest
The gassing Cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feast,
Hunters come hot and hungry in, and digge for honny Comes;
They flye vpon them, strike and sting ; and from their hollow homes,
Will not be beaten, but defend their labours fruite, and brood :
No more will these be from their port; but either lose their blood
(Although but two, against all vs) or be our prisoners made ;
All this, to do his action grace, could not firme loue perswade,
Who for the generall counsaile stood, and (gainst his singular braue)
Beslow'd on Hector, that dayes fame ; yet he, and these behauie
Themselues thus nobly at this port : but how at other ports,
And all alongst the stony wall, sole force, gainst force and forts,
Rag'd in contention twixt both boasts ; it were no easie thing,
(Had I the bosome of a God) to tune to life, and sing.
The Troians fought not of themselves, a fire from heauen was throwne
That ran amongst them, through the wall, mere added to their owne ;
The Greeks held not their owne ; weak griefe went with her wither'd hand
And dipt it deeply in their spirits, since they could not command
Their forces to abide the fielde, whom harsh necessarie
(To sauе those shippes shoulde bring them home) and their good forts supply
Draue to th' expulsive fight they made ; and this might stoop them more
Then neede it selfe could eleuate : for eu'en Gods did deplore
Their dire estates ; and all the Gods, that were their aids in war ;
Who (thouḡh they could not clear their plights) yet were their friends thus far,
Still to uphold the better sort ; for then did Polepæt passe
A Lance at Damaliss; whose helme was made with cheeks of brasse,
Yet had not prooфе enough ; the pyle draue through it, and his skull ;
His braine, in blood dround ; and the man so late so spirit-full
Fell now quite spirit-less to earth ; so emptied he the vaines
Of Pylon, and Ormenus liues ; and then, Leonteus gaines
The lifes end of Hippomachus, Antimachus-his sonne ;
His Lance fell at his gyrdle stead ; and with his end, begun
Another end ; Leonteus left him, and through the prease
(His keene sword drawne) ran desperately upon Antiphates,
And liueless tumbled him to earth, nor could all these liues quench
His fierie spirit ; that his flame, in Menons blood dia drench,
And rag'd vp, euen to Iameus, and yong Orestes life ;
All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of strife :
Whose faire armes while the victors spoyl'd, the youth of Ilion,
Of which there seru'd the most and best, still bouldly built upon

The wisedome of Polydamas, and Hectors matchlesse strength;
 And follow'd, fild with wondrous spirit, with wiſe, and hope at length
 (The Greeks wall wun) to fire their fleet; but (hauing past the dike,
 And willing now to passe the wall) this prodigie did strike
 Their hearts with ſome deliberate ſlay; a high flowne eagle ſorde
 On their troopes left hand, and ſustain'd a Dragon all engorde,
 In her ſtrong ſeres, of wondrous ſize: and yet had no ſuch checke
 In life and ſpirit, but ſtill ſhe fought; and turning backe her necke
 So flung the eagles gorge; that down ſhe cast her feruent pray,
 Amongſt the multitude; and tooke, vpon the windes, her way;
 Crying with anguifh. When they ſaw a branded Serpent sprawle,
 So full amongſt them; from aboue, and from loues fowle let fall;
 They tooke it, an oſtent from him: ſtood frightened; and their caſe
 Polydamas thought iuft, and ſpake; Hector, you know, applause
 Of humor hath beene farre from me, nor fits it, or in warre
 Or in affaires of Court: a man, impoy'd in publike care,
 To blanch things further then their truth, or flatter any powre:
 And therefore, for that ſimple courſe, your strength hath oft beene ſowre
 To me in counſailes; yet, againe, what ſhowes in my thoughts beſt,
 I muſt diſcouer; let vs ceaſe, and make their flight our reſt
 For this dayes honor; and net now attempt the Grecian fleet;
 For this (I feare) will be th'euent; the prodigie doth meet
 So full with our affayre in hand. As this high flying fowle,
 Vpon the left hand of our hoaſt, (implaſing our controwle)
 Houer'd aboue vs; and did truſſe within her goulden ſeres
 A Serpent ſo embrew'd, and bigge; which yet (in all her feares)
 Kept iſe, and feruent ſpirit to fight; and wrought her owne release,
 Nor did the Eagle airie feed: ſo though we thus far preafe
 Vpon the Grecians; and perhaps may ouerrunne their wall;
 Our high minds ayming at their fleet; and that we much appall
 Their truſſed ſpirits; yet are they ſo Serpent-like diſpoſe
 That they will fight, though in our ſeres; and will at length be loſe
 With all our outeries; and the life of many a Trojan breast,
 Shall with the Eagle ſlie, before we carrie to our neſt
 Them, or their Naui: thus expounds the angure this oſtent,
 Whose depth he knowes; and theſe ſhould feare. Hector with countenance bent
 Thus anſwerd him: Polydamas, your depth in angurie,
 I like not; and I know right well, thou doſt not ſatisfie
 Thy ſelfe in this opinion: Or if thou think'ſt it true,
 Thy thoughts, the Gods blinde; to advise, and urge that, as our due,

That

That breaks our dueties; and to Ioue; whose vow and signe to me
 Is past directly for our speede: yet light-wingd birds must bee
 (By thy aduise)our Oracles; whose feathers little stay
 My serious actions.What care I, if this, or th' other way,
 Their wilde wings sway them; If the right, on which the sunne doth rise,
 Or, to the left hand, where he sets? Tis Ioues high Counsayle sties
 With those wings, that shall beare vp vs; Ioues, that both earth and heauen,
 Both men, and Gods sustaines and rules: One augurie is giuen
 To order all men, best of all, fight for thy Countries right.

But why fearest thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight
 Strow all men here, about the fleet, yet thou need'st neuer feare
 To beare their Fates; thy warie hart will neuer trust thee, where
 An enemies looke is; and yet, fight: for, if thou dar'st abstaine,
 Or whisper into any eare, an abstinence so vaine

As thou aduisest; neuer feare, that any foe shall take
 Thy life from thee; for tis this Lance. This said; all forwards make;
 Himselfe the first: yet before him exulting clamor flew;
 And thunder louing Jupiter, from loftie Ida blew
 A storme that usherd their assault, and made them charge like him;
 It draue directly on the fleete, a dust so fierce, and dim,
 That it amaz'd the Grecians; but was a grace divine,
 To Hector, and his following Troopes; who wholly did oncline
 To him, being now in grace with Ioue; and so put bouldly on
 To rase the rampire; in whose height they fiercely set upon
 The Parrapets and puld them downe; ras't euerie formost fight;
 And all the Batteresses of stone, that held their towers upright,
 They tore away with Crowes of iron, and hap't to ruine all.

The Greeks yet stood, and stil repaired the forefights of their wall.
 With hides of Oxen; and from thence, they pourd downe stones in blowres
 Vpon the underminers heads. Within the formost towres,
 Both the Aiaces had comand, who answer'd esuerie part;
 Th' assaulters, and their soldiery; represt, and put in hart;
 Repayring valour, as their wall; spake some faire, some reproud,
 Who ever made not good his place; and thus they all sorts mon'd;
 O Countrimen, now need in aide, would haue excesse be spent;
 The excellent must be admirde, the meanest excellent;
 The worst, do well; in changing warre, all shoulde not be alike;
 Nor any idle: which to know, fits all, least Hector strike
 Your mindes with frights, as eares with threats; forward be all your handes;
 Urge one another; This doubt downe, that now betwixt vs stands,

loue will goe with vs to their wals ; To this effect , a lowde
Spake boþt the Princes ; and as high (with this) the expulsion flowde.
And as in winter time, when loue his cold-sharpe lauelines throwes
Amongst vs mortalls ; and is mou'd, to white earth with his snowes ;
(The windes a sleepe) he freely poures, till highest prominents ,
Hill tops, lowe Meddowes, and the fields, that crowne with most contents
The toyles of men ; sea ports, and shores are hid; and euerie place,
But floods (that snowes faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace) :
So both sides couerd earth with stones, so both for life contend ,
To shewe their sharpnesse; through the wall vprore stood vp an end .
Nor had great Hector, and his friends the rampire ouerrun ,
If heauens great Counsaylor, high loue, had not inflam'd his sonne
Sarpedon (like the forrests king, when he on Oxen flies)
Against the Grecians : his round Large, he to his armes applyes
Brasse-leau'd without ; and all within, thicke Ox-hydes quilted hard ;
The verge naild round, with roddes of gould ; and with two darts prepard ,
He leads his people ; as ye see a mountaine Lion fare ,
Long kept from prey ; In forcing which, his high minde makes him dare ,
Assault upon the whole full foulde : though guarded neuer so
With well-arm'd men, and eager dozges, away he will not goe ,
But venture on, and either snatch a prey, or be a prey :
Sofarae diuine Sarpedons mind, resolu'd to force his way
Through all the fore-fights, and the wall : yet since he did not see
Others as great as he, in name, as great in mind as he ;
He speake to Glaucus ; Glaucus, say, why are we honor'd more ,
Then other men of Lycia, in place, with greater store
Of meates and cups ? with goodlier roofes, delightsome gardens, walkes ?
More Lands ? and better ? so much wealth, that court and countrie talkes
Of vs, and our possessions ; and euerie way we goe ,
Gaze on vs as we were their Gods ? this where wedwel /, is so :
The shores of Xanthus ring of this ; and shall not wee exceede ,
As much in merite, as in noise ? Come ; be we great in deed
As well as looke ; shone not in gould, but in the flames of fight ;
That so our neat-arm'd Lycians may say ; See, these are right
Our kings, our rulers ; these deserve to eate, and drinke the best ,
These gouerne not ingloriously : these, thus exceede the rest ,
Do more then they command to doe . O friend, if keeping backe
Would keep backe, age from vs, and death, and that we might not wracke
In this lifes humane sea at all ; But that deserring now
We shund death euer ; nor would I halfe this vase valor shome ,

Nor gloriſe a folly ſo, to wiſh thee to a dance :
 But ſince we muſt goe, though not here, and that beſides the chance
 Propoſ'd now, there are infinite fates of other ſorts in death ;
 Which (neither to boſled nor ſcap't) a man muſt ſinke beneath :
 Come, trie me, if this ſort be ours : and either render thus,
 Glorie to others ; or make them reſigne the like to vs.
 This motion, Glaucus ſhifted not, but (without words) obey'd ;
 Fore-right went both ; amightie troupe of Lycians followed :
 Which, by Menelaeus obſeru'd, his hayre ſtood up on end ;
 For at the Towre where he had charge, he ſaw calamitie bend
 Her horrid browes in their approach. He threw his looks about
 The whole fight neare, to ſee what Chiefe might helpe the miserie out
 Of his poore ſouldiers ; and beheld where both th' Aiaces fought,
 And Teucer, newly come from fleete ; whom it wou'd proſite nougnt
 To call ; ſince tumult, on their helms, ſhields, and upon the ports
 Layd ſuch lowde claps : for euerie way defences of all ſorts
 Were adding, as Troy tooke away ; and clamor flew ſo high
 Her wings strooke heauen, and dround all voice : the two Dukes yet ſo nighe
 And at the offer of assault, he to th' Aiaces ſent
 Thoos the herraſle, with this charge : Run to the regiment
 Of both th' Aiaces ; and call both, for both were better here ;
 Since here will slaughter, instantly, be more enforc't than there.
 The Lycian Captaines this way make ; who in theſe fightis of ſtand,
 Haue often ſhow'd much excellencie : yet, if laborious hand
 Be theremore needfull then I hope ; at leaſt afford vs ſome ;
 Let Ajax Telamonius, and th' archer Teucer come.
 The Herraſle hasted, and arriu'd, and both th' Aiaces tould,
 That Petrus noble ſonne deſirde, their little labor would
 Employ it ſelfe in ſuccoring him ; both their ſupplies were beſt,
 Since death affaileth his quarter moſt : for on it fiercely preſt
 The well-pron'd mighty Lycian Chiefs. Yet if the ſervice there
 Allowe not both ; he prayd that One, part of his charge would beare ;
 And that was Ajax Telamon, with whom he wiſh'd would come
 The archer Teucer. Telamon left iſtantly his roome
 To ſtrong Lycomedes, and will'd Ajax Oiliades
 With him to make vp his ſupply, and fill with courages
 The Grecian harts till his returne, which ſhould be iſtantly
 When he had well relieu'd his friend. With this, the compagnie
 Of Teucer he tooke to his aide ; Teucer, that did deſcend
 (As Ajax did) from Telamon : with theſe two did attend

Pandion, that bore Teucers bowe, When to Menestheus Towre
 They came; alongst the wall, they found him, and his hartned power
 Toyling in making strong their fort; the Lycian princes set
 Blanke whyrlewinde-like, with both their powers, upon the parapet:
 Ajax, and all resisted them: clamor amongst them rose;
 The slaughter, Ajax led; who first the last deare sight did close
 Of strong Epicles; that was friend to loues great Lycian sonne.
 Amongst the high munition heape, a mighty marble stone
 Lay highest; neere the Pynacle, a stonye of such a paise,
 That one of this times strongest men, with both hands, could not raise:
 Yet this did Ajax rowse, and throw, and all in sherdys did drine
 Epicles fourre-topt caske and skull; who (as ye see one due
 In some deep riuere) left his height; life left his bones withall.
 Teucer shot Glaucus (rushing vp yet higher, on the wall)
 Where naked he discernd his arme, and made him steale retreate
 From that hote seruice; least some Greek, with an insulting threat,
 (Beholding it) might fright the rest. Sarpedon much was grien'd,
 At Glaucus parting; yet fought on, and his great hart relieu'd
 A little with Alcmaons blood, surnam'd Thelstorides,
 Whose life he hurld out, with his Lance; which following through the prease
 He drew from him. Downe from the tower, Alcmaon dead it strok;
 His faire arms ringing out his death. Then fierce Sarpedon tooke
 In his strong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite;
 The wall stript naked; and brodeway, for entrie and full fight,
 He made the many. Against him Ajax, and Teucer made;
 Teucer, the rich belt on his brest, did with a shaft inuade:
 But Iupiter auerted death; who would not see his sonne
 Dye at the tayles of th' Achines shippes. Ajax did fetch his run,
 And (with his Lance) strooke through the Tardge, of that braue Lycian king;
 Yet kept he it from further passe; nor did it any thing
 Dismay his minde, although his men stood off from that high way,
 His valour made them; which he kept, and hop't that stormie day
 Should euer make his glory cleere. His mens faults thus he blam'd;
 O Lycians, why are your hote spirits, so quicklye disinflam'd?
 Suppose me ablest of you all: tis hard for me alone,
 To ruine such a wall as this; and make Confusion,
 Way to their Nauie; lend your hands. What many can dispatch
 One cannot thinke: the noble worke of many, hath no match.
 The wise kings iust rebuke, did strike a reurence to his will
 Through all his soldiery; all stood in, and aginst all th' Achines still

Made strong their Squadrons; insomuch that to the aduerse side
The worke showde mighty; and the wall when twas within descriyd,
No easie seruice; yet the Greeks could neither free their wall,
Of these braue Lycians; that held firme the place they first did skale;
Nor could the Lycians from their fort the sturdie Grecians draine;
Nor reach their fleet: but as two men, about the lymits striue
Of Land that toucheth in a field; their measures in their hands,
They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffe stands,
That so farre is his right in law; both hugely set on fire
About a passing little ground: so greedily aspire
Both these foes, to their severall endes; and all exhaust their most
About the verie battlements (for yet no more was lost).
With sword and fire they vexed for them, their Targes hugely round;
With Oxehides linde; and bucklers light, and many a ghastly wound
The sterne steele gane, for that one pris; whereof, though some receiu'd
Their portions on the naked backs, yet others were bereau'd
Of brauelines, face-turnd, through their shields: towrs, bulwarkes euery where
Were freckled with the bloods of men; nor yet the Greeks did beare
Base back-turnd faces; nor their foes would therefore be outfac't:
But, as a spinster poore and iust, ye sometimes see strait lac't
About the weighing of her webbe; who (carefull) hauing charge,
For which, she would prouide some meanes, is loth to be too large
In giuing or in taking weight; but euer with her hand,
Is doing with the weights and woll, till both in iust paise stand:
So euinely stood it with these foes, till loue to Hector gane
The turning of the skoles; who first against the rampire draue,
And spake so lowde that all might heare; O stand not at the pale
(Braue Trojan friends) but mend your hands: up, and break through the wall,
And make a bonfire of their fleete: all heard, and all in heapes
Got scaling ladders, and aloft. In meane space Hector leapes
Upon the port; from whose out-part, he tore a massie stone
Thicke downewards, upwards edg'd; it was so huge a one
That two vast yoemen of most strength (such as these times begit)
Ceul'd not from earth, lift to a Cart: yet he did brandish it
Alone (Saturnius made it light); and swindging it, as nought,
He came before the plankie gates, that all for strength were wrought,
And kept the Port: two folde they were, and with two rafters bard;
High, and streng lockt: he raisde the stome, bent to the hurle so hard;
And made it with so maine a strength, that all the gates did cracke;
The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake;

The hindges peece-meale flew, and through the feruent little rocke
Thundred a passage; with his weight, th'inwall his brest did knocke;
And in rusht Hector, fierce and grimme as any stormy night;
His brasse Armes, round about his brest, reflected terrible light.
Each arme, held vp, held each a dart: his presence cald vp all
The dreadfull spirits his Being held; that to the threatned wall
None but the Gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces;
And thus he look't backe; cald in all: all firde their courages,
And in they flowde: the Grecians fled; their fleet now, and their fright
Askt all their rescue; Greece went downe; tumult was at his height.

The ende of the Twelfth Book.









To the right Gracious and worthy, the Duke of
LENNOX, &c. Diuine HOMER humblie submittes
that desert of acceptation in his Presentment, which all worthiest
Dukes haue acknowledg'd, worth Honor and Admiracion.

AMongst th' Herōes of the Worlds prime years,
Stand here, great Duke, & see thē shine about you:
Informe your princely minde and spirit by theirs;
And then, like them, liue ever; looke without you,
For subiects fit to vse your place, and grace:
Which throwe about you, as the Sunne, his Raies;
In quickning, with their power, the dying Race
Of friendles Vertue; since they thus can raise
Their honor'd Raisers, to Eternitie.
None euer liv'd by Selfe-loue: Others good
Is th' obiect of our owne. They (liuing) die,
That burie in themselues their fortunes broode.
To this soule, then, your gracious count' nance giue;
That gaue, to such as you, such meanes to liue.

D d





To the most graue, and honor'd Temperer of Lawe,
and Equitie, the Lord CHANCELOR, &c. The first
Prescriber of both (Authentique HOMER) humbly presents his
English Reuiuall, and beseecheth Noble countenance to the sacred vertues hee
eterniseth.

Hat Poesie is not so remov'd a thing,
From graue administrie of publique weales,
As these times take it; heare this Poet sing,
Most iudging Lord: and see how he reueales
The mysteries of Rule, and rules to guide
The life of Man, through all his choicest waies.
Nor be your timely paines the lesse applyed
For Poesies idle name; because her Raies
Haue shinde through greatest Counsailors, and Kings.
Hear Royall Hermes sing the Egyptian Lawes;
How Solon, Draco, Zoroastes sings
Their Lawes in verse: and let their iust applause
(By all the world giuen) yours (by vs) allow;
That since you grace all vertue, honour you.





Of the most Renoun'd, and worthy Earle, Lord
Treasurer, and Treasure of our Countrie, the Earle of
SALISBVRIE, &c. The first Treasurer of humane wisdome (Divine
HOMER) beseecheth Grace, and welcome to his English Arriall.

Vouchsafe, great Treasurer, to turne your eye,
And see the opening of a Grecian Mine;
Which, Wisedome long since made her Treasury;
And now, her title doth to you resigne.
Wherein as th' Ocean walks not, with such waues,
The Round of this Realme, as your Wisedomes seas;
Nor, with his great eye, sees; his Marble, saues
Our State, like your Vlysian policies:
So, none like HOMER hath the world enspherede;
Earth, Seas, and Heauen, fixt in his verse, and mouing;
Whom all times wisest Men, haue held vnpe'rde;
And therefore would conclude with your approuing.
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath gract,
And made things euer flitting, euer last.





To the most honor'd Restorer of auncient Nobilitie,
both in blood, and vertue, the Earle of SVFFOLK, &c.
olde HOMER (the first eternizer of those combin'd graces) pre-
sents his Reuiuall, in this English Appearance; beseeching his honor'd, and
free Countenance.

Oigne, Nobleſt Earle, in giuing worthy grace,
To this great gracet of Nobilitie:
See heere what ſort of men, your honorde place
Doth properly command; if Poesie
(Profeſt by them) were worthily exprefte.
The grauest, wiſeſt, greateſt, need not, then,
Account that part of your command the leaſt;
Nor them ſuch idle, needless, worthless Men.
Who can be worthier Men in publique weales,
Then thofe (at all parts) that preſcrib'd the beſt?
That ſtirr'd vp nobleſt vertues, holieſt zeales;
And euermore haue liv'd as they profeſt?
A world of worthieſt Men, ſee one create,
(Great Earle); whom no man ſince could imitate.





To the most antiently Noble and learned Earle,
the Earle of NORTH-HAMPTON, &c. Old HOMER
(the first Parent of Learning and Antiquitie) presents this part
of his eternall Issue; and humbly desires (for helpe to their entire propagati-
on) his chearefull, and iudicall Acceptance.

To you, most learned Earle, whose learning can
Reiect illiterate Custome, and embrace
The reall vertues of a worthie Man,
I prostrate this great Worthie, for your grace;
And pray that Poesies well-deserv'd ill Name
(Being such, as many moderne Poets make her)
May nought eclypse her cleare essentiall flame:
But as she shines here, so refuse or take her.
Nor do I hope; but euen your high affaires
May suffer intermixture with her view;
Where Wisedome fits her, for the highest chaires;
And mindes, growne olde, with cares of State, renew:
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue knowe
This king of Poets; see his English shewe.

E c





To our English Athenia, Chaste Arbitresse of virtue and learning, the Ladie A R B E L L A; reuiu'd H O M E R submits cause of renewing her former conference with his original spirit; and prayes her iudicall grace to his English Conuersion.

WHAT to the learn'd *Athenia* can be giuen
(As offering) fitter, then this Fount of Learning?
Of Wisedome, Fortitude; all gifts of Heauen?
That by thē, both the height, bredth, depth dis-
Of this diuine soule, when of old he liv'd; (cerning
(Like his great *Pallas*, leading through his wars)
Her faire hand, through his spirit thus reuiv'd,
May lead the Reader; showe his Commentars;
All that haue turnd him into any tongue:
And iudge if ours reueale not Mysteries,
That others neuer knew, since neuer sung;
Not in opinion; but that satisfies.
Grace then (great Lady) his so gracious Muse,
And to his whole worke his whole spirit infuse.

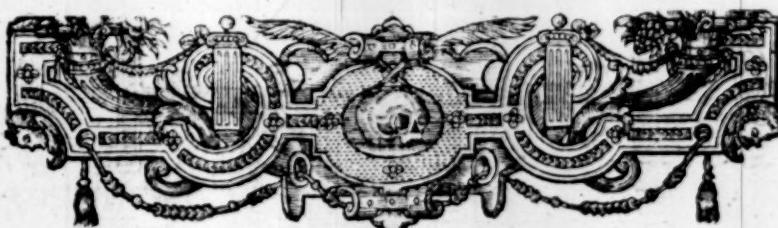




To the most honor'd Patronesse and Grace of
Vertue, the Countesse of Bedford.

TO you, faire Patronesse, and Muse, to Learning;
The Fount of learning and the Muses sends
This Cordiall for your vertues; and forewarning
To leaueno good, for th'ill the world commends.
Custome seduceth but the vulgar sort:
With whome, when Nobleſſe mixeth, the is *vulgare*;
The truely-Noble, still repaire their Fort,
With gracing good excitements, and gifts rare;
In which the narrow path, to Happinesſe,
Is onely beaten. *Vulgare pleasure* sets
Nets for her ſelfe, in ſwindge of her excefſe;
And beates her ſelfe there dead, ere free ſhe gets.
Since, pleasure then with pleasure ſtill doth waste;
Still please with vertue, Madame: That will laſt.

E. c. 2





To my euer-observed and singular good Lord, the
Earle of S^VSSE X; with dutie, alwaies profest to his
most Honor'd Countesse.

YOU that haue made, in our great Princes Name
(At his high birth) his holy Christiane vowe;
May witnesse now (to his eternall Fame)
How he performes them thus far; & stil growes
Aboue his birth in vertue; past his yeares
In strength of Bountie, and great Fortitude.
Amongst this traine, then, of our choicest Peeres,
That follow him in chace of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great Herrald Homers voice;
March you; and euer let your Familie
(In your vowe made for such a Prince) rejoyce.
Your seruice to his State shall neuer die.
And, for my true obseruance, let this shewe,
No meanes escapes, when I may honor you.





Against the two Enemies of Humanitie and Religion (Ignorance and Impietie) the awak't spirit of the most-knowing and diuine H O M E R, calls (to attendance of our Heroicall Prince) the most Honor'd and uncorrupted Heroe, the Earle of PEMEROKE, &c.

A Boue all others may your Honor shine ;
As, past all others, your ingenuous beames
Exhale into your grace the forme diuine
Of godlike *Learning* ; whose exiled streames
Runne to your succor, charg'd with all the wracke
Of sacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch
(Fowle *Ignorance*) sits charming of them backe
To their first Fountaine, in the great and rich ;
Though our great Soueraigne counter-check her charms
(Who in all learning, raignes so past example)
Yet (with her) *Turkisb Policie* puts on armes,
To raze all knowledge in mans Christian Temple.
(You following yet our king) your guard redouble :
Pure are those streames, that these times cannot trouble.

E c 3





To the right gracious Illustrator of vertue, and worthy of the fauor Royall, the Earle of M O V N T G O M R I E.

THere runs a blood, faire Earle, through your cleare
That well entitles you to all things Noble; (vains,
Which still the liuing Sydnian soule maintaines,
And your Names antient Noblesse doth redouble:
For which, I needes must tender to your Graces
This noblest worke of Man; as made your Right.
And though Ignoblesse all such workes defaces
As tend to Learning, and the soules delight:
Yet since the sacred Penne doth testifie,
That Wisedome (which is Learnings naturall birth)
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maiestie,
And Image of his goodnessse here in earth;
If you the Daughter wish, respect the Mother:
One cannot be obtainde, without the other.





To the most learned and Noble Concluder of
the *Warres Arte*, and the *Muses*, the Lord LISLE, &c.
*the first Prescriber and Concluder of both (Divine Homer) in all
observation presents both.*

Nor let my paines in him (long honor'd Lord)
Faile of your auncient Nobly-good respects;
Though obscure Fortune neuer would afford
My seruice showe, till these thus late effects.
And though my poore deserts weigh'd neuer more
Then might keepe downe their worthless memorie
From your high thoughts (enricht with better store)
Yet yours, in me, are fixt eternally;
Which all my fit occasions well shall proue.
Meane space (with your most Noble Nephewes)daine
To shewe your free and honorable loue
To this Greeke Poet, in his English vaine.
You cannot more the point of death controule,
Then to sticke close by such a liuing soule.





To the right Noble, and (by the great eternizer of
Vertue, Sir P. SYDNEY) long since, eterniz'd, Right
vertuous, the accomplisht Lord WOTTON, &c.

 Our friend(great SYDNEY)my long honor'd Lord,
(Since friendship is the bond of two,in one)
Tels vs,that you(his quicke part) doe afforde
Our Land the liuing minde that in him shone.

To whom there neuer came a richer gift.
Then the Soules riches ; from men ne're so poore :
And that makes me, the soule of Homer lift
To your acceptance ; since one minde both bore.
Our Prince vouchsafes it:and of his high Traine
I wish you,with the Noblest of our Time.
See here, if Poetrie be so slight and vaine
As men esteeme her in our moderne Rime.
The great'st, and wifest men that euer were,
Haue giuen her grace:and(I hope) you will,here.





The right valorous, learned, and full sphere of
Noblesse, the Earle of S O V T H - H A M P T O N , the Mu-
ses great Herrald, H O M E R , especially calls to the following of our
most forward Prince, in his sacred expedition, against Ignorance and
Impietie.

Such choice of all our Countries Nobleſt ſpirits
(Fit, thofe aforefaid Monsters to conuince)
I could not but inuoke your honor'd Merits,
To follow the ſwift vertues of our Prince.
The cries of *Vertue*, and her *Foftreſſe*, *Learning*,
Brake earth, and to *Elysium* did dēſcend,
To call vp *Homer*: who therein diſcerning
That his excitements, to their good, had end
(As being a Grecian) puts-on English armes;
And to the hardie Natures in theſe clymes
Strikes-vp his high and ſpiritfull alarms,
That they may cleare earth of thofe impious Crimes:
Whose conqueſt(though moft faintly all apply)
You know (learn'd Earle) all liue for, and ſhould die.

F f





To conclude, and accomplish the right Princely Traine of
our most excellent Prince, HENRIE, &c. In entertainment of all the
virtues brought hither, by the preseruer, Homer, &c. His diuine worth solicited
the right Noble and vertuous Heroe the Earle of Arundell, &c.

He end crownes all: and therefore though it chance,
That here, your honor'd Name be vsde the last ;
Whose worth all Right should (with the first) aduance,
Great Earle, esteeme it, as of purpose past.
Vertue had neuer her due place in earth :
Nor stands shee vpon Forme ; for that will fade :
Her sacred substance (grafted in your birth)
Is that, for which shee calls you to her aide.
Nor could shee but obserue you with the best
Of this Heroicall, and Princely Traine ;
All following her great Patron to the Feast
Of Homers soule, inuiting none in vaine.
Sit then, Great Earle, and feast your soule, with his :
Whose food, is knowledge ; and whose knowledge, blisse.

*Subscribd by the most true obseruant of
all your Heroicall vertues,*

Geo. Chapman.



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